THE WORKS OF

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES

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THE WORKS OF

THEOPHILE GAUTIER

VOLUME FOUR

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TRAVELS IN SPAIN

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR

Picador. From a painting by A. Wagner.— Page 97.

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Introduction

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

Introduction

SPAIN has always attracted Frenchmen: whether they warred with it or were friendly to it, at least they have never been indifferent to it. The noble French epic, "The Song of Roland," is full of Saracenic Spain; the sixteenth century borrowed the Spanish version of "Amadis of Gaul" which, in its new dress, became the breviary of the Court of the Valois; Henry IV fought and defeated the Spaniard, but wore his costume and spoke his language; Richelieu checkmated Spain at every point, but Corneille sang the praises of the Castilian *pundonor* in his immortal "Cid;" Condé destroyed the military prestige of the dons at Rocroy, but Scarron turned to the writers of the Peninsula for inspiration, and Molière placed the Sevillian Don Juan upon the French stage. In the eighteenth century Lesage's purely French masterpiece, "Gil Blas," masqueraded under Spanish names and Spanish local

colour, and it was under a Spanish veil that Beaumarchais presented his subversive comedy "The Marriage of Figaro," on the eve of the Revolution.

When the nineteenth century dawned and Romanticism arose, that school felt the Spanish attraction and yielded to it more ardently than had ever before been the case. Chateaubriand, the founder of Romanticism, wrote a picturesque and sentimental tale, "The Last of the Abencerrages," in which he brilliantly described the Alhambra and the glories of Granada, without entering into actual detail, and recalled the varied history of the land ruled in turn by Moor and by Christian. Alfred de Vigny, too, owned the spell: his "Dolorida" and "The Horn" seemed to the enthusiastic youth of his day faithful pictures of the past and the present in Old Spain. Alfred de Musset, whose reputation balanced for a time that of the sov'ran poet, made his *dĕbut* with "Tales of Spain and Italy," written in the richly coloured verse that alone found favour in the eyes of the men of his generation. Mérimée produced his "Drama of Clara Gazul," a collection of plays inspired by the free drama of Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca, which he palmed off as Spanish originals, and which

he followed with tales, the scene of which was laid in the Peninsula, and later with "Letters from Spain," written while travelling through the country. Victor Hugo, the chief of the school, had already in his "Odes and Ballads" turned to the land of fiery passions and fierce hatreds for striking subjects. In his celebrated "Preface" to his drama "Cromwell," admiration for Spanish letters and modes of thought showed plainly enough. It was with a Spanish subject that he won his first triumph on the stage and overthrew for a time the Classical repertory. "Hernani" was a name to conjure by in those days, and even now, seventy years later, the echoes of the conflict it aroused have not wholly died away. It was with a Spanish subject again that in "Ruy Blas" Victor Hugo scored another success, while it is interesting to note that these are the only two plays of his that have survived the wreck of the Romanticist drama.

The Romanticist movement had been impelled towards exoticism by Chateaubriand, and the various writers of genius or talent who hastened to follow his lead sought that exoticism either in bygone times — especially in the epoch of the Renaissance and the Middle Ages — or in absolutely foreign countries.

Italy never seemed quite foreign enough to the enthusiasts of that excitable and emotional period in literature. It was too closely linked with classical memories to furnish — save in the bloody annals of its mediæval days — subjects startling enough to satisfy the exigencies of the Romanticists. Spain, the legendary Spain of the poet and the romancer, of Lope de Vega and Calderon, of Columbus and Cervantes, had, on the contrary, taken a strong hold on the imaginations of the writers of the new school. It combined all the elements of picturesqueness and strangeness, of violent passions and singular manners, which they craved for. It shared with Greece — the Greece of the War of Independence — and with Turkey the characteristics of Orientalism. It was, like these lands, wholly different from the France of the Restoration and the *bourgeois* king Louis-Philippe. Its scenery must of necessity be grander, wilder, more diversified, more striking than that of fair France, fair and gentle, but as yet scarcely known to its inhabitants, and unappreciated until George Sand drew attention to its many charms and rustic beauties. Spanish towns and cities must perforce be quainter, more mediæval, more barbaric in outline, in plan, in detail, in character, in

architecture than old Paris itself, swamped in the newer city that had grown up around it. The mingling of Gothic and Moorish which they presented must of necessity be more artistic than the mingling of Gothic and Classical met with in the chief cities of the native land. The inhabitants also, from the grandee who stood with covered head in the presence of his sovereign to the poor but proud hidalgo draped in his worn and ragged mantle, must be cast in another mould than the society nobleman and the despised *épicier* who appeared to the Romanticist writer to constitute the totality of French society. The accursed effects of civilisation — branded by the flaming eloquence of Rousseau in the previous century — must be almost unfelt in the Iberian land, where men might love and hate, women be passionate and jealous, lovers slay and fathers kill, without the stupid law intervening to trouble the free course of natural feeling and desire.

Spain was the land of love intrigues, of grated windows and barred balconies, of serenades and duels, of knife-thrusts and secret poisonings, of all things, in a word, that made life worth living in Romanticist literature. Its men were still clad in the picturesque

costumes with which Beaumarchais had familiarised the French; its women still wore the brilliant dress in which Fanny Elssler won terpsichorean triumphs on the stage in the bolero, the fandango, and the cachucha. The sombrero and the mantilla, the fan and the navaja, the castanets and the tambourine were inseparable adjuncts of the Castilian, the Andalusian, and the Valencian — at least such was the firm belief of the whole of the long-haired Romanticist tribe. Byron's "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan" had wrought up French imaginations and inflamed French hearts. Victor Hugo, who did remember something of the country which he had seen when a boy, had added fuel to the fire with his splendid tales of Spain couched in burning verse.

And Gautier was all aglow with passionate love of that land, of its manners, its customs, its architecture, its Moorish remains, its Gothic piles, its majos and manolas. The Spain he knew was the Spain he dreamed of; the land he had learned to love and long for in the verse of his Byron and of his poetic chief, — a world of passion, a land of splendour, a country of contrasts that appealed to his every feeling as a painter, to his every instinct as a poet, to his every aspiration as

a youth intoxicated with the liquor of exoticism, with the heady wine of local colour. He had scarcely travelled when, in 1840, he crossed the Bidassoa and left the Pyrenees behind him. He had seen Belgium only, and the quaintness of the architecture of that land had but whetted his appetite for more strangeness and unexpectedness. Then, too, in the Low Countries he had come upon innumerable traces and reminiscences of the Spanish domination, and he was the more keen to behold with his own eyes the land of Alva and Philip the Second and of Charles the Fifth.

It was under those influences and in that state of mind that he began, continued, and ended his travels in Spain. He sought the picturesque, the barbaric, the curious, the eccentric, and it would indeed have been strange had he not found it. What he went to look for, and what he perceived was the external appearance of the land and the people. He was not concerned with the deeper questions that might well engage the attention of an observer: he heeded neither the political troubles nor the mental unrest; he paid no attention to the conflict of dynasties nor to the aspirations towards freedom of a people long held in bondage by the Bourbon sovereigns; to the deep disturbance caused by suc-

cessive revolutions treading on the heels of repeated aggression and invasion by his own countrymen. The history of the century — yet young — is nowhere discussed by him, although it was in Spain that Napoleon's power had been shattered, that Wellington had crushed the French armies, that the country had risen as one man to repel the foreign foe, and had waged a war so bitter, so relentless, so hideously cruel that humanity might well have been staggered by it. At the very moment when he was revelling in the fierce emotions aroused in him by the brutalising spectacle of the bull-fight, when he was joying in the delicate, fairy-like grace of the Alhambra, with its memories of the Moor, of Chateaubriand and Washington Irving, when he was delighting in the glories of Burgos and Seville, the country was in the last throes of the Carlist war; Espartero was the popular hero, and the Queen-Regent, Christina, was abdicating the power she had so ruthlessly and so thoroughly misused, and fleeing to France. Here and there in his book, it is true, one comes upon passing allusions to the events that shook Spain to its foundations, but the only reflections they suggest to him are that vandalism is inseparable from revolutions, and that picturesqueness has lost by the expulsion of the

monks in robe and cowl from the deserted monasteries he traverses.

With this reservation, which is a regret, the "Travels in Spain" form most delightful reading. It is impossible, surely, to render with greater force, vividness, and accuracy the external aspect of the land and its inhabitants; to convey more admirably in words the sense of form, the beauty of outline, the picturesqueness of detail and of costume, the splendour and variety of colour. The style of Gautier is fairly enchanting in these respects, and the reader — if he learns little or nothing of the character and modes of thought of the Spaniards, if he is not helped to an understanding of the forces at work in the country which Roman and Moor conquered and lost — enjoys at least an unparalleled word-painting of one of the most picturesque of lands, of the most interesting of countries.

The "Travels in Spain" first appeared in the shape of letters to the Paris journal *La Presse*, between May 27 and September 3, 1840, under the title *Lettres d'un Feuilletoniste — Sur les Chemins*. These comprised the first nine chapters. The tenth and eleventh appeared in the *Revue de Paris*, on January 17 and 31 and October 17, 1841, and the remaining ones in the *Revue*

des Deux Mondes, between April 15, 1842, and January 1, 1843. They were collected and published in book form, in two volumes, with some additions, in 1843, under the title *Tra los Montes*, and dedicated to Eugène Piot, who had been his travelling companion. In 1845 a new edition appeared, in which the title was changed to *Voyage en Espagne*, and in 1849 the original name of the work, *Tra los Montes*, was added as a sub-title.

Travels in Spain

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

IRUN

A FEW weeks since, in April, 1840, I had carelessly said, "I should rather like to go to Spain." A few days later my friends had omitted the prudent reservation which accompanied the expression of my wish, and repeated to any one that came along that I was going on a trip to Spain. So on the 5th of May I proceeded to rid my country of my importunate person, and climbed into the Bordeaux stage-coach, which took me to that city and Bayonne, where we took the Madrid coach, in which we reached the Bidassoa River.

On the other side of the Bidassoa shows Irun, the first Spanish village. Half the bridge belongs to France, half to Spain. Close to the bridge is the famous Isle of Pheasants, where was celebrated by proxy the marriage of Louis XIV.

A few more revolutions of our wheels, and I shall perhaps lose one of my illusions and see disappear the

Spain of my dreams, the Spain of the *Romancero*, of Victor Hugo's ballads, of Mérimée's tales and Alfred de Musset's stories. As I cross the dividing line, I remember what dear, witty Henri Heine said to me at Liszt's concert, in that German accent of his, full of humour and slyness: "How will you manage to speak of Spain after you have been there?"

One half of the Bidassoa bridge belongs to France, the other half to Spain; you can plant one foot on either kingdom, which is very grand. At the farther end of the bridge you plunge at once into Spanish life and local colour. Irun has no resemblance whatever to a French village. The roofs of the houses project in fan shape; the tiles, alternately convex and concave, form a sort of crenelation of strange and Moorish aspect; the jutting balconies are of old blacksmith's work of amazing beauty for a lonely village, and convey the idea of great wealth now vanished. The women spend their lives on these balconies, shaded by an awning in striped colours, and turn them into so many aerial chambers stuck on the face of the building. The two ends are unprotected, and give passage to the cooling breeze and to burning glances. Do not, however, look there for the dun, warm tints,

the brown-meerschaum shades which a painter might hope for, — everything is whitewashed after the Arab fashion; but the contrast of the chalky tone with the dark, brown colour of the beams, the roofs, and the balconies nevertheless produces a pleasant effect.

We parted with horses at Irun. To the coach were harnessed ten mules, clipped half way up the body, so that they were half hide, half hair, like those mediæval costumes which look like two halves of different garments that have been sewed together. These curiously clipped mules have a strange look, and appear dreadfully thin, for the denudation enables one to study their anatomy thoroughly — bones, muscles, and the smallest of the veins included. With their hairless tails and their pointed ears, they look like huge rats. Besides the ten mules, our numbers were increased by a *zagal* and two *escopeteros*, adorned with bell-mouthed muskets (*trabucos*). A zagal is a sort of runner or sub-mayoral, who puts the shoe on the wheels on perilous hills, looks after the harness and the springs, hurries up the relays, and plays the part of La Fontaine's fly, but much more efficaciously. He wears a charming costume — a pointed hat, adorned with velvet bands and silk tufts, and a brown or

snuff-coloured jacket with cuffs and collar of different colours, usually blue, white, and red, with a great arabesque flowering in the middle of his back, breeches studded with filigree buttons, a pair of *alpargatas*, which are sandals fastened with cords. Add a red sash and a scarf with many coloured stripes, and you have a thoroughly correct get-up. The escopeteros are guardians (*miqueletes*), destined to escort the carriage and to frighten away *rateros* (the name given to thieves on a small scale), who would not resist the temptation of spoiling a single traveller, but whom the terrifying sight of a trabuco suffices to stand off, and who pass by saluting you with the regulation, *Vaya V. con Dios*, "Go, and God be with you." The dress of the escopeteros is very similar to that of the zagal, but less coquettish and less rich. They sit on top at the back of the carriage and thus overlook the whole country. In describing our caravan we forgot to mention a little postilion, who rides on a horse, keeps ahead of the train, and starts the whole line.

A strange, inexplicable, harsh, terrifying, and laughter-provoking noise had been filling my ear for some time. I fancied it must be, at the very least, some princess being murdered by a ferocious necromancer. It was

nothing more than an ox-cart ascending the street of Irun; its wheels shrieking hideously for lack of grease, the driver preferring, no doubt, to put the said grease into his soup. The cart was in every respect exceedingly primitive. The wheels were solid blocks and turned with the axle, as in the little carts made by children from the shell of a pumpkin. The noise is heard over a mile away, and is not considered unpleasant by the natives. It provides them with a musical instrument which plays automatically as long as the wheel lasts. A peasant here would not have a cart that did not shriek. This particular one must have been constructed at the time of the flood.

As the hill is steep I walked as far as the town gate, and turning around I cast a farewell glance on France. The prospect was truly magnificent. The chain of the Pyrenees sank in harmonious undulations towards the blue surface of the sea, cut here and there by silvery bars; and, thanks to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, I could perceive very far away a faint, pale, salmon-coloured line which projected into the vast azure, and formed a great bight on the edge of the coast. Bayonne and its outpost, Biarritz, formed the extremity of this point, and the Gulf of

Gascony stood out as plainly as on a map. From now on, we shall not again approach the sea until we are in Andalusia. Farewell, good old Ocean!

The carriage galloped at full speed up and down extremely steep hills, — a performance which can be carried out only thanks to the marvellous skill of the drivers and the extraordinary surefootedness of the mules. In spite of our speed, there fell in our laps from time to time a laurel branch, a little bouquet of wild flowers, a string of mountain strawberries like rosy pearls threaded on a blade of grass. These bouquets were thrown by the little beggar boys and girls, who followed the coach, running barefooted over the sharp stones. This fashion of asking for alms by first making a gift one's self has something noble and poetic about it.

The landscape was delightful, somewhat Swiss in appearance, perhaps, but of very varied aspect. Mountainous masses, in the intervals of which one caught sight of still higher ridges, rose up on either side of the way. Their slopes, diversified with various crops, wooded with green oaks, set off admirably the distant vaporous summits. Red-roofed villages blossomed at the foot of the mountains amid clumps of trees, and

every minute I expected to see Ketle or Gretle issue from these new *chalets*. Happily, Spain does not carry comic opera quite so far.

Torrents as capricious as women come and go, form little cascades, part, meet again, thread the rocks and the pebbles in the most diverting fashion, and afford a pretext for an endless number of the most picturesque bridges. These bridges have a peculiar appearance: the arches are cut out almost up to the railing, so that the road on which the coach drives seems not to be more than six inches thick. A sort of triangular pier, performing the office of a bastion, is usually found in the centre. The profession of Spanish bridge is not a very fatiguing one. There can scarcely be a more perfect sinecure; you can walk under Spanish bridges during nine months in the year. They stay in their places with imperturbable indifference and a patience worthy of a better fate, awaiting a river, a thread of water, or even a little dampness; for they are well aware that their arches are mere arcades, and their name utter flattery. The torrents of which I spoke just now have at most a depth of four or five inches of water, but they suffice to make a good deal of noise and to impart life to the solitudes which they

traverse. From time to time they drive some mill-wheel, or feed some works by means of a dam, built in just the place for a landscape painter.

The houses scattered in small groups through the land are of a strange colour, — neither black, nor white, nor yellow, but the colour of roast turkey. This definition, however trivial and culinary it may sound, is none the less absolutely correct. Clumps of trees and patches of green oaks bring out admirably the gray lines and the vaporous, sombre tints of the mountains. We dwell purposely on these trees because nothing is rarer in Spain, and henceforth we shall have but scant opportunity to describe them.

We changed mules at Oyarzun, and at nightfall reached the village of Astigarraga, where we were to sleep. We had not yet had any experience of the Spanish inn; and the picaresque and lively descriptions in Don Quixote and Lazarillo de Tormes coming back to our memory, our whole body itched at the mere thought of them. We expected omelets adorned with hair as long at that of the Merovingian kings, mixed with feathers and claws; pieces of stale bacon with all the bristles left on, thus equally suitable to make soup out of or to black pots with; wine in goat-

skins like those which the good knight of La Mancha slashed so furiously — and we even expected nothing at all, which is much worse.

Profiting by the little daylight which remained, we went to visit the church, which in truth looked more like a fortress than a temple. The small windows cut like loopholes, the thick walls, the solid buttresses, imparted to it a robust, square look more warlike than meditative. Spanish churches often have that appearance. Around it ran a sort of open cloister, in which was suspended a very large bell, which was rung by moving the striker with a rope instead of swinging the enormous metal capsule.

When we were shown to our rooms we were dazzled with the whiteness of the bed and window-curtains, the Dutch cleanliness of the floor, and the perfect neatness of every detail. Tall, handsome, well-made girls, with their splendid tresses flowing down their backs, very well-dressed and in no wise resembling the promised sluts, came and went with an activity that augured well for the supper, which was not long in coming. It was excellent and very well served. At the risk of being tedious, we shall describe it; for the difference between one people and another

lies precisely in these small details, which travellers neglect in favour of grave poetical or political views, which can very well be written without one's going to the country itself.

A rich soup was first served, differing from ours in having a reddish colour due to saffron which is dusted on it to give it a tone. There surely is local colour—red soup. The bread is very white and close, with a slightly golden crust; it is salted sufficiently to be quite noticeable to a Parisian palate. The forks have the end of the handle turned back, the prongs flat and cut like the teeth of a comb. The spoons also have a spatula look which our silver-ware has not. The cloth is a sort of coarse damask. As for the wine, we must confess that it was of the richest possible episcopal violet and thick enough to be cut with a knife, while the carafes in which it was contained did not make it at all transparent.

After the soup, was served the *puchero*, an eminently Spanish dish, or rather, the sole Spanish dish, for it is eaten every day from Irun to Cadiz and from Cadiz to Irun. A proper *puchero* is composed of a quarter of beef, a piece of mutton, a chicken, a few ends of a sausage called *chorizo*, stuffed full of pepper, pimento,

and other spices, of slices of bacon and ham, and on top of all, a hot tomato and saffron sauce; so far the animal portion. The vegetable portion, called *verdura*, varies according to the season, but cabbage and *garbanzo* always form the basis of it. The *garbanzo* is scarcely known in Paris, and we cannot define it better than by saying that it is a pea that has striven to become a bean and has succeeded too well. All this stuff is served on different dishes, but the various ingredients are mixed on one's plate in a way to produce a very complicated and tasty mayonnaise. This mixture will doubtless appear somewhat barbarous to gourmets, nevertheless it has a charm of its own and is bound to please eclectics and pantheists. Afterwards came chickens dressed with oil, — for butter is unknown in Spain, — fried fish, either trout or stock-fish, roast lamb, asparagus, salad, and if desired, macaroons, broiled almonds of exquisite taste, goat's-milk cheese, *queso de Burgos*, which is very famous and sometimes deserves to be. To wind up, a tray is brought in with Malaga wine, sherry, brandy, *aguardiente* (which resembles our French anisette), and a small cup (*fuego*) filled with live coals to light your cigarette. This meal, with a

few unimportant changes, is invariably reproduced in every part of Spain.

We left Astigarraga at midnight, and passed through Ernani, the name of which calls up the most romantic remembrances, without catching sight of anything but huddled hovels and broken-down buildings vaguely perceived through the darkness. We traversed, without stopping, Tolosa, where we noticed houses adorned with frescoes and huge coats of arms carved in stone. It was market day, and the market place was full of asses, mules picturesquely harnessed, and peasants with strange and fierce faces. By dint of climbing and descending, crossing torrents upon dry stone bridges, we at last reached Vergara, where we were to dine.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

VERGARA—BURGOS

AT Vergara, I saw my first Spanish priest. His appearance struck me as rather grotesque, although, thank Heaven! I do not entertain Voltaire's ideas with regard to the clergy; but the caricature of Beaumarchais' Basile involuntarily recurred to me. Imagine a black cassock with a cloak of similar colour, and over all a vast, prodigious, phenomenal, hyperbolical, titanic hat, of which no epithet, however extravagant and excessive it may be, can give even the faintest approximate idea. The hat is at least three feet long, the brim is curved inwards, and makes in front and behind the head a sort of horizontal roof. It is difficult to invent a more absurd and fantastic shape. It did not on the whole prevent the worthy priest from looking very respectable, and walking about with the air of a man whose conscience is perfectly easy as regards the shape of his headgear. In place of bands he wore a small white and blue collar, *alzacuello*, like the Belgian priests.

Beyond Mondragon, which is, as they say in Spain, the last *pueblo* of the province of Guipuscoa, we entered the province of Alava, and were soon at the foot of the Salinas mountain. Switchback railways are nothing in comparison with it, and at first the idea that the coach is going to cross it strikes one as being as ridiculous as walking on the ceiling head down, as flies do. The miracle was performed with the help of six oxen, which were harnessed ahead of the ten mules. Never in my life have I heard such an uproar. The mayoral, the zagal, the escopeteros, the postilion, and the oxen-drivers vied with each other in shouts, invectives, whip-lashings, and blows of the goad; they pushed at the spokes of the wheels; they steadied the coach from behind, dragged the mules by the bridle, the oxen by the horns, with incredible ardour and fury. The coach, at the tail end of that long line of animals and men, presented the most curious appearance. There must have been fully fifty yards between the leaders and the wheelers of the team. Let us not forget, by the way, the church steeple of Salinas, which has a pleasant Saracenic aspect.

Looking back from the top of the mountain, the various elevations of the chain of the Pyrenees are

seen stretched out in infinite perspective. They look like great light velvet draperies cast here and there and rumpled into quaint folds by a Titan's caprice. At Royave, a little farther on, I noticed an exquisite effect of light. A snowy summit (*sierra nevada*), which the nearer crests of the mountains had until then concealed from us, suddenly appeared, standing out against a sky of so deep a lapis-lazuli blue that it was almost black. Soon on every side of the plateau which we were traversing, other mountains raised their snow-covered, cloud-capped heads. The snow was not compact, but divided into thin threads like the ribbing of silver gauze, its whiteness increased by contrast with the azure or lilac tints of the rock faces. The cold was rather sharp, and grew more intense as we advanced. The wind had not got very warm while caressing the pale cheeks of those handsome, chilly virgins, and it reached us as icy as if it had come in a straight line from the arctic or antarctic poles.

The sun was setting when we entered Vitoria. After traversing all sorts of streets, the architecture of which was mediocre and in poor taste, the carriage stopped at the *Parador Viejo*. Crossing a fairly handsome square surrounded by arcades, we went straight

to the church. Darkness already filled the nave and thickened mysteriously and threateningly in obscure corners, in which could be dimly made out fantastic shapes. A few small lamps twinkled darkly yellow and smoky, like stars through a fog. It was in this Vitoria church that I first met with those terrifying carvings in coloured wood which the Spanish indulge in so excessively.

After a supper (*cena*) which made us regret the one we had enjoyed at Astigarraga, we bethought ourselves of going to the theatre. We had been lured by a poster announcing an extraordinary performance by the French Hercules, followed by a *baile nacional*, which appeared to us big with cachucas, boleros, fandangos, and other wild dances.

Play-houses in Spain, have, as a rule, no façade, and are distinguished from other buildings merely by two or three smoky lamps hung at the door. We took two orchestra stalls called glass seats (*asientos de luneta*), and we plunged bravely into a passage the flooring of which was neither boarded nor tiled, but the bare ground. The interior of the theatre is more comfortable than the approach would indicate; the boxes are very well arranged, and though the decoration is simple,

it is fresh and clean. The *asientos de luneta* are armchairs arranged in rows and numbered. There is no ticket-taker at the door to take your tickets, but a small boy collects them before the close of the performance. At the entrance you have merely to deliver an admission ticket.

We hoped to find here the Spanish feminine type, of which so far we had seen very few specimens. However, the women who filled the boxes and the balconies had nothing Spanish about them save the mantilla and the fan. It was a good deal, but it was not enough. The audience was composed mainly of military men, as is the case in garrison towns. The spectators in the pit stand up, as in primitive theatres. The orchestra, composed of a single row of musicians, most of them playing upon brass instruments, blew courageously upon their *cornets à piston* an unvarying refrain which recalled the trumpet-call at Franconi's circus.

Try to understand, gentle reader, the eager impatience of two young, enthusiastic, and romantic Frenchmen who are going to see for the first time a Spanish dance in Spain.

At last the curtain rose upon a stage setting which

had the intention, not carried out, of being enchanting and fairy-like; the *cornets à piston* blew forth with greater fury the above-mentioned blast, and the *baile nacional* came forward in the persons of a male and a female dancer, both of them armed with castanets. Never have I seen anything sadder and more lamentable. No twopenny theatre has ever borne upon its worm-eaten boards a more worn out, tired out, toothless pair, a more complete pair of wrecks. The poor woman, who had plastered herself over with inferior powder, had a sky-blue tint which recalled to the imagination the delightful image of a person who has died of cholera, or of a drowned man who has been too long out of the water. As for the man, he darkly hopped up and down in his corner; he rose and fell loosely like a bat which is crawling on its feet; he looked like a grave-digger engaged in burying himself. If instead of castanets he had held a Gothic rebec, he could have passed for the coryphæus in the fresco of the Dance of Death at Basle. As long as the dance lasted they never once looked at each other; they seemed afraid to behold each other's ugliness, and to burst into tears on seeing themselves so old, so decrepit, and so deathly-looking.

This bolero of death lasted five or six minutes, at the end of which the curtain fell, putting an end to the torture of these two wretches and to our own. That is how the bolero struck two poor travellers in love with local colour. Spanish dances exist in Paris alone, just as sea-shells are to be found in curiosity shops only, and never upon the seashore.

We went to bed pretty well disappointed. In the middle of the night we were called up, for we had to start again. The cold was still bitter, a regular Siberian temperature, due to the elevation of the plateau we were traversing and the snows by which we were surrounded.

At Miranda we entered old Castile (*Castilla la Vieja*) in the kingdom of Castile and Leon, symbolised by a lion holding a shield semé of castles. These lions, which are repeated until you are sick of them, are usually of gray granite, and have an imposing heraldic port. Between Ameyugo and Cubo, small, insignificant villages where we changed mules, the landscape is extremely picturesque. The mountains draw nearer and closer, and huge, perpendicular rocks rise on the edge of the road steep as cliffs. On the left a torrent, crossed by a bridge with truncated ogee arch, roars at

the foot of a ravine, drives a mill, and covers with foam the stones which block its way; and in order that nothing shall be wanting to make the picture effective, a Gothic church falling in ruins, its roof broken in, its walls covered with parasitic plants, rises amid the rocks. In the background the Sierra shows faint and blue. The prospect is undoubtedly beautiful, but the Pancorvo defile is superior in its startling grandeur. The cliffs leave barely room for the road, and a point is reached where two huge masses of granite incline toward each other, representing the arch of a gigantic bridge, cut in the centre to stop the passage of an army of Titans. A second similar arch within the thickness of the rock increases the illusion. Never did a scene painter imagine a more picturesque and better arranged scene. After the flat prospects of the plains, the surprising effects met with at every step in the mountains seem impossible and fabulous.

The posada where we stopped for dinner had a stable for a hallway. This arrangement is invariably to be met with in every Spanish posada, and in order to reach your room you have to walk behind the heels of the mules. The wine, which was blacker than usual, had in addition a pretty local bouquet, derived

from the goatskin. The maids of the inn wore their hair hanging down their backs; with this exception their costume was that of French women of the lower classes. As a general rule the national costume has been preserved in Andalusia only; in Castile you come upon very few examples of it. The men all wear pointed hats trimmed with velvet or silk tufts, or else wolfskin caps, rather ferocious in shape, and the inevitable snuff-coloured or black cloaks. For the rest, there is nothing very characteristic about their dress.

Between Pancorvo and Burgos we came upon three or four little villages as dry as pumice stone and of the colour of dust. I doubt whether Descamps ever found in Asia Minor any walls more burnt, more browned, more tanned, more grainy, more crisp, more scorched than these. Along these walls loll asses at least as good as the Turkish donkeys, and which he ought to come to study. The Turkish donkey is a fatalist, and you can see by his humble and dreamy look that he is resigned to the blows which fate has in reserve for him, and which he will submit to without complaint. The Castilian donkey has a more philosophical and deliberate look; he understands that man cannot do without him; he is one of the household;

he has read Don Quixote, and he boasts of descending in a direct line from Sancho Panza's famous steed. Side by side with the donkeys, moon thorough-bred dogs of a superb breed, with fine nails, strong legs, backs, and heads; among others, great greyhounds, after the style of those of Veronese or Velasquez, of great size and beauty; and a few dozen *muchachos*, or street boys, whose eyes sparkle amid their rags like black diamonds.

Old Castile is no doubt so called on account of the great number of old women one meets in it, — and such old women! Macbeth's witches traversing the heath of Dunsinane to prepare their infernal stew are charming girls by comparison with them. The abominable vixens in Goya's "Caprices," which I had believed to be nightmares and chimeras, are frightfully accurate portraits. Most of these women are as hairy as mouldy cheese and have moustaches like grenadiers. Then their dress is a sight. If you were to take a piece of stuff and spend ten years in dirtying it, scraping it, making holes in it, and patching it, until it lost its original colour, you would not attain to the sublimity of these rags. These charms are increased by a haggard, fierce aspect very different from the humble and piteous mien of the poor people in France.

Shortly before we reached Burgos a great building on the hill was pointed out to us. It was the Carthusian monastery (*Cartuja de Miraflores*). Shortly afterwards the tracery of the cathedral spires, which became every moment more distinct, showed against the sky, and half an hour later we entered the famous capital of Old Castile.

The main square of Burgos, in the centre of which rises an indifferent bronze statue of Charles III, is large and rather striking in appearance. Red houses, upborne by pillars of bluish granite, enclose it on all sides. Under the arcades and on the square itself all sorts of small dealers are found, and an infinite number of picturesque asses, mules, and peasants are wandering around. Castilian rags show here in all their splendour; the meanest mendicant is aristocratically draped in his mantle like a Roman emperor in the purple. I cannot find a better comparison for these mantles, both as regards their colour and the stuff itself, than great pieces of tinder with ragged edges. Don Cæsar de Bazan's cloak, in the play of "Ruy Blas," does not approach these triumphant and glorious rags. The whole business is so dry, worn, and inflammable that you cannot help thinking the wearers

imprudent when they smoke and strike their flint and steel. The children of six or eight years of age also have their cloaks, which they wear with most amusing gravity.

The *fonda* where we alighted was a regular Spanish inn, where no one understood a word of French; so we had to trot out our Spanish, but I am bound to say that, thanks to the remarkable intelligence which is characteristic of these people, we were fairly well understood.

The service of the inn was performed by a troop of wild-haired kitchen wenches, bearing the finest names in the world,— Casilda, Matilda, Balbina. Names are always beautiful in Spain; Lola, Bibiana, Pepa, Hilaria, Carmen, Cipriana are tacked on to the most prosaic creatures. One of the maids had hair of a most vehement red, a very frequent colour in Spain, where, contrary to the general belief, there are many fair, and especially many red-haired women.

There are no bolsters to the beds, but two flat pillows placed one on top of the other. These are usually very hard, although the material is good, but it is not customary to card the wool of the mattresses; it is merely turned over with a couple of sticks.

Although Burgos has been so long the first city of Castile, it has not preserved a very marked Gothic appearance. With the exception of one street in which are to be seen a few windows and porticoes, of the time of the Renaissance, surmounted by coats of arms with supporters, the buildings do not date much beyond the beginning of the seventeenth century and are exceedingly vulgar-looking; they are old-fashioned, and yet they are not old. But Burgos has its cathedral, which is one of the finest in the world. Unfortunately, like all Gothic cathedrals, it is set in the midst of numerous buildings which prevent your having a general view and grasping its vast proportions.

The great portal opens upon a square, in the centre of which rises a pretty fountain, surmounted by a charming Christ, in white marble, — the butt of all the little gamins in the city, whose greatest enjoyment is to throw stones at statues. The portal, which is magnificent embroidered work, deep cut and flowery as a piece of lace, has been unfortunately scraped and planed up to the first frieze by some Italian prelates — great lovers of simple architecture, sober walls, and ornaments in good taste — who desired to give the cathedral a Roman look, greatly pitying, as they did,

the poor barbarians who did not make much use of the Corinthian order and who did not seem to be aware of the beauties of the attic and the triangular pediment. There are still many people of the same opinion in Spain; just as was the case in France before the Romantic school caused the Middle Ages to be held in honour and the meaning and beauty of the cathedrals to be understood.

Two slender spires, crocketed all the way up, with much open work, festooned and embroidered, carved even in their smallest details like the setting of a ring, spring heavenward with all the ardour of faith and all the rush of firmest conviction. Our incredulous campaniles would not dare to venture into the skies with no better support than lace of stone and ribs as delicate as cobweb-threads. Another tower, also carved with incredible richness, but less lofty, marks the intersection of the arms of the cross and completes the magnificence of the outline.

A goodly fellowship of statues of saints, archangels, kings, and monks animates the design, and this population in stone is so numerous, so closely pressed, it swarms so amazingly, that unquestionably it is larger than the living population which inhabits the town.

As one steps into the church an incomparable masterpiece compels you to stop: it is the carved wooden door which opens into the cloister. It represents, among other subjects in bas-relief, Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. The jambs and transoms are covered with exquisite figures of the most elegant appearance, and so marvellously carved that it is hard to understand how inert and opaque material like wood can yield to such a capricious and clever fancy. It is undoubtedly the finest gate in the world next to Ghiberti's in the Baptistery at Florence, which Michael Angelo, who was a connoisseur, considered worthy of being the gate of Paradise. This admirable work should be moulded and cast in bronze to secure it such eternity as is at man's command.

The choir, the stalls in which are called *sillaria*, is closed by wrought-iron gates of wonderful hammered work. The flooring is covered, as usual in Spain, with immense esparto mats; each stall has, in addition, its own little dried grass or reed carpet. Above is a sort of dome, formed by the interior of the tower already spoken of. It is a mass of sculptured arabesques, statues, little columns, groining, lancets, pendentives, which make you giddy. It would take more

than two years to note every detail. The work is as close pressed as the leaves of a cabbage, open-worked like a fish-knife, gigantic as a pyramid, delicate as an earring; and how this filigree has kept up in mid-air for centuries is past understanding. What kind of men were they who erected these marvellous buildings, which the prodigality of fairy palaces cannot surpass? Has the breed died out? And are we, who boast of being civilised, nothing but decadent barbarians after all? I am filled with a deep sadness when I visit one of these mighty buildings of past days; I am utterly cast down and only care to withdraw into a corner, to put a stone under my head, and to await in motionless contemplation death, which is absolute stillness.

If you will go around with us in this vast madrepore, built by the prodigious human polypus of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, we shall begin with the small sacristy, which is a fairly large hall, in spite of its name, and which contains an Ecce Homo, a Christ on the Cross by Murillo, and a Nativity by Jordaens, the latter framed in exquisitely carved woodwork. In the centre is placed a large *brasero*, which is used to light the censers, and perhaps the cigarettes also, for a great many Spanish priests smoke. The

brasero is a great brass basin placed upon a tripod, and filled with charcoal or small fruit-stones lighted and covered with fine ashes, which produce a gentle fire. The *brasero* in Spain takes the place of chimneys, which are very rare.

In the great sacristy, near the smaller one, there is a Christ on the Cross by Domenico Theotokopouli, called *el Greco*, an extravagant and erratic painter, whose work might be mistaken for sketches by Titian, did not a certain affectation of sharp, carelessly painted forms betray him very quickly. In order to give his paintings the appearance of being very boldly painted, he has daubed here and there, with incredible petulance and brutality, thin, sharp lights, which traverse the shadows like sword-cuts. All the same, el Greco is a great painter; the good works in his second manner resemble Romanticist paintings by Eugène Delacroix.

You have no doubt seen in the Spanish gallery at Paris the portrait of el Greco's daughter, a magnificent head which no master would refuse to sign. You can see from that what an admirable painter Domenico Theotokopouli could be when he was in his right mind. It appears that his anxiety to avoid resembling Titian, whose pupil he was, turned his head and led

him into extravagances and fantasies which allowed his splendid gifts to show only in intermittent gleams. El Greco was, besides, an architect and a sculptor, a sublime trinity, a luminous triangle, which is often met with in the heaven of highest art.

The sacristy is panelled with cupboards, with flowered and festooned columns in the richest taste. Above the panelling there is a row of Venetian mirrors, the use of which I do not well understand, unless they are placed there merely as ornaments, for they are too high up to allow one to look into them. Above the mirrors are ranged in chronological order the portraits of all the bishops of Burgos, from the first one down to him who now fills the episcopal seat. The oldest of these portraits touch the vaulting. Although they are painted in oil, they look as if they were in pastel or distemper; the reason being that paintings in Spain are not varnished, for want of which protection many valuable masterpieces have been destroyed by damp. The portraits, although most of them have a fine appearance, are not, however, by first-class painters, and they are hung too high to allow one to judge of the worth of the work. The centre of the hall is occupied by a huge dresser and immense es-

parto baskets, in which are kept the ornaments and the vessels employed in worship. Under two glass globes are preserved as curiosities two coral trees, much less complex in their branching than the least arabesque in the cathedral. The door is ornamented with the arms of Burgos in relief, with a semé of little crosses gules.

The chapel of Juan Cuchiller, which is next to this one, is not architecturally remarkable, and we were hurrying to leave it, when we were asked to look up and observe a most curious object, — a huge coffer, fastened to the wall by iron clamps. It is difficult to imagine a box more patched, worm-eaten, and broken; it is unquestionably the dean of earthly trunks. An inscription in black letters, which runs, *Cofre del Cid*, immediately gave, as you can readily believe, immense importance to these four planks of rotten wood. The coffer, if we are to believe the legend, is that which the famous Ruy de Bivar, better known as the Cid Campéador, having no money, — just like the ordinary writer, — caused to be carried, full of sand and pebbles, to a worthy Jewish usurer who lent upon due security, with orders that he was not to open the monstrous trunk until the Cid Campéador had repaid the sum borrowed; which goes to show that the usurers of

those days were easier to get along with than those of our own times. Few Jews, and even few Christians could now be found simple and debonair enough to accept such collateral. The historic coffer is large, broad, heavy, and deep, and covered with all sorts of locks and padlocks; when full of sand, it must have taken at least six horses to drag it along; and the worthy Israelite might well suppose that it was filled with clothes, jewels, and silver-ware, and thus the more readily humour the Cid's whim, — a whim which has been provided for by the penal code, as well as many other heroic fancies.

BURGOS

ON leaving the chapel of Juan Cuchiller, you pass into another room very picturesquely decorated. The wainscoting is of oak, the hangings red, and the ceiling skilfully imitates Cordova leather. It contains a Nativity by Murillo, a Conception, and a Jesus wearing a robe, all well painted.

The cloister is filled with tombs, most of them closed with very close, strong gratings. The tombs, which all contain illustrious persons, are cut in the thickness of the wall and ornamented with coats of arms and embroidered with carvings. On one of them I noticed a group of Mary and Jesus, the latter holding a book in his hand, exquisitely beautiful, and a chimera, half animal, half arabesque, of strange and most surprising invention. On all these tombs rest life-size statues, either of knights in armour or of bishops in their robes, which might easily be mistaken, through the openings of the gratings, for the dead they represent, so correct is the attitude and so minute the detail.

On the jambs of a door I noticed, as I passed, a charming little statue of the Virgin, delightfully worked out and extraordinarily complete in conception. Instead of the contrite and modest air usually given to the Blessed Virgin, the sculptor has represented her with a glance in which voluptuousness mingles with ecstasy, in the intoxication of a woman who is conceiving a God. She stands with her head thrown back, breathing in with all her soul and strength the ray of flame impelled by the symbolic dove, with a strikingly original mingling of ardour and purity. It was difficult to find anything novel in a subject so frequently represented, but no subject is ever too worn out for a genius.

The description of the cloister alone would require a whole letter, and in view of the scant space and time at our disposal, you must forgive our saying but little about it, and returning to the church, where we shall take the masterpieces as they come, without choice or preference; for everything is beautiful or admirable, and what we may omit is at least as good as what we do speak of.

We shall stop first before a Passion of Jesus Christ, in stone, by Félipe Vigarni. It is one of the largest

bassi-relievi in the world. In accordance with Gothic custom, it is divided into several compartments: the Garden of Gethsemane, the Bearing of the Cross, the Crucifixion between the two thieves; a vast composition, which, by the delicate work on the heads and the fineness of the detail, is worth all that Albert Dürer, Hemeling, or Holbein did of most delicate and exquisite with their miniature-painter's brushes. This stone epic ends with a magnificent Entombment. The groups of sleeping apostles which fill the lower panels in the Garden of Gethsemane are almost as beautiful and in as pure a style as the prophets and saints of Fra Bartolommeo; the heads of the holy women at the foot of the cross have a pathetic and sorrowful expression, the secret of which was known to the Gothic artists alone. In this case, the expression is united to rare beauty of form. The soldiers are noticeable for quaint and fierce equipments, such as were given in the Middle Ages to antique, Oriental, or Jewish personages whose costume was not known. They are, besides, represented with a boldness and skill which contrast most happily with the idealism and melancholy of the other figures. The whole work is framed in by an architectural design wrought like goldsmith's work,

of incredible taste and lightness. It was completed in 1536.

Since we are talking of sculpture, let us mention at once the choir stalls, which have probably no rival in the world. Each stall is a marvel. They represent subjects from the Old Testament in bas-relief, and are divided one from another by chimeras and fantastic animals which form the arms of the stall. The flat parts are formed of incrustations set off by black hatching like inlaid work on metal. And fancy arabesques have never been carried farther; both the conception and the execution exhibit inexhaustible spirit, incredible fertility, and constant invention. It is a new world, a separate creation, as complete and varied as that of God, in which plants live and men bloom, in which boughs end in hands, and limbs in foliage, in which chimeras with sly glance open wings provided with claws, and in which the monstrous dolphins blow forth water through their nostrils, — an incredible interlacing of flowers, foliage, acanthus leaves, lotus, and calyxes of blooms adorned with aigrettes and tendrils, of leaves curled and dentelated, of fabulous birds, impossible fishes, extravagant sirens and dragons, of which no description can give an idea. The freest fancy reigns

in all these incrustations, the yellow tone of which, showing against the dark background of the wood, imparts the look of Etruscan painted vases, a look quite justified by the cleanness and primitive character of the outline. These designs, in which the pagan genius of the Renaissance shows out, have no connection with the purpose of the stalls, and at times, even, the choice of subject shows entire forgetfulness of the sacredness of the place: children playing with masks, women dancing, gladiators fighting, peasants gathering grapes, maidens tormenting or caressing a fantastic monster, animals playing on the harp, or even little boys imitating in the basin of a fountain the famous Manikin piece at Brussels. If the proportions were somewhat more slender these figures would be equal to the purest Etruscan work. Unity in aspect and infinite variety in detail, that is the difficult problem which mediæval artists have almost always solved successfully. At a distance of five or six yards, this carving, so fantastic in conception, is grave, solemn, architectural, brown in tone, and quite worthy of framing in the pale, austere faces of the canons.

The Constable's Chapel, *capilla del Condestable*, is a complete church in itself. The tombs of Don Pedro

Fernandez Velasco, Constable of Castile, and of his wife, occupy the centre and are no small ornament to it. They are of marble, superbly carved. The man is lying down in his battle armour, enriched with arabesques in the best style of art; the vergers take imprints of them with damp paper and sell them to tourists. His wife has her little dog by her side; her gloves and the pattern of her brocade robe are wrought with incredible delicacy. The heads of the pair rest upon marble pillows adorned with their coronet and their arms. Gigantic coats of arms adorn the walls of the chapel, and on the entablature are placed figures bearing stone staves for banners and standards. The retable — the architectural façades which accompany altars are thus called — is sculptured, gilded, painted, covered with arabesques and columns, and represents the Circumcision, the figures being life size. On the right side, where hangs the portrait of Donna Mencia de Mondoza, Countess of Haro, stands a little Gothic altar, illuminated, gilded, carved, adorned with an infinity of small figures, which one might take for the work of Antonin Moine, so light and cleverly done are they. On the altar there is a figure of Christ in jet. The high altar is adorned with plates of silver

and crystal suns, whose flashing reflections produce a singularly brilliant play of light. On the vaulting blooms a sculptured rose of incredible delicacy.

In the sacristy, close to the chapel, is set in the panelling a Magdalen attributed to Leonardo da Vinci. The softness of the brown half-tints, which merge into the lights by imperceptible gradations, the lightness of touch with which the hair is painted, and the perfect roundness of the arms lend weight to this supposition. There is also preserved in this chapel the ivory diptych which the Constable was in the habit of taking with him into the field and before which he knelt in prayer. The *Capilla del Condestable* belongs to the Duke of Frias. As you go by, glance at the painted wood statue of Saint Bruno by Pereida, a Burgos sculptor, and at the epitaph to Villegas, the translator of Dante.

A great staircase, of noble design, with magnificent carved chimeras, compelled our admiration for a time. I do not know whither it leads and into what room opens the small door at the top, but it is worthy of the most splendid palace. The high altar in the chapel of the Dukes of Abrantes is one of the most curious inventions possible. It represents the genealogical tree of Jesus Christ. The strange idea is thus

carried out: the Patriarch Abraham lies down at the foot of the composition, and into his fruitful loins plunge the many branched roots of a huge tree, each bough of which bears one of the ancestors of Jesus; the bough is subdivided into as many branches as there are descendants. At the top is the Blessed Virgin seated on a cloud throne; the sun, the moon, and the stars, silver and gilt, sparkle through the efflorescence of the boughs. It is terrifying to think what an amount of labour was required to carve out all these leaves and work out all these folds, to make all these branches, to cause all these figures to stand out from the background. This retable, thus wrought, is as large as the façade of a house and rises to a height of thirty-six feet at least, including the three stories, the second of which contains the Coronation of the Virgin, and the last the Crucifixion, with Saint John and the Virgin. The artist was Rodrigo del Haya, a sculptor who lived in the middle of the sixteenth century.

Saint Tecla's chapel is most peculiar. The architect and the sculptor seem to have aimed at compressing the greatest amount of ornament within the least possible space. It is a chapel in the richest, the most

adorable, and the most charming bad taste. Everywhere are spiral columns wreathed with vine stems, volutes which roll into infinite curves, strings of cherubim cravated with wings, great swelling clouds, twisted flames rising from perfume-burners, beams that spread out fan-like, thick-blooming chicories, and the whole gilded and painted in natural colours with the skill of a miniaturist. The brocade of the draperies is worked out thread by thread, point by point, with amazing minuteness. The saint herself, in the midst of the flames stirred up by Saracens in extravagant costumes, turns to heaven her beautiful enamelled eyes, and holds in her little, flesh-coloured hand a great consecrated palm-branch curled in the Spanish fashion. The vaulting is wrought in the same taste, and other altars, of less dimensions but equally rich, fill the rest of the chapel. We are in the presence, not of Gothic delicacy or exquisite Renaissance taste, but of richness substituted for purity of line; nevertheless, it is still very handsome, very beautiful, as is every excessive thing complete in its own way.

The organ, of formidable size, has batteries of pipes arranged in a sloping manner like pointed guns, producing a threatening and warlike effect. The private

chapels each have their organ, but of smaller size. On the retable of one of these chapels there is a painting of such beauty that I cannot attribute it to any other master than Michael Angelo. The unmistakable characteristics of the Florentine school at its finest show triumphantly in this magnificent painting, which would be the gem of the most splendid museum; yet Michael Angelo rarely painted in oils, and his paintings are fabulously rare. I incline to think that it is a composition painted by Sebastian del Piombo, after a cartoon and sketch by the sublime artist. It is known that, jealous of Raphael's success, Michael Angelo occasionally employed Sebastian del Piombo in order to unite colour to drawing and to surpass his young rival. Whoever the painter may be, the work itself is admirable. The Blessed Virgin, seated and nobly draped, veils with her transparent scarf the divine nudity of the child Jesus standing by her side; two contemplative angels float silently in the blue sky; in the background a stern landscape, rocks, stretches of ground, and a few broken walls. Words fail to give an idea of the majesty, calm, and power of the Virgin's head. The neck joins the shoulders with such chaste, pure, and noble lines, the face breathes

such a sweet maternal peace, the hands are so divinely turned, the feet are so elegant and high-bred, that one cannot take one's eyes off the painting. Add to the marvellous drawing a simple, solid colouring, sustained in tone, without brilliancy, without petty seeking after light and shade, with a certain fresco look which perfectly matches the tone of the architecture, and you have a masterpiece the equal of which can be found only in the Florentine or Roman school.

There is also in the cathedral at Burgos a Holy Family, unsigned, which I greatly suspect to be the work of Andrea del Sarto; and Gothic paintings on panels by Cornelius Van Eyck, like those which are in the Dresden Museum. Paintings of the German school are not uncommon in Spain, and some of them are exceedingly beautiful. We may mention as we go some paintings by Fra Diego de Leyva — who turned monk and entered the Cartuja de Miraflores at the age of fifty-three — especially the one which represents the martyrdom of Saint Casilda, whose two breasts have been cut off by the executioner. Blood spouts in great streams from the two red spots left on the chest by the amputated flesh; the two breasts lie by the saint's side; she gazes with an expression of

feverish and convulsive ecstasy at a tall angel with dreamy and melancholy face, who bears a palm to her. These terrifying paintings of martyrdoms are very numerous in Spain, where the love of realism and truth in art is carried to its utmost limit. The painter will not spare you a single drop of blood; you must see the severed nerves shrink, the living flesh quiver, and its dark purple contrast with the bloodless, bluish whiteness of the skin, the vertebræ cut by the executioner's cimeter, the cruel marks made by the whips and rods of the tormentors, the gaping wounds which vomit blood and water through their livid lips — all rendered with frightful accuracy. Ribeira has painted in this way things that would make *el Verdugo* himself shudder with horror; and it really takes all the dread beauty and the diabolical energy characteristic of that great master to enable one to bear with those ferocious slaughter-house paintings, which seem to have been done for cannibals by an executioner's assistant. It is enough to disgust one with being a martyr, and the angel with his palm strikes one as but a slight compensation for such atrocious torments. Ribeira very often refuses even this consolation to his tortured victims, whom he leaves lying, like the pieces of a ser-

pent, in a dun, threatening shade which no divine ray illumines.

The need of truth, however repulsive it may be, is a characteristic feature of Spanish art; neither idealism nor conventionality enters into the genius of that people, which is wholly devoid of æsthetic feeling. Sculpture does not suffice for it; it must have coloured statues, Madonnas rouged and dressed in real dresses. Never, in its opinion, is material illusion carried far enough, and that excessive love of realism often makes it cross the slight distance which separates sculpture from wax figures. The famous and highly revered Christ of Burgos, which can be shown only after the candles have been lighted, is a striking example of that extraordinary taste. It is no longer painted stone or wood, it is a human skin, — so, at least, it is said, — stuffed with great skill and care; the hair is real, the eyes are provided with lashes, the crown of thorns is of genuine thorns, — not a single detail has been forgotten. But nothing can be more gloomy and more disturbing to behold than that tall crucified phantom, with its sham air of life and its deathly immobility. The skin, of a musty brown tone, is rayed by long streamlets of blood, so closely

imitated that one really believes the blood is actually flowing. It does not require a great effort of imagination to credit the legend that this miraculous Crucified One bleeds every Friday. Instead of a fluttering drapery rolled around him, the Christ at Burgos wears a white kilt, embroidered with gold. This vestment produces a most peculiar effect, especially to those who are not accustomed to see Our Lord in such a costume. At the foot of the cross are set three ostrich-eggs, a symbolical ornament of which I do not catch the meaning, unless it be an allusion to the Trinity as being the germ of all things.

We left the cathedral dazzled, crushed, intoxicated with masterpieces, and with our powers of admiration exhausted. We were shown the Cid's house. I am wrong to say the Cid's house; I should say, the place where it may have been. It is a square piece of ground surrounded by posts; there does not remain the least vestige to authorise the belief, but there is nothing to prove the contrary, and therefore there is no reason why one should not trust the tradition.

Saint Mary's Gate, erected in honour of Charles V, is a remarkable piece of architecture. The statues placed in the niches, although short and thickset,

have a look of strength and power which fully redeems their lack of height. Near the gate is the promenade, which runs along the Arlençon, a very respectable river, at least two feet deep; which is a great deal for Spain. This promenade is adorned with four statues, of rather fine appearance, representing the four kings, or counts of Castile: Don Fernando Gonzales, Don Alonzo, Don Enriquez II, and Don Fernando I. Beyond this, there is not much worth seeing in Burgos. The theatre is even more primitive than that of Vitoria. That evening there was being performed a play in verse, "The King and the Cobbler," by Zorilla, a very distinguished young writer very popular in Madrid, who has already published several volumes of verse, the style and harmony of which are highly spoken of. All the seats had been taken beforehand, and we had to forego this pleasure.

Before leaving Burgos we paid a visit to the *Cartuja de Miraflores*, situated a mile and a half from the gate of the city. A few poor old, infirm monks have been allowed to remain in this convent until they die. Spain lost a good deal of its romantic character when the monastic orders were suppressed, and I do not quite see what she has gained in other respects.

The *cartuja* is situated at the top of a hill. The exterior is simple and austere, great stone walls and tiled roofs; everything done for the mind, nothing for the eye: inside, long, cool, silent cloisters, white-washed with lime, cell doors, windows with leaden framework, in which are set biblical subjects in painted glass, especially an Ascension, the composition of which is curious: the body of the Lord has disappeared; His feet alone are seen, the prints of which are hollowed out upon a rock surrounded by holy personages who are filled with wonder.

A small court, in the centre of which rises a fountain from which sparkling water falls drop by drop, contains the prior's garden. A few vine tendrils light up the gloomy walls; a few flowers, a few plants grow here and there, much as they will, in picturesque disorder. The prior, an old man with noble and melancholy face, wearing a garment resembling a robe as closely as possible (the monks are not allowed to wear their costume), received us most politely and seated us around the *brasero*, for it was not very warm, and offered us cigarettes, *azucarillos*, and fresh water. A book lay open on the table. I took the liberty of glancing at it. It was the "Bibliotheca Cartuxiana,"

a collection of all the passages from different authors which praise the order and life of the Carthusians. The margins were annotated in his own hand, in that dear old priest's writing, straight, firm, somewhat heavy, which suggests so much, and which the quick-living, impetuous layman cannot master. So the poor monk, compassionately left in that abandoned convent, the vaulting of which will soon fall down upon his unknown grave, was still dreaming of the glory of his order, and with a trembling hand noting upon the white leaves of the book some forgotten or newly found passage.

The graveyard is shaded by two or three tall cypresses like those in Turkish cemeteries. This place of death contains four hundred and nineteen Carthusians who have died since the convent was erected. The ground is covered with thick, close grass, in which neither tomb, cross, nor inscription is visible. The dead lie there mingled together, as humble in death as they were in life. The calm and the silence of this anonymous cemetery are restful to the soul. A fountain in the centre sheds its limpid, silver tears over all these poor, forgotten dead. I drank a few drops of that water, filtered through the

ashes of so many saintly men; it was pure and icy-cold, like death itself.

If the dwelling of men here is poor, that of God is splendid. In the centre of the nave are placed the tombs of Don Juan II and Queen Isabella, his wife. The human patience that built such a monument is amazing. Sixteen lions, two at each corner, supporting eight scutcheons bearing the royal arms, form the base. Add an equal number of virtues, allegorical figures, apostles, and evangelists; fill in with branches, foliage, birds, animals, a network of arabesques, and you have a very faint idea of this prodigious piece of work. The crowned statues of the King and Queen lie upon the top; the King holds his sceptre in his hand and wears a long robe ornamented with intertwining lines and flowered work of marvellous delicacy.

The tomb of the Infant Alonzo is on the Gospel side of the altar. The Infant is represented kneeling before a *prie-dieu*. An open-work vine, in which are perched children gathering grapes, festoons with ever varying fancifulness the Gothic arch which surrounds the composition, itself partially set into the wall. These marvellous monuments are in alabaster, and are the work of Gil de Silva, who also carved the high altar.

On the right and left of the altar, which is of wondrous beauty, are two open doors, through which one sees two motionless Carthusians dressed in their shroud-like white gowns. These two figures, which are probably by Diego de Leyva, completely deceive you at first glance. Stalls by Berruguete complete this *ensemble*, which one is surprised to meet with in a lonely countryside.

From the top of the hill we were shown in the distance San Pedro de Cardenas, where are the tombs of the Cid and Donna Ximenes, his wife. The only thing wanting to the Cid's glory was to be canonised, and he would have been if, just before dying, he had not had the Arabic, heretic, and ill-sounding notion to order that his famous horse Babieca should be buried with him, which cast a doubt upon his orthodoxy. Besides his merit as a hero, the Cid enjoys that of having inspired so well the unknown poets of the *Romanceros*, Guillen de Castro, Diamante, and Pierre Corneille.

VALLADOLID

THE royal mail-coach in which we left Burgos deserves to be described. Imagine an antediluvian carriage, of an obsolete model to be met with in fossil Spain only; enormous splayed wheels, with very thin spokes, placed very far behind the body, which had been painted red in the days of Isabella the Catholic; an extravagant body, pierced with all sorts of odd-shaped windows and furnished inside with small cushions covered with satin, which may have been rose-coloured at some distant period, and trimmed with pinkings and ornaments of chenille, which may very well have been of many colours. This antique coach-body is artlessly hung with ropes instead of springs, and the weak places are lashed with esparto cords. To the coach is harnessed a fairly long string of mules, with an assortment of postilions and a mayoral, wearing an Astrakhan lamb-skin jacket and sheep-skin trousers of a most Moscovitish appearance.

Away we went in this concern in the midst of a whirlwind of shouts, oaths, and crackings of whips. We went like the very devil; we flew over the ground, and the vague outlines of surrounding objects flashed on the right and on the left with phantasmagoric rapidity. I have never seen more spirited, restive, or wilder mules. At every relay it took a host of *muchachos* to harness one to the carriage. The devilish beasts emerged from the stable walking on their hind legs, and the only way to reduce them to the condition of quadrupeds was to hang a bunch of postilions to their bridle.

The country we travelled was singularly wild; great barren plains, the monotony of which was unbroken by a single tree, bounded by ochre-yellow mountains, and hills to which the distance could scarcely communicate a faint blue tone. From time to time we traversed earthy-looking villages with walls built of clay, and most of them in ruins. As it was Sunday there stood along these yellowish walls, lighted up by a faint sunbeam, motionless as mummies, files of haughty Castilians draped in their snuff-coloured rags, occupied in *tomar el sol*, an amusement the dulness of which would kill in an hour the

most phlegmatic of Germans. However, this characteristic Spanish enjoyment was perfectly excusable on that day, for it was atrociously cold. A fierce wind swept the plain with a roar as of thunder, and of chariots full of armour driven over brazen vaults. I do not believe that anything wilder, more barbarous, and more primitive could be met with among Hottentot kraals or Kalmuck camps. Profiting by a halt, I entered one of the huts. It was a windowless den, with a hearth of rough stones placed in the centre, and a hole in the roof to allow the smoke to emerge. The walls were of a bituminous brown worthy of Rembrandt.

We dined at Torrequemada, a *pueblo* situated upon a small river, the bed of which is filled up with the ruins of old fortifications. Torrequemada is noticeable for its total lack of glass windows. Glass panes are to be found in the tavern only, the kitchen of which, in spite of this incredible piece of luxury, is nevertheless provided with a hole in the roof. After having swallowed a few *garbanzos*, which rattled in our stomach like shot on a tambourine, we got back into our box and the steeple-chase began once more. The coach behind the mules was like a pan tied to a tiger's tail; the noise it made excited them still more; a straw fire

burning in the middle of the road nearly made them bolt; they were so skittish that they had to be held by the bridle and their eyes covered with the hand when another carriage met us. As a general rule, when two carriages drawn by mules meet, one of them is bound to be upset, and by and by what was bound to happen did happen. I was busy turning over in my mind a hemistich, as is my habit in travelling, when I saw coming towards me, describing a rapid parabola, my companion who was sitting opposite to me. His action was followed by a very heavy shock and a general smashing of the carriage. "Are you dead?" asked my friend, as he finished his curve. "On the contrary," I replied; "are you?" "Not quite," he answered. We got out as quickly as we could by the broken roof of the poor coach, which was broken into a thousand pieces. As for the mules, they had gone off, and had carried away the fore-body and the two front wheels. Our own personal loss amounted to one button, which gave way owing to the violence of the shock and could never be found again. It was really impossible to upset more satisfactorily.

In other respects our position was not particularly pleasant, although we were seized with a most un-

seasonable fit of laughter. Our mules had vanished into smoke and our coach was dismantled and wheelless. Happily the *venta* was not very far off, and a couple of galleys were fetched and took us and our luggage. The galley thoroughly deserves its name. It is a two-wheeled or four-wheeled cart without top or bottom. The trunks and packages are placed in a net of reed ropes. On top of them is laid a mattress, a true Spanish mattress, which in no wise prevents your feeling the corners of the luggage thrown in pell-mell. The patients seat themselves as best they can upon this rack, by the side of which Saint Laurence's and Gautimozin's gridirons were beds of roses, for at least on those one could turn around. In this dreadful vehicle, which had no manner of springs, we drove at the rate of about four Spanish leagues an hour, that is to say, about five French leagues, or three miles faster than the best mail-coaches on the finest roads; the road we were travelling over was full of very steep hills and very sharp slopes, down which we always went at full gallop. It takes all the assurance and skill of the Spanish postilions and conductors to prevent the whole business smashing up into innumerable bits at

the bottom of precipices; — instead of being upset once, we ought really to have been upsetting all the time.

Dueñas looks like a Turkish cemetery. The caves, which are dug out of the living rock, receive air through small turrets which swell out like turbans and look singularly like minarets. A church of Moorish appearance completes the illusion. To the left the Canal of Castile shows from time to time in the plain. It is not yet finished.

At Venta de Trigueros there was harnessed to our galley a rose-coloured horse of remarkable beauty (the mules had been given up), which fully justified Eugène Delacroix, whose horse in the "Triumph of Trajan" has been criticised. Men of genius are always right; what they invent exists, and nature imitates their most eccentric fancies, or nearly all of them.

After having followed a road running between embankments and buttressed counterforts quite monumental in character, we at last entered Valladolid; pretty well broken up, but with our noses intact and our arms still fixed to our bodies.

We alighted at a superb *parador*, perfectly clean and were given two fine rooms, with a balcony look-

ing out upon a square, carpets of coloured matting, and walls painted in distemper in yellow and apple-green. Up to this time we have seen no reason for the charge of filth and bareness which all travellers have brought against Spanish inns. We have not yet found any scorpions in our beds, and the insects we were threatened with have not put in an appearance.

Valladolid is a great city almost wholly depopulated. It is capable of containing two hundred thousand souls, and has not much more than twenty thousand inhabitants. It is a clean, quiet, elegant city, which feels its nearness to the Orient. The façade of San Pablo is covered from top to bottom with marvellous carving of the time of the early Renaissance. In front of the portal are ranged by way of posts granite pillars surmounted by heraldic lions, which hold in every possible position shields bearing the arms of Castile. Opposite is a palace of the time of Charles V, with an arcaded courtyard extremely elegant, and sculptured medallions of rare beauty. The Inland Revenue sells in this architectural gem its wretched salt and abominable tobacco. By a happy chance the façade of San Pablo is situated on a square ; thus it may

be photographed, which is very difficult in the case of mediæval buildings, which are almost always set in the midst of groups of houses and vile stalls; but the rain, which never ceased falling all the time we remained in Valladolid, did not permit us to get a picture. Twenty minutes' sunshine between the showers at Burgos had enabled us to get capital plates of the spires of the cathedral and of a large portion of the portal; but at Valladolid we did not even have the twenty minutes, which we regretted all the more that the city abounds in charming specimens of architecture.

The building in which the library is placed, and which it is proposed to turn into a museum, is in the purest and most exquisite taste. Although some of the ingenious restorers who prefer boards to *bassi-relievi* have shamefully scraped its admirable arabesques, there still remain enough to constitute a masterpiece of elegance. Draughtsmen would be interested in a balcony which projects from the corner of a palace in this same San Pablo Square, and forms a look-out singularly original in taste. The section of the small column which connects the two arches is quite remarkable. It was in this house, we were

told, that the terrible Philip II was born. We may also mention a colossal fragment of an unfinished granite cathedral by Herrera, in the style of Saint Peter's at Rome. This building was abandoned in favour of the Escorial, that gloomy fancy of the gloomy son of Charles V.

We were shown, in a closed church, a collection of paintings which had been brought together after the closing of the convents, and had been put in this place by order of the authorities. It appears that the people who pillaged the churches and convents were excellent artists and admirable connoisseurs, for they left merely horrible daubs, the best of which would not fetch five francs in a curiosity shop. In the museum there are a few passable paintings, but nothing worth speaking of; on the other hand, numerous wooden carvings and ivory crucifixes, remarkable more for their size and their age than for the real beauty of the work. People who go to Spain to purchase curiosities are apt to be greatly disappointed: there is not a single valuable weapon, not a single rare edition, not a single manuscript to be had.

The *Plaza de la Constitucion* at Valladolid is very handsome and very large, surrounded by houses up-

borne by great bluish granite columns in one piece, which have a fine effect. The Palace of the Constitution, painted apple-green, is adorned with an inscription in honour of Innocent Isabella, as the little queen is called here, and with a clock-dial lighted at night like that of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, — an innovation which appears to delight the inhabitants. Under the arcades are established multitudes of tailors, hatters, and shoemakers, the three most flourishing trades in Spain. There also are situated the chief cafés, and all the population seems to concentrate at this point; in the rest of the city you scarcely meet an occasional passer-by, — a servant-girl carrying water, or a peasant driving his donkey. The effect of solitude is further increased by the great extent of ground over which the city is spread; squares are more numerous than streets. The Campo Grande, near the great gate, is surrounded by fifteen convents, and more could be put on it.

On leaving Valladolid the character of the landscape changes and the barrens reappear; only, they have what is lacking to those of Bordeaux, clumps of stunted green oaks and more wide-spreading pines; otherwise they are just as arid, lonely, and desolate-looking, — here and there a few heaps of ruins which

are called villages, and which have been burned and ravaged by rebels, and in which wander a few ragged and wretched-looking inhabitants. There is nothing picturesque but a few women's skirts, of the brightest canary-yellow, adorned with embroidery in several shades representing birds and flowers.

Olmedo, where we stopped for dinner, is completely ruined; whole streets are deserted, others are filled up by the fallen houses, the grass grows in the squares as in the accursed cities of which the Bible speaks; soon there will be no other inhabitants in Olmedo than the flat-headed viper, and the short-sighted owl, and the dragon of the desert will drag his scaly belly over the stones of the altars. A belt of old and dismantled fortification surrounds the city, and the charitable ivy covers with its green mantle the bareness of the ruined, gaping towers. Tall, handsome trees border the ramparts and Nature does its best to repair the ravages of time and war. The diminution of the population of Spain is frightful. In the time of the Moors it had thirty-two millions of inhabitants; now it scarcely has more than ten to eleven millions. Unless some fortunate but scarcely probable change occurs, or marriages become supernaturally fecund, cities formerly flourish-

ing will be wholly abandoned, and their brick and clay ruins will, little by little, melt away into the earth, which devours everything, both cities and men.

The landscape beyond Olmedo is not very varied in character; only, I noticed before we reached the place where we were to sleep a beautiful sun effect. The luminous beams lighted up the slope of a chain of very distant mountains, every detail of which stood out with extraordinary clearness; their sides bathed in shade were almost invisible, the heavens were leaden. A painter who should reproduce such an effect accurately would be charged with exaggeration and inaccuracy.

The *posada*, this time, was much more Spanish than those we had hitherto seen. It consisted of a vast stable, surrounded by whitewashed rooms, each containing four or five beds. It was wretched and bare, but not unclean. The characteristic proverbial filth had not yet put in an appearance; there was even unheard-of luxury in the dining room, — a series of engravings representing the adventures of Telemachus; hideous coloured daubs with which Paris floods the universe.

We started again in the morning, and when the first light of dawn enabled us to distinguish the scene, I be-

held a sight which I shall never forget. We had just changed horses at a village called, I think, Saint Mary of the Snows, and we were climbing the foot-hills of the chain we had to cross. We seemed to be in the midst of a cyclopean city. Huge sandstone blocks that looked like buildings rose on every hand and stood out against the sky like the silhouettes of fantastic Babels. Here a flat stone which had fallen across two other rocks, closely resembled a Druidical peulven or dolmen; a little farther a succession of peaks, shaped like the shafts of columns, imitated porticoes and propylæa; or again it was a chaos, a sandstone ocean, petrified at the moment when it was lashed to maddest fury. The grayish-blue tone of the rocks heightened still more the strangeness of the prospect. Everywhere from the interstices of the stones spurted the spray or the crystal drops of springs, and what particularly delighted me was that the melted snow ran into the hollows and formed little pools bordered by an emerald-coloured sward, or set in a silver circle of snow which had resisted the action of the sun. Pillars erected from point to point, which served to indicate the road when the snow stretches its treacherous mantle over both the road track and the precipices,

imparted to it a monumental aspect. Torrents roared and foamed on all hands; the road crossed them over dry stone bridges such as are to be met with at every step in Spain.

The mountains rose higher and higher; we had no sooner crossed one than another and loftier one rose, which we had not before seen. The mules proved unequal to the work, and recourse was had to oxen. This allowed us to descend, and to climb on foot the rest of the *sierra*. I was fairly intoxicated by the pure, bracing air. I felt so light, joyous, and enthusiastic that I shouted, and leaped like a kid.

The high peaks sparkled and twinkled in the beams of the sun like a dancer's silver-spangled bodice; some of the peaks were cloud-capped, and melted into the heavens by imperceptible gradations, for nothing is so like a cloud as a mountain. The scarps and undulations, the tones and the forms, were such as no art can give an idea of, no pen or brush suggest. The mountains realised all that we have dreamed they would be, which is no slight praise. Only, we imagined them higher; their vast size is to be perceived only by comparison. On looking closer, what has been mistaken from afar for a blade of grass is a sixty-foot pine.

At the turn of a bridge, admirably adapted for a highwayman's ambuscade, we saw a small column with a cross. It was a monument in memory of a poor devil who had ended his days in this narrow gorge, driven to this through *manoa irada* (the angry hand). From time to time we met Maragatos in their sixteenth-century costume: a leather jacket buckled tight, full trousers, and broad-brimmed hats; Valencianos, with their white linen drawers resembling a Klepht's kilts, a handkerchief tied around their heads, footless white gaiters edged with blue, like the knemis of antiquity, a long piece of stuff (*capa de muestra*) with cross stripes of brilliant colours, draped in very elegant fashion over the shoulders. So far as their skin could be seen, it was the colour of Florentine bronze. We also saw trains of mules harnessed in charming fashion, with bells, fringes, and many-coloured blankets, and the *arrieros* carrying carbines. We were delighted; the wished-for picturesque was turning up abundantly.

As we proceeded higher, the strips of snow became thicker and broader, but a ray of sunshine made the whole mountain gleam like a woman laughing through her tears. On all sides meandered little brooklets, scattered like the disordered hair of naiads and more

limpid than diamonds. By dint of climbing we reached the topmost crest, and sat down upon the pedestal of a huge granite lion which marks, at the top of the watershed, the boundaries of Old Castile. Seized with the fancy to pluck a lovely rose-coloured flower, whose botanical name I do not know but which grows in the cracks of the sandstone, we climbed a rock which we were told was the place where Philip II used to sit and watch the progress of the work on the Escurial. Either the tradition is apocryphal or Philip had uncommonly good sight.

The coach, which was crawling slowly up the steep slopes, at last caught us up, the oxen were unharnessed, and we galloped down the descent. We stopped to dine at Guadarrama, a little village nestling at the foot of the mountain, and whose sole monument is a granite fountain erected by Philip II. Here, through a strange inversion of the natural order of dishes, our dessert consisted of goat's-milk soup.

Madrid, like Rome, is surrounded by desert country, barren, dry, and mournful beyond all conception. There is not a tree nor a drop of water, not a green plant nor a trace of humidity, nothing but yellow sand and iron-gray rocks; and as one leaves the mountains

behind, the rocks become stones only; here and there a dusty venta, or a cork-coloured steeple which pokes up on the edge of the horizon; big, melancholy oxen dragging chariots, a fierce-looking peasant riding a horse or mule, his carbine at his saddle-bow, his sombrero pulled down over his eyes; or again, long lines of white asses carrying cut straw tied with network, — and that is all. The leading ass, or *coronel*, always wears a little plume or pompon, which marks his rank in the long-eared hierarchy.

A few hours later, which seemed longer, so impatient were we to arrive, we at last saw Madrid plainly enough, and in a few minutes we entered the capital of Spain by the Iron Gate. The coach first proceeded down an avenue planted with stout polled trees, and bordered by brick towers, which are pumping stations. Speaking of water, although the transition is not a happy one, I forgot to tell you that we had crossed the Manzanares on a bridge worthy of a more genuine river. Then we proceeded past the Queen's Palace, which is one of those buildings which it is customary to say are in good taste. The vast terraces upon which it rises give it a fairly grand appearance. After having undergone inspec-

tion at the Customs, we put up close to the Calle de Alcala and the Prado, and we lost no time in sending Manuel, our valet, who was a thorough-paced *aficionado* and tauromachian, to purchase tickets for the next bull-fight.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

MADRID

NEVER did any days seem so long to me; to quiet my impatience I read more than ten times over the posters at the corners of the principal streets. They promised marvels: eight bulls from the most famous breeding-ground; for *picadores* Sevilla and Antonio Rodriguez; for *espadas* Juan Pastor, called also *el Barbero*, and Guillen; winding up with orders to the public not to throw into the arena orange-peels and other projectiles which might damage the combatants.

The name *matador* is not much used in Spain to designate the man who slays the bull; he is called *espada* (sword), which is nobler and more high-toned; nor do they say *toreador*, but *torero*. I present this useful piece of information, by the way, to those who indulge in local colour in drawing-room songs and comic opera. The fight is called *media corrida*, or half performance, because formerly there were two every Monday, one in the morning, the other at five in the

afternoon, and the two together made up a performance. The afternoon function has alone survived.

It has been said and repeated everywhere that the taste for bull-fights is going out in Spain, and that civilisation will do away with them. If it does so, it will be so much the worse for civilisation, for a bull-fight is one of the finest spectacles man can see; but the day has not yet come, and tender-hearted writers who affirm the contrary had better go some Monday to the Alcala Gate, and they will be convinced that the taste for this ferocious enjoyment is far from dying out.

Monday, the Day of Bulls, *dia de toros*, is a holiday; no one works, the whole town is up. Those who have not yet secured their tickets hasten to the Calle de Caritas, where is situated the box office, in hopes of finding some vacant seat; for by an arrangement which cannot be too highly praised, the whole of the enormous amphitheatre is divided into numbered stalls. The Calle de Alcala, which is the main artery into which the populous streets of the city empty, is full of foot-passengers, horsemen, and carriages. For on this day emerge from dusty coach-houses the most comical and extravagant *calesas* and carriages, the most fan-

tastic equipages, the most amazing mules. The calesas are like the Neapolitan *corricola*. They have great red wheels, no springs, a carriage body adorned with more or less allegorical pictures and upholstered in old damask or faded serge, with silk fringes and trimmings; the whole having a curious *rococo* air which produces a most comical effect. The driver sits on the shaft, whence he can harangue and beat his mule in comfort, and this leaves one seat the more for his clients. The mule itself is adorned with as many plumes, pompons, tufts, fringes, and balls as can possibly be put on the harness of any sort of a quadruped. The calesa usually contains a *manola* and her female friend, with her *manolo*, besides a bunch of muchachos hanging on behind. The whole concern goes like the wind, in a whirlwind of shouts and dust. There are also coaches drawn by four or five mules, the like of which are to be met with only in the paintings of Van der Meulen which represent the conquests and the hunts of Louis XIV. All sorts of wheeled vehicles are called into use, for to drive in a calesa to the bull-fight is the most stylish thing a manola can do. She will pledge her very bed in order to have some money for that day, and without being exactly virtuous during

the rest of the week, she is certainly very much less so on Sundays and Mondays. Country people are also seen, coming in on horseback, their carbines at their saddle-bow; others mounted on asses, either by themselves or with their wives; besides the carriages of the society people, and a multitude of worthy citizens and señoras wearing mantillas, who hasten on: for now comes the detachment of mounted national guards, trumpeters in front, riding forward to clear the arena, and for nothing in the world would the spectators miss the clearing of the arena and the precipitate flight of the alguazil when he has thrown to the official of the fight the key of the *toril*, where are shut up the horned gladiators. The toril is opposite the *matadero*, where the dead animals are skinned. The bulls are brought the day before by night into a meadow near Madrid called *el arroyo*, which is the place whither go to walk the *aficionados*, — a walk which is not without danger, for the bulls are at liberty and their drivers have a great deal of trouble in looking after them. Then they are driven into the amphitheatre stable with the help of old oxen accustomed to the work and who mingle with the fierce herd. The Plaza de Toros is situated to the left, outside the Alcala Gate, which, by

the way, is a rather fine gate, somewhat like a triumphal arch, with trophies and other heroic ornaments. It is a huge circus, which is in no wise remarkable externally; the walls are whitewashed. As every one has secured a ticket beforehand, there is no disorder at the entrance; every one climbs to his seat and takes the one marked with his number.

The interior is well arranged. Around the arena, which is truly Roman in size, runs a circular wooden fence six feet high, painted red, and provided on each side, two feet above the level of the ground, with a wooden ledge, on which the *chulos* and *banderilleros* rest one foot in order to spring over when they are too sharply pressed by the bull. The fence is called *las tablas*. There are four doors in it, which give the attendants or the bulls access to the arena, and which also allow of the removal of the bodies, etc. Outside this fence there is another rather higher, which forms with the first a sort of passageway in which stand the chulos when they are tired, the substitute picadore (*sobresaliente*) who is bound to be there, ready dressed and armed, in case his chief should happen to be wounded or killed, — the *cachetero;* and some aficionados who by dint of perseverance manage, in spite of

regulations, to make their way into that coveted passage, entrance to which is as much sought after in Spain as entrance to the wings of the Opera in Paris.

As it often happens that the maddened bull leaps the first fence, the second is further provided with a network of rope intended to prevent a repetition of the spring. A number of carpenters stand ready with axes and hammers to repair any damage which may happen to the enclosures so that accidents are practically impossible. And yet bulls (technically called *multas piernas*, many-legged) have been known to leap the second fence, as is proved by an engraving in Goya's "Tauromaquia." The engraving of the famous author of the "Caprices" represents the death of the alcalde of Torrezon, gored by a leaping bull.

Beyond the second fence begin the benches intended for the spectators. Those nearest the ropes are called *barrera* seats, the centre ones *tendido*, and those which are against the first row of *gradas de cubierta* are called *tabloncillos*. These benches, which recall those of the Roman amphitheatre, are of bluish granite and have no other roof than the sky. Immediately above come the covered seats, *gradas cubiertas*, which are divided into *delantera*, or front seats, *centro*, or centre seats,

and *tabloncillo*, back seats. Above these rise the boxes, called *palcos* and *palcos por asientos*, one hundred and ten in number. These boxes are very large and can each contain a score of spectators. The *palco por asientos* differs from the ordinary box in that a single seat may be hired in it, like the balcony stalls at the Opera. The boxes of the Queen Regent and the "Innocent Isabella" are ornamented with draperies of silk and enclosed in curtains. Next to them is the box of the *ayuntamiento*, who presides over the sports and has to settle any difficulties which occur.

The circus, so divided, contains twelve thousand spectators, all comfortably seated and seeing easily; an indispensable matter in a spectacle intended purely for the eyes. The vast place is always full, and those who cannot procure *sombra* seats (shady seats) would rather cook alive on the benches in the burning sun than miss a fight. It is the proper thing for people who wish to be considered in good society to have their box at the bull-fight, just as in Paris one has a box at the Italian opera.

When I issued from the corridor to take my seat, I felt dazzled and giddy. Torrents of light poured down upon the circus, for the sun is a superior light-

giver which has the advantage of not shedding oil, and it will be long before gas itself will replace it. A vast rumour rose, like a mist of noise, above the arena; on the sunny side fluttered and sparkled thousands of fans, and little round parasols with reed handles. They looked like swarms of birds of changing colours, trying to take flight. There was not a single empty seat. I can assure you that to see twelve thousand spectators in a theatre so vast that God alone can paint the ceiling of it with the splendid blue which he draws from the urn of eternity, is in itself a wonderful spectacle.

The mounted tainonal guards, very well horsed and very well dressed, were riding around the arena, preceded by two alguazils wearing hats and plumes of the time of Henry IV, black doublet and cloak and knee-boots. They drove away a few obstinate aficionados and belated dogs. The arena having been cleared, the two alguazils went to fetch the toreros, composed of the picadores, the chulos, the banderilleros, and the espada, who is the chief actor in the drama. These entered to the sound of trumpets. The picadores ride blindfolded horses, for the sight of the bull might frighten the steeds and cause them to swerve dangerously. The costume of the riders is very picturesque.

It consists of a short, open jacket, of orange, green, or blue velvet, heavily embroidered with silver or gold, with spangles, quillings, fringes, filigree buttons, and ornaments of all sorts, especially on the shoulders, where the velvet completely disappears under a luminous phosphorescent network of interlaced arabesques; a vest of the same style, a shirt with lace front, a striped cravat carelessly knotted, a silk girdle; breeches of buffalo hide stuffed and lined inside with tin like postilions' boots, as a protection for the legs against the horns of the bull; a very wide-brimmed gray hat (sombrero), low crowned, with an enormous bunch of favours; a heavy purse or cadogan of black ribbon, which is called, I think, *moño*, and which binds the hair behind the head. The weapon is a lance fitted with a point one or two inches in length, which cannot wound the bull severely, but is sufficient to irritate and to keep him back; a leather band fitted to the hand prevents the lance slipping. The saddle rises very high in front and behind, and resembles the steel clad saddles in which were set the knights of the Middle Ages at their tourneys; the stirrups are of wood, in the shape of a half-shoe like Turkish stirrups. A long iron spur, sharp as a dagger, is fitted to the horseman's

heel. To urge on the horses, often half dead, an ordinary spur would not be sufficient.

The chulos look very bright and gay in their satin knee-breeches, green, blue, or pink, embroidered with silver on every seam, their silk stockings, white or flesh-coloured, their jacket adorned with designs and ornaments, their tight belts, and their little *montera* perched coquettishly upon the ear. They carry on their arm a stuff mantle (*capa*), which they unroll and flutter before the bull to irritate, dazzle, or bewilder it. They are well made, slender young fellows, unlike the picadores, who are usually noticeable for their very great height and athletic proportions. These have to depend on their strength, the others on their agility.

The banderilleros wear the same costume, and their particular office is to strike into the shoulders of the bull a sort of arrow fitted with a barbed iron and adorned with strips of paper. These arrows are called *banderillas*, and are intended to excite the fury of the bull and exasperate it sufficiently to make it come well up to the matador's sword. Two banderillas must be stuck in at the same time, and in order to do that, both arms must be passed between the bull's horns;

a ticklish operation, during the performance of which any absent-mindedness would be dangerous.

The espada's costume differs from that of the banderilleros only in being richer, more splendidly adorned, and in being occasionally of purple silk, a colour peculiarly distasteful to the bull. The espada's weapons are a cross-sword with a long hilt, and a piece of scarlet stuff fixed to a cross-stick. The technical name of this sort of fluttering buckler is *muleta*. Now that you are acquainted with the stage and the actors, I shall show you them at work.

The picadores, escorted by the chulos, proceed to the box of the ayuntamiento, where they perform a salute, and whence are thrown to them the keys of the toril. These keys are picked up and handed to the alguazil, who bears them to the official of the ring and gallops off as hard as he can, amid the yells and shouts of the crowd; for alguazils and all representatives of justice are no more popular in Spain than are the police and city guard with us. Meanwhile the two picadores take their stand on the left of the gates of the toril, which is opposite the Queen's box, the entrance of the bull being one of the most interesting points in the performance. They are posted close to

each other, backed up against the tablas, firmly seated in their saddles, lance in rest and ready to receive bravely the fierce animal. The chulos and banderilleros stand at a distance or scatter about the arena.

All these preparations, which are longer in description than in reality, excite curiosity to the highest degree. All eyes are anxiously fixed upon the fatal gate, and of the twelve thousand glances, there is not one turned in any other direction. The handsomest woman upon earth could not obtain the alms of a look at that moment.

I confess that for my part I felt my heart clutched, as it were, by an invisible hand, my temples throbbed, and cold and hot sweat broke out over me; the emotion I then felt was one of the fiercest I have ever experienced.

A shrill blare of trumpets was heard, the two red halves of the door were thrown open noisily, and the bull dashed into the arena, welcomed by a tremendous cheer. It was a superb animal, almost black, shining, with a huge dewlap, square head, sharp, polished, crescent-like horns, clean limbed, a restless tail, and bearing between the two shoulders a bunch of ribbons of the colours of its *ganaderia*, held to the skin by

sharp points. It stopped for a second, breathed heavily two or three times, dazzled by the daylight and astonished by the tumult, then catching sight of the first picador, he charged him furiously. The picador thus attacked was Sevilla. I cannot resist the pleasure of describing that famous Sevilla, who is really the ideal picador. Imagine a man about thirty years of age, handsome, high-bred looking, and as robust as Hercules, brown as a mulatto, with superb eyes and a face recalling that which Titian gave to his Cæsars. The expression of jovial and disdainful serenity which marks his features and his attitude has really something heroic about it. On that day he wore an orange jacket embroidered and trimmed with silver, which has remained imprinted on my mind with ineffaceable accuracy. He lowered the point of his lance, steadied himself, and bore the shock of the bull so admirably that the furious brute staggered past him bearing away a wound which before long rayed its black skin with red streaks. It stopped, hesitating, for a few moments, then charged with increased fury the second picador, posted a little farther along.

Antonio Rodriguez drove in a great lance-thrust which opened a second wound close to the first, for

the shoulder alone must be struck; but the bull charged upon him with lowered head, and plunged his whole horn into the horse's belly. The chulos hastened up, fluttering their capes, and the stupid animal, attracted and distracted by this new bait, pursued them at full speed; but the chulos, setting foot upon the ledge we have mentioned, sprang lightly over the fence, leaving the animal greatly disconcerted at seeing no one.

The thrust of the horn had ripped open the horse's belly so that the entrails were running out and falling almost to the ground. I thought the picador would withdraw to take another horse. Not in the least. He touched the animal's ear to see if the blow was mortal. The horse was merely ripped up; the wound, though hideous to behold, might be healed. The intestines were pushed back into the belly, two or three stitches taken, and the poor brute served for another charge. He spurred it and galloped off to take his place further away.

The bull began to perceive that he had not much to gain except lance-thrusts in the direction of the picadores, and felt a desire to go back to the pasturage grounds. Instead of charging without hesitation, he

started, after a short rush, to return to his *querencia* with imperturbable obstinacy. The querencia is the technical name for any corner of the arena which the bull chooses for a refuge and to which it always returns after the *cogida*, as its attack is called, and after the *suerte*, or torero's attack, which is also called *diestro*.

A cloud of chulos flashed before its eyes their capes of brilliant colours; one of them carried his insolence so far as to place his rolled up mantle on the bull's head. The maddened animal got rid, as well as it could, of this unpleasant ornament, and tossed the harmless piece of stuff, which it trampled with rage when it fell to the ground. Profiting by this renewed burst of wrath, a chulo began to tease it and to draw it towards the picadores. Finding itself opposite its enemies, the bull hesitated, then making up its mind, charged Sevilla so fiercely that the horse rolled over, for Sevilla's arm is a bronze buttress which nothing can bend. Sevilla fell under the horse, which is the best way to fall, for the man is thus protected from being gored, and the body of the horse serves as a shield. The chulos intervened and the horse was got off with a ripped thigh; Sevilla was picked up,

and he got back into the saddle with perfect coolness. The steed of Antonio Rodriguez, the other picador, was less fortunate. It was gored so fiercely in the chest that the horn went right in and disappeared completely in the wound. While the bull was trying to disengage its head, caught in the body of the horse, Antonio clutched with his hands the top of the fence, which he leaped with the help of the chulos, for the picadores, when thrown, weighed down by the metal linings of their boots, can move scarcely more easily than the knights of old, boxed up in their armour.

The poor horse, left to itself, could but stagger across the arena as if it were intoxicated, stumbling over its own entrails; torrents of black blood flowed from its wound and marked irregular zigzags upon the sand which betrayed the unevenness of its gait. Finally it fell near the tablas. It raised its head two or three times, its blue eye already glazed, turning up its lips white with foam, which showed its bare teeth; its tail faintly beat the ground, its hind legs were convulsively drawn up and struck out in a last kick, as if it had tried to break with its hard hoof the thick skull of death. Its agony was scarcely over when the muchachos on duty, seeing the bull busy elsewhere,

hastened to take off the saddle and bridle. The dead horse remained stripped, lying on its side, its brown silhouette showing against the sand. It was so thin, so flattened out, that it might have been cut out of black paper. I had already noticed at Montfaucon the strangely fantastic forms which death gives to horses. Its head, so noble, so cleanly shaped, modelled and moulded by the terrible finger of nothingness, seems to have been the dwelling of human thought; the mane which flows out, the tail which is spread out, have something picturesque and poetic about them. A dead horse is a corpse; every other animal from which life has departed is nothing but a dead brute.

I have spoken at length of the death of this horse because it gave me the most painful sensation which I felt at the bull-fight. It was not the only victim, however; fourteen other horses were slain; one bull alone killed five of them.

The picador returned with a fresh mount, and there were several charges more or less fortunate, but the bull was beginning to tire and its fury to abate. The banderilleros arrived with their papered arrows, and soon the bull's neck was adorned with a collar of cut paper which the very efforts that he made to get rid

of it drove in more firmly. A small banderillero called Majaron, drove in the darts with great skill and boldness, and sometimes even he performed a cross-caper before withdrawing. Needless to say, he was loudly applauded. When the bull had in him seven or eight banderillas, the irons of which tore his head and the paper of which rattled in his ears, he began to gallop here and there and to bellow horridly. His black muzzle was wet with foam, and in his rage he dealt such a fierce blow with his horns to one of the doors that he threw it from the hinges. The carpenters, who were watching his movements, immediately replaced the door. A chulo drew him in another direction, but was pursued so fiercely that he scarcely had time to leap the fence. The maddened and exasperated bull made a prodigious effort and leaped the fence. All those who were in the passage sprang with marvellous speed into the arena, and the bull reentered by another gate, driven off with sticks and hats by the spectators in the lowest row of benches.

The picadores withdrew, leaving the field to Juan Pastor, the espada, who proceeded to pay his respects to the ayuntamiento and asked leave to slay the bull. The permission being granted, he threw away his

montera, by way of showing that he was going to stake his all, and walked up deliberately to the bull, concealing his sword in the red folds of the *muleta*.

The espada waved rapidly the scarlet stuff, which the bull blindly charged. A slight movement of the body sufficed to avoid the rush of the fierce animal, which soon charged again, striking fiercely at the light stuff, which it pushed aside without being able to pierce it. A favourable opportunity presenting itself, the espada took up his position exactly opposite the bull, waving his muleta in his left hand, and holding his sword horizontally, the point on a level with the animal's horns. It is difficult to render in words the anguished curiosity, the frenzied tension excited by this situation, which is worth all the dramas Shakespeare ever wrote. In a few seconds more, one of the two actors will be dead. Which shall it be, the man or the bull? There they are alone, facing each other; the man has no defensive armour, he is dressed as if for a ball, in pumps and silk stockings, a pin could pierce his satin jacket; all he has is a bit of stuff and a frail sword. All the material advantages in this duel are on the side of the bull. He has terrible horns, sharp

as poniards, immense impetus, the rage of a brute unconscious of danger; but the man has his sword and his courage, and twelve thousand glances fixed upon him; beautiful women will applaud him presently with their white hands.

The muleta was pulled aside, uncovering the matador's chest, the bull's horns were within an inch of it. I believed him lost. A silvery gleam flashed, swift as thought, between the two crescents, and the bull fell on his knees uttering a bellow of pain, with the sword-hilt between his shoulders, like Saint Hubert's stag which bore a crucifix between his antlers, as he is represented in Albert Dürer's marvellous engraving.

A whirlwind of applause swept over the amphitheatre; the nobility on the palcos, the middle classes on the gradas cubiertas, the manolos and manolas on the tendido, shouted and yelled, with true Southern ardour and excitement, "*Bueno! bueno! viva el Barbero! viva!*"

The blow just dealt by the espada is, as a matter of fact, very highly thought of and is called *estocada a vuela piés*. The bull dies without losing a drop of blood, which is the highest point of the art, and

falling on his knees seems to acknowledge his adversary's superiority. The dilettanti say that this stroke was invented by Joaquin Rodriguez, a famous torero of the last century.

When the bull is not slain at one blow, there springs over the fence a mysterious being dressed in black, who has heretofore taken no part in the fight. It is the cachetero. He advances furtively, watches the last convulsions of the animal, notices whether it may still pick itself up, which does happen sometimes, and treacherously strikes it from behind with a cylindrical poniard ending in a lancet, which cuts the spinal cord and destroys life with the rapidity of lightning. The correct place is behind the head, a few inches from the parting of the horns.

The military band played at the death of the bull; one of the gates was opened, and four mules magnificently harnessed, all plumes, balls, and woollen tufts and little red and yellow flags — the Spanish colours — galloped into the arena. They were destined to remove the bodies, to which they are made fast by a rope and a hook. The horses were first dragged out, and then the bull. These four mules, with their dazzling and sonorous equipment, dragging over the

sand at mad speed all those bodies which but now had galloped so well themselves, had a strange, wild aspect which helped to diminish the gloom of their functions. The attendant came up with a basketful of earth, and scattered it over the pools of blood in which the toreros might slip; the picadores resumed their places by the gate, the orchestra played a few bars, and another bull dashed into the arena; for there are no intervals to this spectacle, nothing stops it, not even the death of a torero. We have already said that the substitutes are standing by, dressed and armed, in case of accident.

We do not intend to relate in succession the slaying of the eight bulls which were sacrificed on that day, but we shall mention some variants and some incidents. The bulls are not always very fierce; some, indeed, are very gentle and ask nothing better than to lie quietly down in the shade; one can tell by their quiet, pleasant faces that they greatly prefer pasturage to the circus. They turn their backs upon the banderilleros, phlegmatically allow the chulos to wave their many-coloured mantles before their nose. Even the banderillas are not sufficient to dispel their apathy. Recourse is then had to violent means, to

the *banderillas de fuego*. They are a sort of fireworks which light a few minutes after they have been planted in the shoulder of a *cobarde* (coward bull), and explode with much scattering of sparks and loud reports. This ingenious invention at once stuns, burns, and terrifies the bull; were he the coolest of bulls, he has got to get mad. He indulges in a multitude of extravagant leaps which one would not expect so heavy an animal to be capable of; he bellows, foams, and twists in every possible way to get rid of the irritating firework which burns its ears and roasts its hide.

It is true that the banderillas de fuego are made use of only as the very last resort; the fight is, to a certain extent, dishonoured if they have to be used; but if the alcalde delays too long the wave of his handkerchief, which is the signal, such a tumult arises that he is compelled to give in. It is impossible to describe the shouts and screams, the yells and the stamping. Some call out, "*Banderillas de fuego!*" others, "*Perros! perros!*" (Dogs! dogs!) The bull is loaded with insults; it is called a brigand, an assassin, a thief; it is offered a place in the shade; innumerable jokes are fired at it, often very witty ones. Soon a regular stick chorus helps out the shouting,

which is insufficient. The floor of the palcos cracks and splits, and the painting falls from the ceilings in white particles like snow mixed with dust. Exasperation is at its height. "Throw the alcalde to the fire and to the dogs!" howls the maddened crowd, shaking its fist at the ayuntamiento's box. At last the wished-for permission is granted, and peace is restored.

Often the bull is so cowardly that even the banderillas de fuego are not sufficient. It returns to its querencia and refuses to come in. Then shouts of "*Perros! perros!*" are heard again. On a sign from the alcalde, the dogs are brought in. They are splendid, handsome thorough-breds, and of remarkable beauty. They charge straight at the bull, which may toss a dozen, but cannot prevent one or two of the strongest and boldest from fastening at last upon his ears. Once they have got hold, they are like leeches; you could rip them open before they would let go. The bull shakes its head, smashes them against the fences,—all is useless. When that has lasted for some time the espada or the cachetero drives his sword into the victim's side. The bull staggers, its knees give way, it falls to earth, and there it is despatched. Sometimes also a sort of instrument called *media luna*

(half-moon) is used to hamstring it, and thus it is rendered incapable of resistance; then it is no longer a fight, but a disgusting butchery. It often happens that the matador misses his blow; the sword strikes a bone and springs back, or else it enters the throat and causes the blood to flow freely, which is a serious blunder under the laws of bull-fighting. If the espada does not kill the animal with the second stroke he is hooted at, hissed, and insulted; for the Spanish public is impartial; it applauds the bull and the man according to their respective merits. If the bull rips up a horse and overthrows a man, "*Bravo toro!*" if it is the man who overthrows the bull, "*Bravo torero!*" but no cowardice is tolerated in man or brute. A poor devil who was afraid to drive the banderillas into an extremely fierce bull excited such a tumult that the alcalde had to promise to send the man to prison, before order could be restored.

In this same bull-fight Sevilla, who is an excellent horseman, was greatly applauded under the following circumstances. A bull of extraordinary strength got his horns under the horse's belly, and throwing up his head lifted the animal clean off the ground. Sevilla, in that perilous position, did not even move in his saddle,

did not lose his stirrups, and held his horse in so firmly that it fell back on its four feet.

The fight had been a good one; eight bulls and fourteen horses killed, and a chulo slightly wounded, — nothing better could have been asked for. Each bull-fight brings in about twenty to twenty-five thousand francs. The money is granted by the Queen to the main hospital, where the wounded toreros are most carefully tended. A priest and a doctor are ready in one of the rooms of the Plaza de Toros, the one to care for the soul, the other for the body. Formerly a mass on behalf of the toreros was said during the bull-fight; I believe this is still the case. You see that nothing is forgotten, and that the directors are careful men. When the last bull is slain, everybody jumps into the arena to look at it, and the spectators withdraw, discussing the merits of the different suertes and cogidas which have most impressed them.

And what about the women? you ask. Are they pretty? I must own that I do not know. I have a faint idea that there were some very pretty women near me, but I could not swear to it.

Let us go to the Prado to settle this important point.

When Madrid is spoken of, the very first things one thinks of are the Prado and the Puerta del Sol. The Prado, which has several avenues and sidewalks with a driveway in the centre, is shaded by low trees with cut tops. Each of them stands in a small, brick-edged basin with gutters through which water is led to the tree at the regular watering hours. But for this precaution they would soon be destroyed by the dust and burned up by the sun. The Prado begins at the Convent of Atocha, passes in front of the Atocha and Alcala Gates, and ends at the Recollet Gate; but the fashionable world keeps to a space bounded by the fountain of Cybele on the one hand and that of Neptune on the other, between the Alcala Gate and the Calle San Geronimo. In that part there is a wide space called *el Salon*, bordered with chairs like the main walk of the Tuileries; on either side of the *Salon* there is an avenue which bears the name of Paris. It is the rendezvous of the fashionable society of Madrid, and as fashionable society is not usually distinguished for fondness for the picturesque, the dustiest, least shaded, least convenient place in the whole promenade has been chosen. The crowd is so great in this narrow space hemmed in between the

Salon and the driveway that it is often difficult to pull one's handkerchief out of one's pocket; you must walk in step and follow your leader. The one reason which can have led to the adoption of this place is that every day you can see and bow to the people who drive past, and it is always an honour to a foot-passenger to bow to some one in a carriage. The equipages are not very fine. Most of them are drawn by mules, whose black coats, pot bellies, and pointed ears have a most unpleasant effect. They look like mourning carriages, driven behind a hearse. Even the Queen's carriage is exceedingly simple and commonplace; an Englishman of wealth would unquestionably despise it. Of course there are some exceptions, but they are rare. The handsome Andalusian saddle-horses on which the Madrid fops show off are very handsome. There is no animal more elegant, more noble-looking, and more graceful than an Andalusian stallion, with its handsome plaited mane, and its long, thick tail, which sweeps the ground, its harness adorned with red tufts, its straight head, its brilliant eye, and its neck curved like a pigeon's breast. I saw one ridden by a lady, which was pink (I mean the horse, not the lady), as pink as a Bengal rose silvered over, of marvellous beauty.

The appearance of the Prado is really most animated, and it is one of the finest promenades in the world, not for its position, which is exceedingly ordinary in spite of all the efforts which Charles III made to correct its defects, but on account of the amazing crowd which collects there every evening from half-past seven until ten o'clock.

There are very few women's bonnets to be seen on the Prado, save a few yellow ones (straw hats); mantillas alone are worn. So the Spanish mantilla does actually exist! It is made either of black or of white lace, more usually of black, and it is worn behind the head above the comb. A few flowers placed by the temple complete this head-dress, which is the most delightful that can be imagined. A woman who wears the mantilla must be as ugly as the three theological virtues if she cannot manage to appear pretty. Unfortunately, that is the only portion of the Spanish costume which has been preserved; the rest is in the French fashion. The folds of the mantilla wave over a shawl, an odious shawl, and the shawl itself is worn over a dress of some sort of stuff which in no wise recalls the Spanish beauties. The former costume was so thoroughly appropriate to the type of beauty, and

especially to the habits, of the Spanish women, that it is really the only one possible for them. The fan which they carry somewhat corrects their Parisian aspirations; a woman without a fan is a thing I have not seen in this blessed country; I have seen some who wore satin shoes without any stockings, but they had a fan. They carry a fan everywhere, even to church, where you meet with groups of women of all ages, kneeling, or squatting on their heels, praying and fanning most fervently, with Spanish signs of the cross much more complicated than ours, executed by them with a precision and a rapidity worthy of a Prussian soldier. The way to use a fan is wholly unknown in France. Spanish women excel in it. Their fingers open, close, and turn the fan so quickly, so lightly that a prestidigitator could not surpass them. Some of the richer ladies have collections of fans worth a great deal of money. We saw one which contained more than a hundred fans in different styles; they had come from every country and belonged to all times; they were in ivory, tortoise-shell, sandalwood; they were spangled; they were adorned with water-colours of the time of Louis XIV and Louis XV; there were some in Japanese and Chinese rice-paper; several were studded with rubies, diamonds, and

other precious gems. For a pretty woman this is a luxury in good taste and a charming fad. The fans as they close and open make a little ruffling sound which, repeated more than a thousand times a minute, sends its peculiar note through the vague rumour and strikes a French ear as strange. When a woman meets an acquaintance, she makes a sign with her fan, and drops, as she goes by, the word *agur*. And now let us come to the Spanish beauties.

The Spanish type, as we understand it in France, does not exist in Spain, — at least I have not yet met with it. Usually when we speak of señoras and mantillas, we think of a long, pale, oval face, with great black eyes, velvety eyebrows; of a delicate, somewhat arched nose; lips red like pomegranates, and over all a warm, golden tone which bears out the line of the song, "She is golden as an orange." That type is Arab or Moorish, not Spanish. The Madrileñas are charming in the fullest sense of the word. Three out of four are pretty, but they are in no wise such as we fancy them. They are short, dainty, well shaped, with small feet, handsome figures, and fairly full busts; but they are very white-skinned, their features small and irregular, and their cherry lips recalling exactly cer-

tain portraits of the time of the Regency. Many of them have light-brown hair, and you cannot walk up and down the Prado without meeting seven or eight fair-haired women of all degrees of fairness, from the palest blond to the most vehement red and the auburn of a Charles V. It is a mistake to think there are no fair women in Spain. Blue eyes are numerous, but are not thought so much of as black.

At first we found it somewhat difficult to reconcile ourselves to seeing women in low-necked dresses as if going to a ball, bare-armed, with satin slippers, and flowers in their hair and fan in hand, walking alone in a public place; for here ladies do not take a man's arm unless he is their husband or a near relative. Their escort walks by them, at least so long as it is day, for after nightfall the etiquette is less rigorous in this respect, especially for strangers who are not accustomed to it.

We had heard the manolas of Madrid very highly spoken of, but the manola as a type has disappeared, just as the *grisette* of Paris and the *trasteverina* of Rome; she still exists, but she has lost her old characteristics; she no longer wears her striking and picturesque costume; ignoble cotton prints have taken the

place of the brilliant skirts embroidered in amazing designs; the hideous kid shoe has driven out the satin slipper, and, horrible to relate, the gown is fully two fingers longer. Formerly the manolas enlivened the aspect of the Prado with their quick gait and their striking costume, but it is now difficult to distinguish them from the wives of tradesmen and women of the lower middle class. I have sought for a thorough-bred manola in every corner of Madrid. I looked for her at the bull-fight, in the Delicias, at the Nuevo Recreo, at the festival of Saint Anthony, and I have only once come across a complete one. Once while traversing the Rastro quarter, after having stepped over a great number of rascals sleeping on the ground in rags, I found myself in a deserted lane, and there, for the first and last time, I beheld the wished-for manola. She was a tall, well made girl, some twenty-four years of age, which is the extreme age to which manolas and grisettes can attain. She had a bronzed complexion, a steady, sad look, somewhat thick lips, and something of African in the outline of her face. The huge plait of her hair, so black that it showed blue, tressed like the handle of a basket, was twisted around her head and was kept in place by a tall comb. Bunches of coral

beads hung from her ears, her brown neck was adorned with a necklace of the same material. A black velvet mantilla covered her head and shoulders; her skirt, as short as that of the girls of Berne, was of embroidered cloth, and showed strong, well-made legs clad in black silk stockings; her shoes were the old-fashioned satin shoes; a red fan fluttered like a vermilion butterfly in her hands covered with silver rings. The last of the manolas turned the corner of the lane and disappeared from my sight, leaving me amazed at having seen once again walking in the real, living world, an opera dress. I also saw at the Prado some Santander *pasiegas* in their national costume. These pasiegas are said to be the best nurses in Spain, and their fondness for the children confided to them has become proverbial, just as in France the probity of the Auvergnat is proverbial. They wear a red cloth skirt with enormous heavy folds edged with a broad braid, a bodice of black velvet, also trimmed with gold, and by way of head-dress, a bandana in brilliant colours with numerous silver ornaments and other barbaric adornments. These women are very handsome, and have a very striking look of force and grandeur. The habit of cradling children in their arms makes them hold themselves in a way

which shows off to good effect their handsome figures. To have a pasiega in her national costume is a sort of luxury comparable to that of a Klepht behind one's carriage.

I have not spoken of the costumes of the men, but if you will look into the fashion-plates of six months ago, you will have a perfect idea of them.

There exists in Madrid a trade which is quite unknown in Paris, — that of water-sellers. Their stock in trade consists of a *cantaro* of white earthenware, a small basket of reeds or tin, which contains two or three glasses, a few azucarillos, which are sticks of porous caramel, and sometimes a couple of oranges or limes. Others have small breakers covered with foliage, which they carry on their back; a few even, along the Prado, for instance, have stalls surmounted with brass figures of Fame, and flags, which in no respect yield to the splendours of the liquorice-water sellers of Paris. These water-sellers are usually young Galician lads in snuff-coloured jackets, knee-breeches, and pointed hats. Some are Valencianos with white linen trousers, a piece of stuff laid over their shoulder, and blue-edged alpargatas. A few women and girls, in no costume to speak of, are also found in this business.

According to their sex the water-sellers are called *aguadores* or *aguadoras*. You hear all over the town their sharp call, "Water, water; who wants water? Iced water, cool as snow!" You hear this sort of thing from five in the morning till ten at night. These calls suggested to Breton de los Herreros a song called "Aguadora," which was vastly popular all through Spain.

The Madrid thirst is really amazing. All the water of the fountains and all the snows of the Guadarrama Mountains would not suffice to slake it. The poor Manzanares and the dried-up urn of its naiads has been often laughed at, but I would like to know what any other river would look like in a city that is a prey to such a thirst. The Manzanares is drunk up at its source; the aguadores carefully watch for the least drop of water which they can find between its banks, and carry it off in their cantaros and their fountains; washerwomen wash the clothes with sand, and in the very centre of the river bed there is not enough water for a Mohammedan to perform his ablutions. A glass of water is sold for a cuarto (about a farthing). Next to water, what Madrid most needs is a light for its cigarette, and so the call, "*Fuego, fuego!*" is heard

on all hands, and constantly mingles with the call, "*Agua, agua!*" It is an endless fight between the two elements, each trying to make the most noise. A fire more permanent than that of Vesta is carried by youngsters in small cups full of coal and fine ashes, provided with a handle to save burning one's fingers.

It is now half-past nine; the Prado is getting empty, and the crowd is moving in the direction of the cafés and *botillerias* which border the great Calle de Alcala the other streets.

The Madrid cafés strike us, who are accustomed to the brilliant, fairy-like luxury of the Paris cafés, as regular twenty-fifth-rate public houses, while their decoration recalls vividly the caravans in which are exhibited bearded women and living sirens, but the lack of luxury is fully compensated for by the excellence and the variety of the refreshments served. We must confess that Paris, so superior in everything else, is behindhand in this respect; our art is, in this matter, in its infancy. The most famous cafés are, the Bolsa at the corner of Carretas Street; the Nuevo, where the *exaltados* meet; another, the name of which I have forgotten, which is the usual meeting-place of the Moderates, who are called *Cangrejos* or Crayfish;

the Levante, close to the Puerta del Sol. I do not mean that the others are not good, but the above-mentioned are the most frequented. We must not forget either the Café del Principe, alongside of the theatre which bears the same name, and which is the usual rendezvous of artists and literary men.

Let us enter the Bolsa, which is adorned with small mirrors cut out on their lower surface so as to exhibit designs like those seen upon certain German glasses. Here is the list of *bebidas heladas*, of sherbets and *quesitos*. The *bebida helada*, or iced drink, is served in large or small glasses, and is to be had in great variety. There is the *naranje* (orange), *limon* (lemon), *fresa* (strawberry), and *guindas* (cherry). It is a sort of liquid ice, or snowy purée of most exquisite taste. The *bebida de almendra blanca* (white almonds) is a delightful drink unknown in France. The Madrid café also serves you with iced milk, half strawberry or cherry, which, while the body is being cooked in the torrid zone, makes your throat enjoy all the snows and cold of Greenland. During the day, when the ices are not yet ready, you can have *agraz*, a drink made of green grapes and served in very long-necked bottles; — the slightly acid taste of the agraz is exceedingly

pleasant. Or you can drink a bottle of *cerveza de Santa Barbara con limon*, but this takes some little time to prepare. First are brought a basin and a large spoon like a punch-ladle, then the waiter approaches, bearing the wire-fastened bottle, which he uncorks with infinite precaution, and the beer is poured into the basin, into which has been previously put a decanter full of lemonade; the mixture is then stirred with the ladle, the glass is filled, and the drink is ready. If you do not care for this combination, all you have to do is to go into one of the *orchaterias de chufas*, usually kept by Valencians. The *chufa* is a small berry, a sort of almond, which grows in the neighbourhood of Valencia, which is roasted and ground, and of which a drink is made which is exquisite, especially when mixed with snow. This is an extremely refreshing drink.

To wind up what we have to say about the cafés, let us add that the sherbets differ from the French ones in being thicker. The *quesito* is a small, hard ice-cream moulded in the shape of a cheese. There are all sorts of them, apricot, pine-apple, orange, just as in Paris. Chocolate, coffee, and other *spumas* are also served. These are varieties of whipped cream, iced

and exceedingly light, sometimes powdered with very finely ground cinnamon, and served with *barquilos* or rolled wafers, through which you take your *bebida* as through a siphon, drawing it in slowly by one of the ends, — a little bit of refinement which enables you to enjoy longer the coolness of the drink. Coffee is not served in cups, but in glasses. For the matter of that, it is little used. These details may appear to you somewhat fastidious, but if you were suffering, as we are, from a heat of eighty degrees and more you would consider them most interesting.

Many more women are to be seen in the Madrid cafés than in the Paris ones, although cigarettes, and even Havana cigars are smoked there. The newspapers most frequently met with are the *Eco del Comercio*, the *Nacional* and the *Diario*, which tell you of the festivals of the day, the hours of masses and sermons, the temperature, lost dogs, young peasant-women who are looking for positions as nurses, *criadas* who are looking for a situation, etc., etc.

But it is striking eleven, it is time for us to withdraw. There are but a very few belated passers-by in the Calle de Alcala. The *serenos*, with their lanterns at the end of a pike and their stone-gray cloaks and

their cadenced cry, are alone seen in the streets. No sound is heard but that of a choir of crickets singing together, in their little cages adorned with glasswork, their dissyllabic complaint. The Madrid people are very fond of crickets; every house has one suspended from the window in a miniature cage of wood or wire. They are also strangely fond of quails, which are kept in open-worked willow baskets, and which pleasantly vary, with their everlasting *piu*, *piu*, *piu*, the *creak*, *creak* of the crickets.

The Puerta del Sol is not, as might be imagined, a gate, but a church façade painted pink and adorned with a dial lighted at night, and with a great sun with golden beams, whence it derives it name. In front of the church there is a sort of a square, traversed in its greater length by the Calle de Alcala, and crossed by the Calle de Carretas and de Montera. The Post Office, a great square building, faces on the square. The Puerta del Sol is the rendezvous of the idlers of the city, and they appear to be numerous, for early in the morning the crowd is dense there.

Politics form the general subject of conversation. The theatre of war is in every one's mind, and more strategy is devised at the Puerta del Sol than on all

the fields of battle and in all the campaigns in the world. Formerly, and even to-day, the nobility would go into the shops near the Puerta del Sol, have a chair brought out, and remain there the greater portion of the day, talking with their clients, to the great dissatisfaction of the tradesman, grieved at such a mark of familiarity.

Now let us wander at haphazard through the city, for chance is our best guide; the more so that Madrid does not possess many architectural attractions, and one street is as interesting as another.

The houses of Madrid are built of laths and brick, and of clay, except the door-posts, the binding-courses, and the bearing-pieces, which are sometimes of blue or gray granite; the whole wall being carefully lined and painted in rather fantastic colours, apple-green, ash-blue, light-fawn, canary-yellow, rose-pink and other more or less anacreontic shades. The framework of the windows is ornamented with sham architectural work, numberless volutes, spirals, cupids, and flower-pots, and provided with Venetian blinds with broad white and blue stripes, or mats which are kept watered for the sake of the humidity and the coolness. Wholly modern houses are simply whitewashed

or tinted like Paris ones. The projecting balconies and miradores somewhat break the monotony of straight lines and diversify the naturally flat aspect of the buildings, every relief on which is painted and treated in the style of theatre decorations. Light up all this with a brilliant sunshine, place here and there in these streets filled with light a few long-veiled señoras who hold their open fan against their cheek by way of a parasol, a few tanned, wrinkled beggars draped in tinder-coloured rags, a few Bedouin-looking, half-naked Valencianos; erect among the roofs the little, dwarf cupolas, the bulging, leaden-ball-topped spires of a church or a convent, — and you have a rather curious prospect which would prove to you that you are no longer on the rue Lafitte, and that you have really left the boulevard asphalt, even if you had not already been convinced of the fact by the sharp pebbles of the Madrid pavements which cut your feet.

A really striking thing is the frequent repetition of the inscription "*Juego de villar*," which recurs every twenty yards. Lest the reader should imagine there is anything mysterious in these three words, I hasten to translate them. They simply mean "Billiards." I cannot see what is the use of so many billiards. Next

to juegos de villar, the most frequent inscription is *despacho de vino* (wine shop). In these shops are sold Val-de-peñas and other good wines. The *confiterias* and *pastelerias* are also very numerous and prettily decorated. Spanish preserves deserve particular mention. Those known as angel's hair are exquisite. Pastry is also as good as it can be in a country which has no butter, or at least, where it is so costly and so poor that it cannot well be used. It is much of the sort that we call fancy biscuits.

All the inscriptions are written in abbreviated characters, with the letters interlaced one in another, making it therefore difficult at first for strangers, who are great readers of signs, to make them out.

The houses are uncommonly large and commodious, the ceilings are high, and space is nowhere economised; some of the staircases here would hold a whole Paris house. Long suites of rooms have to be traversed before reaching the really inhabited part; for all these rooms are furnished only with a coat of white-wash or a flat yellow or blue tint, with coloured lines and panels imitating wood-work. Smoky and blackened paintings representing the beheading or the ripping up of some martyr — favourite subjects of the Spanish painters —

are hung upon the walls, most of the paintings being unframed and wrinkled. Wooden floors are unknown in Spain; at least, I have never seen any. All the rooms are floored with bricks, but as the bricks are covered with rush mattings in winter and reed mats in summer, the inconvenience is greatly diminished. The mats are plaited with much taste; the natives of the Philippines or the Sandwich Islands could not do better. There are three things which are for me an accurate test of the state of civilisation of a country: its pottery, the art of plaiting either willow or straw, and the method of harnessing draught animals. If the pottery is fine, of good shape, as correct as antique pottery, with the natural tone of the yellow or red clay; if the baskets and mats are fine and skilfully woven and adorned with coloured arabesques well chosen; if the harness is embroidered, pinked, adorned with bells, tufts of wool and designs of the finest kind, you may be quite sure that the nation is still primitive and very close to a state of nature, for civilised people do not know how to make a pot, a mat, or a harness. At this very moment I have in front of me, hanging from a pillar by a string, a *jarra* in which my drinking water is cooling. It is an earthen pot worth twelve

cuartos, that is, about three pence. The design is exquisite, and I know nothing to compare with it next to Etruscan. The top, which flares, forms a four-leaved clover slightly hollowed, so that the water can pour out in whichever way the vase is turned: the handles, ribbed, with a small moulding, run with perfect elegance into the neck and sides, which are of most satisfactory outline. Fashionable people prefer to these charming vases hideous pot-bellied, paunchy, dwarfed English pots, covered with a thick layer of glaze, which might be easily mistaken for jack-boots polished white. But talking of pots and potteries, we have got a pretty long way from the description of the house. We had better return to it without delay.

The little furniture which is to be met with in Spanish houses is in hideous taste, and recalls the *Messidor* and the *Pyramid* styles. The Empire style flourishes here in all its integrity; you come across mahogany pilasters, ending in sphinxes' heads in green bronze, or Pompeian wreaths, which have long since disappeared from the civilised world. There is not a single piece of carved wood furniture, not a single table inlaid in mother of pearl, not a single lacquered cabinet, — nothing. Old Spain has entirely disap-

peared; there is nothing left of it but a few Persian carpets and a few damask curtains. On the other hand, there is an amazing abundance of straw chairs and sofas; the walls are painted to represent columns or cornices, or daubed all over in distemper; on the tables and whatnots are placed little china or porcelain figures representing troubadours and other equally ingenious subjects, — which, however, are entirely obsolete, — poodles made of spun glass, electroplate candlesticks with tapers, and a hundred other magnificent things which it would take too long to describe, — even if I had not said enough about them. I have not the courage to speak of the hideous coloured engravings which pretend, though wrongly, to embellish the walls. There may be some exceptions, but they are not numerous. Do not imagine that the dwellings of people of the higher classes are furnished with greater taste or richness; these descriptions, which are scrupulously exact, apply to the houses of people who keep carriages and eight or ten servants.

The blinds are always closed, the shutters half shut, so that the rooms are filled with a sort of dim light which you have to become accustomed to in order

to discern objects, especially when you come in from outside. The people in the room can see perfectly well, but those who enter are blind for eight or ten minutes, especially when one of the anterooms is lighted. It is said that skilful female mathematicians have ascertained by calculation that this optical combination results in perfect security for an intimate tête-à-tête in an apartment thus arranged.

The heat in Madrid is excessive. It comes on suddenly without the transition of spring, so that in speaking of the temperature of Madrid, people say that it has three months of winter and nine months of hell. It is impossible to protect one's self from this rain of fire save by keeping in low rooms which are almost wholly darkened and in which coolness is kept up by continuous watering. This need of coolness has given rise to the use of *bucaros*, a quaint and wild refinement which would not be pleasant to our fashionable French ladies, but which strikes the handsome Spanish women as in the very best taste.

Bucaros are a sort of pots of American red earth, very much like that of which the bowls of Turkish pipes are made. They are to be had in all sorts of

shapes and sizes; some are adorned with gilt lines and coarsely painted flowers scattered over the surface. As they are no longer made in America, bucaros will become rare, and in a few years will be as hard to find as old Sèvres china; — then everybody will have them.

Seven or eight bucaros are placed on the marble tops of tables or in corners. They are then filled with water, and you sit down on the sofa to wait the effect which they produce and to enjoy the pleasure thereof with suitable tranquillity. The clay takes on a darker tint, the bucaros begin to sweat and to shed a perfume much resembling the odour of wet plaster or of a damp cellar which has been shut up for a long time. The bucaros perspire so abundantly that in an hour's time half the water is evaporated. What is left is as cold as ice and has a well or cistern taste which is rather disagreeable, but which connoisseurs consider delicious. Half a dozen bucaros are sufficient to make the air in a parlor so humid that you feel it as you enter. It is a sort of cold vapour bath. Not content with breathing its perfume and drinking the water, some people chew small fragments of the bucaros and then swallow them.

I have been to some evening parties or *tertulias*. There is nothing noteworthy about them. People dance to the accompaniment of pianos as they do in France, but in a still more modern and lamentable fashion, if that be possible. I cannot understand why people who dance so little should not make up their minds not to dance at all; it would be simpler and quite as amusing. The fear of being accused of indulging in the bolero, fandango, or cachucha makes women perfectly motionless. Their costume is very simple in comparison with that of the men, who are always dressed like fashion-plates. I noticed the same thing at the palace de Villa Hermosa, at the performance for the benefit of foundlings, where were the Queen Mother and the young Queen, and all the great world of Madrid. Ladies who were duchesses twice over and marchionesses four times over, wore dresses which a milliner going to spend the evening with a seamstress in Paris would absolutely contemn. They have forgotten how to dress in the Spanish fashion, and they have not yet learned how to dress in the French, and if they were not uncommonly pretty, they would often run the risk of being ridiculous. Once only, at a ball, did I see a lady wearing a rose satin waist

adorned with five or six rows of black lace, like that of Fanny Elssler in the "Devil on Two Sticks," — but she had been to Paris, where the Spanish costume had been revealed to her.

The *tertulias* are not very costly for the entertainers. Refreshments are conspicuous by their absence; there is neither tea, nor ices, nor punch; only, on a table in an outer room are ranged a dozen glasses of water, perfectly limpid, with a plate of azucarillos; but it would be thought indiscreet and gluttonous if any one were to be so luxurious as to put sugar in the water. This is the way in the richest houses, not through miserliness, but simply because it is the custom; besides, the hermit-like sobriety of the Spaniards is quite satisfied with this regimen.

As for manners, it is not in six weeks that one can understand the character of a people and the customs of society; novelty gives you impressions which a longer stay is apt to efface. It seemed to me the women in Spain enjoyed greater liberty than elsewhere; the behaviour of men in their presence seemed to me very mild and submissive. They pay their duties with scrupulous exactitude and punctuality, and express their passion by verses in all metres, rimed,

assonanced, *sueltos*, and others. From the moment that they have placed their heart at the feet of a beauty, they may no longer dance except with great-grandmothers; they may talk only with ladies of fifty of unquestioned ugliness; they may no longer pay visits to houses where there is any young woman. A most assiduous visitor disappears suddenly, and returns in six months or a year; his mistress had forbidden him to go to that house; he is received just as if he had called the day before; it is perfectly understood. So far as may be judged at first sight, Spanish women are not capricious in love, and the connections they form often last several years.

The Teatro del Principe is rather conveniently arranged. Dramas, *saynètes* and intermedes are played there. I saw the performance of a play by Don Antonio Gil y Zarate, "Don Carlos el Heschizado," composed quite in the Shakespearean style. Don Carlos is very like Louis XIII in "Marion de Lorme," and the prison scene with the monk is a copy of the visit of Claude Frollo to Esmeralda in the cell where she is awaiting death. Fairy pieces with dances and spectacular entertainments are also performed at this theatre. I have seen given, under the title of "*La*

Pata de Cabra" an adaptation of "The Sheep's Trotter," formerly played at the Odéon. The ballet part was remarkably poor. The best dancers were not as good as the mere substitutes at the Opéra; on the other hand, the supernumeraries displayed extraordinary intelligence; the dance of the Cyclops was performed with remarkable precision and accuracy. As for the national dance, it does not exist. At Vitoria and Burgos and Valladolid we were told that the good dancers were in Madrid; in Madrid we were told that the real dancers of the cachucha were to be found only in Andalusia, at Seville; but we are very much afraid that to have Spanish dances we shall have to go back to Fanny Elssler and the Noblet sisters. Dolores Serra, who made such a sensation in Paris, where we were among the first to draw attention to the passionate boldness, the voluptuous suppleness, and the sparkling grace which characterised her dancing, has appeared several times on the Madrid stage without producing the least effect, so completely has the feeling for and the understanding of the old national dances disappeared from Spain. When the *jota aragonesa*, or the bolero is performed, all the best people rise and go out; the strangers and the rabble, in

whom the poetic instinct always lasts longer, alone remain.

The Queen's palace is a large, very square and solid building, of fine dressed stone, with a great many windows, an equal number of doors, and a great many Ionic columns, Doric pilasters, — in a word, all that goes to make up a monument of bad taste. The vast terraces which support it and the snow-clad mountains of Guadarrama against which it stands out relieve the monotony and vulgarity of its outline. Velasquez, Maella, Bayeu, and Tiepolo have painted fine ceilings in more or less allegorical taste. The great staircase is very handsome, and Napoleon preferred it to that of Versailles.

The Parliament house is adorned with a mixture of Paestum columns and periwigged lions in most abominable taste; I do not believe that good laws can possibly be passed in the midst of such architecture. Near the Parliament House rises in the middle of the square a bronze statue of Miguel Cervantes. No doubt it is praiseworthy to erect a statue to the immortal author of Don Quixote, but they ought to have made it a good deal better.

The monument to the victims of the Dos de Mayo

is situated on the Prado not far from the Museum of Fine Arts. On catching sight of it, for a moment I fancied I was back on the Place de la Concorde in Paris, and I saw in a strange mirage the venerable obelisk of Luxor, which until now I had not suspected of travelling around. It is a sort of small pillar of gray granite surmounted by an obelisk of reddish granite, very similar in tone to that of the Egyptian needle. The effect is rather fine and has a certain venerable gravity. It is to be regretted that the obelisk is not in one piece. The inscriptions in honour of the victims are engraved in gold lettering on the sides of the pedestal. The *Dos de Mayo* is a heroic and glorious episode which the Spaniards dwell on rather too much; engravings and pictures of it are to be met with everywhere.

The Armeria does not come up to one's anticipations. The Artillery Museum in Paris is far richer and more complete. The Madrid Armeria contains very few complete suits of armour composed of pieces of the same epoch. There are helmets older or later than the breastplates upon which they are placed. The reason given for this discrepancy is that when the French invasion occurred, these curious relics

were concealed in attics, and that there they were mixed up without its being possible to collect them afterwards and to sort them with anything like accuracy. So no trust is to be placed in the statements of the custodians. We were shown, as being the coach of Mad Joan, the mother of Charles V, a carriage of carved wood admirably wrought, which evidently was not earlier than the time of Louis XIV. The carriage of Charles V, with its leather cushions and curtains, was much more likely to be authentic. There are very few Moorish weapons, — two or three old bucklers and a few yataghans. The most interesting things are the embroidered saddles starred with gold and silver, covered with steel, but nothing certain is known as to the date of their manufacture or as to their original owners. The English admire greatly a sort of triumphal cab in wrought iron presented to Ferdinand in 1823 or 1824.

We may mention as we pass on a few fountains in a most corrupt, but rather amusing rococo style; the Toledo Bridge, in very bad taste, very rich and very much ornamented, with perfume-burners, fruit, and foliage; a few curiously painted churches surmounted with Muscovite steeples; and then go on to the Buen

Retiro, the royal residence, situated at a short distance from the Prado. We Frenchmen, who possess Versailles and Saint Cloud, and who possessed Marly, are rather difficult to please in the way of royal residences. The Buen Retiro appears to be the realisation of a well-to-do grocer's dream. It has a garden filled with ordinary, but showy flowers; small basins adorned with rockery and vermiculated stones, with jets of water, in the style of those seen in the shop windows of provision dealers; ponds of greenish water on which float wooden swans painted white and varnished, and other wonders in most mediocre taste. The natives go into ecstasies in front of a rustic pavilion built of round logs, the interior of which has the pretension of being Hindoo in character. The artless patriarchal Turkish garden with its kiosk, the windows of which are glazed with coloured glass and through which you see blue, red, or green landscapes, is far superior in the way of taste and magnificence. There is, above all, a certain chalet which is the most ridiculous and comical thing imaginable. Near the chalet is a stable, provided with a stuffed goat and kid, and a sow of gray stone which is suckling little pigs of the same material. A short distance farther the guide steps aside, myste-

riously opens a door, and when he calls you and at last permits you to come in you hear a dull sound of wheels and counterweights, and you find yourself in the presence of hideous automata which are churning butter, spinning, or rocking with their wooden feet wooden children laid in carved cradles. In the next room is the grandfather, who is ill in bed; his potion is near him on the table. This is an exact summary of the chief splendours of the Retiro. A fine bronze equestrian statue of Philip V, which in general appearance resembles the statue of the Place des Victoires, somewhat atones for all this wretchedness.

The Madrid Museum, which it would take a whole volume to describe, is exceedingly rich. There is an abundance of Titians, Raphaels, Veroneses, Rubens, Velasquez, Riberas, and Murillos. The paintings are remarkably well lighted, and the architecture, especially in the interior, is in rather good style. The façade on the Prado is in bad taste, but on the whole the building does honour to the architect, Villa Nueva, who drew the plans. Having visited the Museum, you ought to go next to the Natural History Museum to see the mastodon or *Dinotherium gigantæum*, a marvel-

lous fossil with bones like bars of brass, which must be at the very least the behemoth of the Bible; a nugget of virgin gold of the weight of sixteen pounds, Chinese gongs, the sound of which, no matter what people say, is very much like that of a copper stewpan when you kick it, and a series of paintings representing all the varieties which can result from the crossing of the white, black, and copper-coloured races. Do not forget either to see at the Academy three admirable paintings by Murillo, the Foundation of Santa Maria Maggiore (two different subjects), and Saint Elizabeth of Hungary healing the sick; two or three splendid Riberas; a Burial by el Greco, some portions of which are worthy of Titian; a fantastic sketch also by el Greco, representing monks performing penance, which surpasses the most mysteriously gloomy conceptions of Lewis or of Anne Radcliffe; and a charming woman in Spanish costume, lying on a divan, painted by good old Goya, the national painter above all others, who seems to have come into this world on purpose to collect the last traces of the national customs which are about to disappear. Francisco Goya y Lucientes is unmistakably the descendant of Velasquez. After him come Aparicio and Lopez, — the decadence is

complete, the cycle of art is closed. To whom shall it be given to reopen it?

Goya, a strange painter and a singular genius! No man was ever more markedly original, no Spanish artist was ever more thoroughly local. A sketch by Goya, four touches of the graver in a cloud of aqua tinta, tells you more about the manners of the country than the longest description. Goya seems to belong to the finest periods of art by his adventurous air, his force, and his numberless talents, and yet he is almost a contemporary, for he died at Bordeaux in 1828.

The old Spanish art was buried with Goya, as was the forever vanished world of toreros, majos, monks, smugglers, robbers, alguaciles, and witches — all the local colour of the Peninsula. He came just in time to collect and immortalise it. He thought he was merely drawing caprices; what he drew was the portrait and the history of old Spain, though he believed he was serving the new ideas and beliefs. Soon his caricatures will have become historical monuments.

THE ESCORIAL

THE Escorial is situated seven or eight leagues from Madrid, not far from the Guadarrama, at the foot of a mountain chain. It is impossible to imagine anything more barren and desolate than the district in which it lies. Not a tree, not a house is there on it; great overlapping slopes, dry ravines, known to be torrent beds by the bridges which span them here and there, and clumps of blue mountains snow-capped or cloud-laden. The landscape, nevertheless, does not lack grandeur; the absence of vegetation imparts extraordinary severity and clearness to its lines. The farther one goes from Madrid, the larger do the stones which are scattered over the countryside become, approaching almost to the dimensions of rocks. They are of a grayish blue, and strewing the rough soil they look like the warts upon the back of a hundred-year-old crocodile. They show like innumerable quaint towers against the silhouette of the hills, which themselves resemble the ruins of gigantic buildings. About

half-way out stands, at the top of a rather sharp hill, a wretched, lonely house, the only one to be met with on a stretch of twenty-four miles. Opposite to it is a spring which yields, drop by drop, clear, ice-cold water. You drink as many glasses of that water as you find, the mules are breathed, and then the coach starts again. Soon afterwards you perceive, standing out against the hazy background of the mountains, lighted up by a brilliant ray of sunshine, the Escorial, a leviathan of architecture. The effect from afar is exceedingly fine; it looks like a vast Oriental palace; the stone capitals and the balls which top every pinnacle greatly conduce to that illusion. Before reaching it you traverse a great wood of olive trees adorned with crosses curiously perched upon most picturesque huge boulders.

At the end of the wood you enter the village, and are face to face with the colossus, which, like all colossi, loses a great deal by nearness. The first thing which struck me was the vast number of swallows and martins which circled in the air in innumerable swarms, uttering sharp, piercing cries. The poor little birds seemed terrified by the deadly silence which broods over this Thebaïd, and endeavoured to impart sound and animation to it.

It is well known that the Escorial was built in fulfilment of a vow made by Philip at the siege of Saint Quentin, when he was obliged to bombard the Church of Saint Laurence. He promised the saint to compensate him for the church which he had destroyed by building another larger and finer, and he kept his word better than the kings of the earth usually do. The Escorial, begun by Juan Bautista, completed by Herrera, is unquestionably, next to the pyramids of Egypt, the most enormous heap of granite on earth. In Spain it is called the eighth wonder of the world. As every country has its eighth wonder, there must be at least thirty eighth wonders.

I am greatly puzzled to state my opinion of the Escorial. Yet, on my soul and conscience, I cannot help thinking it the ugliest and gloomiest monument which an ambitious monk and a suspicious tyrant could possibly devise for the mortification of their fellow-men. I am well aware that the purpose of the Escorial is austere and religious, but gravity is not necessarily coldness, and melancholy is not necessarily emaciation; recollection is not weariness, and beauty of form may always be happily wedded to novelty of thought.

THE ESCORIAL

The Escorial is planned in the shape of a gridiron, in honour of Saint Laurence. Four square towers represent the feet of the instrument of torture, the connecting buildings form the framework, other transverse buildings simulate the bars; the palace and the church are built in the handle. This curious notion, which must have given much trouble to the architect, is not readily perceived, although it is very plain on the plan, and were one not informed of it beforehand, it would certainly escape notice. I do not blame this puerile symbolism, which is entirely in the taste of the age, for I am convinced that specific directions, far from being an obstacle to an artist of genius, aid and sustain him, and lead him to discover resources which otherwise he would not have thought of; but it seems to me that something much more effective might have been worked out. People who are fond of good taste and sobriety in architecture will think the Escorial perfect, for the only line employed in it is a straight line, and the only order is the Doric order, which is the barest of them all. A disagreeable early impression is caused by the yellow-earth colour of the walls, which might be mistaken for clay walls, did not the joints of the stones, brought out by staring white lines, prove

the contrary. Nothing can be more monotonous than these six or seven story buildings, without mouldings, pilasters, or cornices, with small, low windows, which look like the holes in a beehive. It is an ideal barracks and hospital. Its only merit is that it is in granite, — a wasted merit, since a hundred yards off it can be mistaken for clay. On top of all is a heavy dwarfed cupola, which I cannot compare to anything better than the dome of the Val-de-Grâce, and which for sole ornament boasts a multitude of granite balls. All around, in order that the symmetry may be in no wise diminished, monuments have been built in the same style, — that is to say, with a multitude of small windows and with no ornamentation. These buildings have been joined together by bridge-like galleries thrown across the streets which lead to the village, now but a heap of ruins.

The ground around the monument is flagged with granite, and the boundaries are marked by low three-foot walls adorned with the inevitable balls at every angle and opening. The façade, which does not project in the least from the main body of the monument, makes, therefore, no break upon the bareness of the lines and is scarcely noticeable, though it is gigantic.

THE ESCORIAL

You enter first into a vast court, at the end of which rises a church portal, noticeable only for its colossal statues of prophets, its gilded ornaments, and its rose-painted figures. The court is flagged, damp, and cold; grass grows in the corners; as you step into it weariness presses down upon you like a leaden cope; your heart sinks, and you feel as if there were an end of all things and joy were forever dead to you. You have not gone twenty steps from the gate, when you smell a faint, icy, savourless odour of holy water and funeral vault, wafted by a current of air laden with pleurisy and catarrh. Although the thermometer stands at eighty degrees outside, you are chilled to the marrow and feel as if never again would life warm in your veins, your blood, turned colder than serpent's blood. The walls, impenetrable as a tomb, do not allow the living air to filter through their vast thickness. Well, in spite of that cloister-like, Russian cold, the first thing I beheld on entering the church was a Spanish woman kneeling on the stones, who was beating her breast with her fist with one hand, and with the other fanning herself at least as fervently. The fan — I remember it perfectly — was of a water-green colour, which makes me shudder when I think of it.

The guide who piloted us through the interior of the edifice was blind, and it was really marvellous to see how accurately he stopped before the pictures, the subject and painter of which he named without ever making a mistake. He led us up into the dome, and made us wander through endless corridors, ascending and descending, which equal in their labyrinthine maze Anne Radcliffe's "The Confessional of the Black Penitents," or "The Castle of the Pyrenees."

The interior of the church is bare and cold. Huge, mouse-gray pillars of granite filled with grains of mica as coarse as kitchen salt, rise to the fresco-painted vaults, the azure and vaporous shades of which ill harmonise with the cold, wretched colours of the architecture. The retable, carved and gilded in Spanish fashion, and with very handsome paintings, somewhat compensates for the bareness of the decoration, in which everything is sacrificed to an insipid symmetry. The gilded bronze statues which kneel at the ends of the retable, and which represent, if I mistake not, Don Carlos and princesses of the royal family, are most effective and in a grand style. The chapter house, which is next the high altar, is in itself a vast church. The stalls, instead of blooming out into fantastic ara-

besques like those of Burgos, share the general rigidity and are merely decorated with small mouldings. We were shown the one in which sat for fourteen years the sombre Philip II, a king born to be a grand inquisitor. It is the corner stall. A door cut in the wood-work leads to the interior of the palace.

Without priding myself upon very profound devotion, I never enter a Gothic cathedral without feeling a mysterious and deep sensation, an extraordinary emotion, and without a vague fear that I shall meet around some cluster of pillars God the Father Himself, with his long silver beard, his purple mantle, and his azure gown, collecting within the folds of his robe the prayers of the faithful. In the church of the Escorial one is so overwhelmed, crushed, one is so thoroughly in the grasp of an inflexible and gloomy power, that the uselessness of prayer is plainly demonstrated. The God of such a temple can never be moved.

After having visited the church, we went down into the Pantheon, the name given to the crypt in which are deposited the bodies of the kings. It is an octagonal hall thirty-six feet in diameter and thirty-eight feet high, situated exactly under the high altar, so that

the priest when saying Mass stands upon the keystone. It is reached by a staircase of granite and coloured marble closed by splendid bronze gates. The Pantheon is lined with jasper, porphyry, and other precious marbles. In the walls are cut niches with cippi of antique form intended to receive the bodies of the kings and queens who have left successors. The cold in this crypt is deadly and penetrating; the polished marble reflects the trembling rays of the torch; it seems to be dripping with water, and one could easily imagine himself in a submarine grotto. The weight of the vast edifice crushes you, surrounds, grips, and stifles you; you feel caught, as it were, in the tentacles of a gigantic granite polypus. The dead contained in the sepulchral urns seem more dead than others, and it is difficult to believe that they can ever be resurrected. Here, as in the church, the impression borne in upon one is of sinister despair. There is not in these gloomy vaults a single crack through which the glad heaven may be seen.

There are a few good paintings left in the sacristy, though the best of them have been transferred to the Royal Museum in Madrid. Among others there are two or three paintings of the German school on panels;

these are of rare merit. The ceiling of the great staircase was painted in fresco by Luca Giordano, and represents in allegory the vow of Philip II and the foundation of the convent. The acres of walls in Spain painted by Luca Giordano are fairly amazing, and it is difficult for us moderns, who are breathless before we have got through half the shortest task, to conceive how such work was possible. Pellegrino Tibaldi, Cambiaso, Carducci, Romulo, Cincinato, and several others have painted cloisters, tombs, and ceilings in the Escorial. The library ceiling, which is by Carducci and Pellegrino Tibaldi, is in a satisfactory, clear, luminous fresco tone; the composition is rich, the interlaced arabesques are in excellent taste. The Escorial library has this peculiarity, that the books are placed with their backs to the wall and the front towards the spectator. I do not know the reason for this. The library is especially rich in Arabic manuscripts, and must assuredly contain inestimable treasures wholly unknown. The remaining books struck me as being generally on theology and scholastic philosophy. We were shown some vellum manuscripts with illuminations and miniatures, but as it happened to be a Sunday and the librarian was absent, we could

not see more, and we had to leave without seeing a single incunabulum.

In one of the corridors stands a life-size Christ in white marble attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and a few very strange, fantastic pictures after the manner of Callot's and Teniers' "Temptation," but very much older. Nothing more monotonous, however, can be conceived than these gray granite corridors which wind through the building like veins in a human body; it takes a blind man to find his way through them. You go up and down, you turn constantly; it would not take more than three or four hours' walking there to wear out the soles of one's shoes, for the granite is rough as a file and as gritty as sand-paper. From the dome you see nothing but balls which from below appear the size of bells, but are of huge dimensions and could be turned into monstrous globes. The vast prospect is unrolled before you, and you embrace at a glance the whole district which separates you from Madrid. On the other side rise the Guadarrama mountains. From here you can see the whole plan of the monument; you look into the courts and cloisters with their rows of arcades rising one above another, with their fountains and their cen-

tral pavilions. The roofs show saddle-wise, as in a bird's-eye view.

At the time we went up into the dome there was in a huge chimney-top, in a great nest of straw like an overturned turban, a stork with its three young chicks. This interesting family showed most quaintly against the sky. The hen stork stood upon one leg in the centre of the nest, its neck sunk in its shoulders, its beak majestically placed upon its tuft, like a meditating philosopher; the chicks stretched out their long beaks and necks asking for food. I hoped for a moment that I might witness one of those sentimental scenes told of in books on natural history, in which the great white pelican tears its breast to feed its young, but the stork seemed unmoved by these demonstrations of starvation. The melancholy group further increased the deep solitude of the place, and gave an Egyptian aspect to this vast building worthy of the Pharaohs. On coming down we saw a garden which contains more architecture than vegetation. It is composed of terraces and parterres of clipped boxwood laid out in designs like those on old damask, with a few fountains and a few greenish pools; a solemn, dull garden, worthy of the gloomy pile of which it forms a part.

It is said that there are eleven hundred windows on the exterior of the building alone, which makes the average tourist gape with astonishment. I did not count them; but it is not in the least improbable, for I have never seen so many windows together. The number of doors is equally fabulous.

I issued from that granite desert, that monkish necropolis, with an extraordinary sensation of satisfaction and lightness. I seemed to be reborn, to be capable of again becoming young, and to rejoice in God's creation, which I had lost all hope of doing within these funeral vaults. The warm, bright air enveloped me like a soft stuff of fine wool, and warmed my body, chilled by the cadaverous atmosphere. I was freed from that architectural nightmare, which I thought would never come to an end. I advise people who are foolish enough to imagine that they are bored, to go and spend three or four days in the Escorial; they will learn there what true weariness is, and they will enjoy themselves all the rest of their lives by merely thinking that they might be in the Escorial and that they are not.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

TOLEDO

WE had exhausted the sights of Madrid, and were beginning to be somewhat bored; so in spite of the great heat and all sorts of terrible stories about the rebels and the rateros, we bravely started for Toledo, the city of sword blades and romantic daggers.

Toledo is not only one of the oldest cities of Spain, but of the world, if the chroniclers are to be believed. The most staid among them place its foundation at a time anterior to the flood. Why should they not put it as far back as the pre-Adamite kings, a few years before the creation of the world? Others attribute the honour of its foundation to Tubal Cain, others again to the Greeks, others to Telmon and Brutus, Roman consuls, others to the Jews who entered Spain with Nebuchadnezzar and maintain their contention by the etymology of Toledo, which comes, they say, from *toledoth*, a Hebrew word which means generations, because the twelve tribes had helped to build

and settle it. Whatever the truth may be, Toledo is certainly a wonderfully old city, situated some thirty-six miles from Madrid, — Spanish miles, of course, which are much longer than a twelve-column article or a day without money, the two longest things we know about. The trip is made in a calesa, or in a small mail-coach which starts twice a week. The latter is considered safer, for in Spain, as formerly in France, no one starts on the shortest trip without making his will. The fear of brigands must surely be exaggerated, for in the course of a very long pilgrimage through provinces having the reputation of being most dangerous, we have never met with anything which would justify this panicky terror.

You leave Madrid by the Toledo Gate and Bridge, both of which are adorned with flower-pots, statues, and chicory leaves in very poor taste, but produce nevertheless a rather majestic effect. You pass on the right the village of Caramanchel, whence Ruy Blas fetched for Mary of Neubourg the little blue German flower (Ruy Blas to-day would not find a trace of forget-me-nots in this cork-bark hamlet built upon a soil of pumice stone); and you enter, travelling upon a wretched road, an endless, dusty plain covered with

corn and rye, the pale-yellow colour of which increases the monotony of the landscape. A few ill-omened crosses, which spread here and there their thin arms, a few steeples which indicate an unseen village, the dried bed of a torrent crossed by a stone arch, are the only breaks in this monotony. From time to time you meet a peasant on his mule, carbine by his side, a muchacho driving before him two or three asses laden with earthenware jars or bundles of straw tied with cords, or a poor, wan, sunburned woman, dragging a fierce-looking child, — that is all.

As we proceeded the landscape became barer and more desert-like, and it was with a feeling of secret satisfaction that we perceived upon a bridge of dry stone the five green light-cavalrymen who were to escort us, for an escort is needed in travelling from Madrid to Toledo.

We breakfasted at Illescas, a town in which there are some remains of old Moorish buildings, and where the windows of the houses are protected by complicated gratings surmounted by crosses.

Beyond Illescas the country becomes more hilly, and the road consequently more abominable. It is nothing but a succession of break-neck hills, which, however,

do not prevent the pace from being fast; for Spanish postilions do not care a bit about what happens behind them provided they themselves get to their destination; even if they bring along the pole and the front wheels only, they are quite satisfied. However, we reached our destination without mishap, in a cloud of dust raised by our mules and the horses of our escort, and entered Toledo, devoured with curiosity and thirst, through a magnificent Arab gate with an elegant horse-shoe arch and granite pillars surmounted by balls and covered with verses of the Alkoran. The gate is called the Sun Gate. It is of a reddish, warm tone, like that of a Portugal orange, and its profile stands out admirably against a clear, lapis-lazuli sky. In our grayer climate we cannot have any conception of the virulence of colour and the sharpness of contour of these monuments, and the paintings which represent them always strike one as exaggerated.

After having passed the Puerta del Sol, you reach a sort of terrace from which you can enjoy a vast prospect, — the Vega, dappled and striped with trees and fields which are indebted for their greenness to the irrigation system introduced by the Moors. The yellow Tagus, crossed by the two bridges of Saint

Martin and the Alcantara, flows rapidly and almost wholly encloses the town in one of its windings. At the foot of the terrace sparkle the brown, shining roofs of the houses, and the steeples of the convents and churches, with their green and white tiles arranged checkerwise. Beyond are seen the reddish hills and the bare slopes which form Toledo's horizon. The prospect is peculiar in this, that it wholly lacks ambient air and the haze which in our climate always veils broad landscapes. The transparency of the air leaves the lines perfectly clean, and enables you to perceive the smallest hill at a considerable distance.

Our trunks having been inspected, we hastened to look for an inn. We were taken, through such narrow streets that two laden asses could not have gone through side by side, to the Fonda de los Caballeros, one of the most comfortable in the city. There, with the help of the few Spanish words we knew, and of pathetic pantomime, we succeeded in making the hostess — an intelligent and charming woman, most interesting and distinguished-looking — understand that we were starving.

The whole kitchen brigade got under way, the innumerable small jars in which are distilled and sub-

limated the spicy stews of Spanish cookery were placed on the fire, and we were promised dinner in an hour's time. We turned the time to account by examining the inn more closely. It was a handsome building, no doubt some old mansion, with an inner court paved with coloured marbles arranged in mosaic pattern, and ornamented with wells of white marble and troughs faced with tiles in which the glass ware and the jars are washed. The court is called a *patio*. It is usually surrounded by columns and arcades, with an artificial fountain in the centre. An awning, which is drawn up in the cool of the evening, forms the ceiling of this sort of outside drawing-room. Around the first story of the court runs an iron balcony, beautifully wrought, on which open the windows and doors of the apartments, which people use only to dress, eat, and sleep in. The rest of the time is spent in this open-air drawing-room, in which are placed pictures, chairs, sofas, and the piano, and which is brightened with pots of flowers and orange trees in boxes.

We had scarcely finished our examination, when we were informed that dinner was ready. It proved to be not bad. Having finished our meal, we proceeded to visit the city.

The Toledo streets are excessively narrow. One might shake hands across them, and it would be the easiest thing in the world to step across from one balcony to the other, if the exceedingly beautiful gratings and charming bars in that superb iron-work which is lavished everywhere in Spain, did not interfere and prevent aerial familiarities. These narrow streets would cause an outcry among all the partisans of civilisation, for they only dream of immense open spaces, vast squares, extravagantly wide streets, and other more or less progressive embellishments; yet nothing is more sensible than a narrow street in a hot climate. At the bottom of these narrow lanes so wisely cut through the groups and islands of houses, one enjoys delightful shade and coolness. Of course my remark applies only to hot countries, where it never rains, where mud is unknown, and carriages are exceedingly rare. Narrow streets in our wet climate would be abominable cesspools. In Spain women go out on foot in black satin shoes and take long walks, which causes me to admire them, especially in Toledo, where the pavements are composed of small, sharp, polished, shining pebbles, which seem to have been carefully placed with the cutting edge up; but the

well shod, firm little feet of the ladies are as hard as gazelles' hoofs, and they travel lightly over these diamond-pointed paving-stones which draw cries of anguish from a traveller accustomed to the soft asphalt.

The Toledo houses have an imposing and severe appearance. There are very few windows in the façades and they are usually grated. The doors, adorned with pillars of polished granite surmounted with balls, — a frequent form of ornamentation, — look thick and solid, an impression increased by constellations of huge nails. They recall, at one and the same time, convents, prisons, fortresses, and, indeed, harems, for the Moors have passed here. Some few houses, as a curious contrast, are coloured and painted externally in fresco or distemper, with imitation *bassi-relievi* monochromes, flowers, rockwork, and wreaths, with perfume-pans, medallions, Cupids, and all the mythological rubbish of the last century. These houses produce the quaintest and most comical effect among their sombre sisters of feudal or Moorish origin.

We were led through a labyrinth of small lanes, in which we had to walk in single file, to the Alcazar, situated, like a necropolis, at the highest point of the

city. Built on the ruins of the old Moorish palace, the Alcazar itself is a ruin to-day, and it might be one of those remarkable architectural visions which Piranesi sought and realised in his magnificent etchings. It is by Covarrubias, a little known artist, but much superior to the dull and heavy Herrera, whose reputation is a great deal overdone.

The façade, adorned with a bloom of the purest Renaissance arabesques, is a masterpiece of noble elegance. The burning sun of Spain, which turns marble red and stone saffron, has coated it with rich and vigorous colours far different from the black leprosy which age imparts to our old buildings. As a great poet has said, "Time has passed his intelligent hand" over the edges of the marble, over the too rigid contours, and given to the sculpture, already so rich and undulating, the last touch and polish. I particularly recall the great staircase, very light in its elegance, with marble columns, pilasters, and steps, already half broken, leading to a door that opens on an abyss; for that portion of the building has fallen in. This superb staircase, which a king might inhabit and which leads to nothing, produces a strange and threatening effect.

The Alcazar is built upon a great esplanade surrounded by ramparts crenellated in Oriental fashion, from the top of which one enjoys the vast prospect and really wonderful panorama. On this side the cathedral sends up into heaven its lofty spire; farther away gleams in the sunshine the church of San Juan de los Reyes; the Alcazar Bridge, with its tower gate, spans the Tagus with bold arches; the Juanello *Artificio* fills up the river with its superposed arcades of red bricks, which might be mistaken for the remains of Roman constructions; and the massive towers of Cervantes' Casillo (this Cervantes has nothing in common with the author of Don Quixote), perched upon the rocky and shapeless cliffs which border the river, make still another break on an horizon already so strikingly varied by the crests of the mountains.

An exquisite sunset completed the picture. The sky by imperceptible gradations passed from the most brilliant red to orange, then to pale citron, and finally into a weird blue of the colour of greenish turquoise, which itself melted in the west into the lilac tints of night, the shadows of which already darkened the whole of that part.

TOLEDO

Leaning on an embrasure of a crenellation and having a bird's-eye view of that city in which I knew not a soul, and where my name was utterly unknown, I fell into a deep meditation in the presence of all these shapes which I saw and probably would never again see. I began to doubt my own identity; I felt so far away from myself, carried to such a distance outside of my usual sphere that it all seemed to me a hallucination, a strange dream out of which I should start awake to the sharp, trembling strains of some vaudeville music as I sat in a theatre box. In spite of the magnificent prospect, I felt my soul filled with a mighty sadness; and yet I was realising the dream of my life; I was touching one of my most ardently caressed desires. I had spoken enough, in my fair youthful years of Romanticism, of my good Toledo blade, to be anxious to see the place where Toledo blades are made.

It took nothing less to draw me from my philosophical meditations than a proposal on the part of my friend that we should go and bathe in the Tagus. Now a bath is pretty rare in a country where in summer they have to fill up the rivers with water drawn from the wells; but on our guide asserting

that the Tagus was a genuine stream and damp enough to enable one to swim in it, we hastened to descend from the Alcazar in order to profit by the lingering twilight, and went towards the river. We passed under a fine Arab gate with a brick arch, and reached the Alcantara Bridge, near which there was a spot suitable for bathing, reached by a winding, very steep path crawling along the rocks which enclose Toledo.

Having had our bath, we hastened back to re-enter the city before the gates were closed, enjoyed a glass of orchata de chufas and iced milk of most exquisite taste and bouquet, and were shown back to our fonda. Our room, like all Spanish rooms, was whitewashed and adorned with those dim, yellow paintings, those mystical daubs, painted like the signs of beer shops, which are so often met with in the Peninsula, the country of the world which contains the greatest number of wretched paintings.

The Cathedral of Toledo is accounted, and rightly, the finest and one of the richest of Spain. Its origin is lost in the mists of ages, but if the native authors are to be believed, it goes back to the Apostle Santiago, the first Bishop of Toledo, who indicated its site to his

disciple and successor, Elpidius. Elpidius built a church on the spot and dedicated it to Saint Mary, while that divine lady was still living in Jerusalem.

The Blessed Virgin was not ungrateful, and, according to the same legend, came in person to visit the church in Toledo and brought with her own hands to Saint Ildefonso a beautiful chasuble made of heavenly linen. The chasuble is still in existence, and in the wall may be seen the stone upon which the divine foot was placed, the imprint of which it still bears.

This church existed up to the time of Saint Eugenius, sixth Bishop of Toledo, who enlarged and embellished it as much as his means allowed, under the title of Our Lady of the Assumption, which it bears to-day. In the year 200, at the time of the cruel persecution which the emperors Diocletian and Maximin declared against the Christians, the prefect Dacian ordered the temple to be demolished and razed to the ground, so that the faithful had no means of receiving the Host. Three years later, Constantius, father of the great Constantine, having ascended the throne, the persecution came to an end, the prelates returned to their sees, and the Archbishop Melancius began to rebuild the church, still on the same spot. Shortly afterwards

(about the year 312), Constantine having been converted to the Christian faith, he ordered, among other heroic works to which he was impelled by his Christian zeal, the repairing and building at his expense, in the most sumptuous manner possible, of the basilica of Our Lady of the Assumption of Toledo, which Dacian had caused to be destroyed.

The Archbishop of Toledo at that time was Marinus, a wise and learned man, who was on intimate terms with the Emperor. This gave him a free hand, and he spared nothing to build a remarkably magnificent church of grand and sumptuous architecture. It was this church which lasted through the Catholic dominion, the one visited by the Virgin, the one which was turned into a mosque during the conquest of Spain; the same one which, when Toledo was retaken by King Alonzo VI, again became a church, and the plan of which was taken to Oviedo by order of King Don Alonzo the Chaste, in order that the church of San Salvador in the latter city should be built on the same lines, in the year 803. "Those who are desirous of knowing the shape, grandeur, and majesty of the Cathedral of Toledo in those days, when the Queen of Angels came down to visit it, need only go and see

Oviedo Cathedral, and they will be satisfied." For ourselves, we greatly regret that we could not enjoy this pleasure. Finally, under the happy reign of Saint Ferdinand, Don Rodriguez being Archbishop of Toledo, the church assumed the marvellous and magnificent form which it possesses to-day, and which, it is said, is that of the temple of Diana at Ephesus. O artist chronicler, permit me to disbelieve this! The temple of Ephesus was not as beautiful as the cathedral of Toledo. Archbishop Rodriguez, accompanied by the King and the court, having celebrated pontifical mass, laid the foundation stone on a Saturday, in the year 1227. The work was carried on with much vigour until it was completed and carried to the highest degree of perfection which human art can attain.

May we be forgiven for this slight historical digression, a thing which we are not prone to indulge in.

The exterior of the cathedral at Toledo is much less richly decorated than that of the cathedral at Burgos; it does not bloom all over with ornaments; it has no arabesques, no lines of saints massed around the portals; it has solid buttresses, clean, sharp angles, a thick cuirass of dressed stone, a steeple of robust aspect, which lacks the delicacy of Gothic work; and all this

of a reddish tint, like toast, or the tanned skin of a Palestine pilgrim. But, on the other hand, the interior is carved and wrought like a stalactite grotto.

The gate by which we entered is of bronze and bears the following inscription: "Antonio Zurreno, worker in gold and silver, made this centre door." The interior gives at once a deep impression of grandeur. The church is divided into five naves. The central one is of vast height, the others seem to bow their heads and kneel in token of adoration and respect. Eighty-eight pillars as huge as towers, each one composed of sixteen slender columns set close to each other, support the huge bulk of the edifice. A transept cuts the great nave between the choir and the high altar, and thus forms the arms of the cross. The whole building, a very unusual thing in Gothic cathedrals, which have generally been built at various periods, is in the most homogeneous and complete style; the original plan has been carried out from end to end save in the arrangement of some chapels which in no wise mar the harmony of the general aspect. Stained-glass windows, in which gleam emerald, sapphire, and ruby set in stone tracery-work as delicate as finger-rings, shed a gentle, mysterious light which induces religious

ecstasy. When the sunshine is too brilliant, esparto blinds drawn across the windows maintain that cool semi-obscurity which makes Spanish churches so favourable to recollection and prayer. The high altar, or retable, is large enough for a church in itself. It is a huge mass of small columns, niches, statues, scrolls, and arabesques, of which the minutest description would give but a very faint idea. All this work, which rises to the vaulting and runs around the sanctuary, is painted and gilded with inconceivable richness. The rich, warm tones of the old gilding admirably bring out the streaks and spangles of light, cut by the groining and the projecting ornaments, producing wondrous and most varied effects. The paintings on gold backgrounds which adorn the panels of the altar equal in the richness of their colouring the most brilliant paintings of the Venetian school. This combination of colour and the severe and almost hieratic forms of mediæval art is seldom met with. Some of the paintings might well be the early work of Giorgione.

Facing the high altar is the choir, or sillaria, in accordance with Spanish custom. It contains a triple row of stalls in carved wood, wrought and adorned in handsome fashion with historical, allegorical, and

sacred *bassi-relievi*. Gothic art, as the Renaissance approached, never produced anything freer, more perfect, or better designed. This work, the details of which are amazing, is attributed to the patient chisels of Félipe Vigarni and Berruguete. The archbishop's stall, higher than the others, is arranged like a throne and marks the centre of the choir. Jasper columns of a shining brown tone crown this marvellous joiner-work, and upon the entablature rise alabaster figures, also by Félipe Vigarni, but freer and easier in manner, and most effective and elegant. A huge bronze lectern, laden with gigantic missals; great esparto mats; two colossal organs, placed opposite each other, the one on the right, the other on the left, — complete the description of the choir. Behind the retable is the chapel, where are buried Don Alvar de Luna and his wife in two magnificent alabaster tombs placed side by side. The walls of the chapel are ornamented with the Constable's arms and the shells of the order of Santiago, of which he was grand master. Close by, in the vaulting of that portion of the nave here called *trascoro*, is noticed a stone with a funeral inscription. It is that of a nobleman of Toledo, whose pride revolted at the thought that people of low birth would

tread over his tomb. "I will not have the low-born walk over me," he said on his death-bed; and as he bequeathed great wealth to the Church, his strange caprice was humoured by placing his body in the masonry of the vaulting, where assuredly no one will walk over him.

We shall not attempt to describe the various chapels; it would take a whole volume. Let us be satisfied with mentioning the tomb of a cardinal, carved in the Arab taste with minute delicacy. We cannot compare it to anything better than lace on a large scale. We shall come at once to the Mozarabic chapel, one of the most interesting in the cathedral. Before describing it, let us explain its name.

At the time of the Moorish invasion the inhabitants of Toledo were obliged to surrender after a two years' siege. They endeavoured to obtain the most favourable terms, and among the articles agreed upon was this, that six churches should be preserved for the Christians who might wish to remain among the barbarians. These churches were those of Saint Mark, Saint Luke, Saint Sebastian, Saint Torquato, Saint Olalla and Saint Just. Thus the faith was preserved in the city during the four hundred years of

Moorish dominion, and for this reason the faithful Toledans were called Mozarabs, — that is, mingling with the Arabs. In the reign of Alfonso VI, when Toledo again fell into the hands of the Christians, the papal legate Richard wished to have the Mozarabic ritual given up for the Gregorian rite, backed in this by the king, and Queen Constantia, who preferred the Roman ritual. But the clergy revolted and protested; the faithful were very indignant, and were within an ace of breaking out into rebellion. So the Mozarabic ritual was maintained and enthusiastically observed for many years by the Mozarabs, their sons, and their grandsons. But at last the meaning of the text was forgotten, and no one could be found who could say or understand the prayers which had been the object of such a lively disagreement. Don Francesco Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, desiring to preserve so memorable a use, founded a Mozarabic chapel in the cathedral, caused to be translated and printed in ordinary characters the liturgies, which were in Gothic characters, and appointed priests specially charged to celebrate Mass according to this ritual.

The Mozarabic chapel, which still exists to-day, is adorned with most interesting Gothic frescoes, the

subject being the battles between the Toledans and the Moors. They are admirably preserved, the colours are as bright as if they had been laid on yesterday, and an archæologist would find here innumerable interesting details of arms, costumes, equipments, and architecture; for the principal fresco represents a view of ancient Toledo which must have been very accurate. In the lateral frescoes are painted with a wealth of detail the vessels which brought the Arabs to Spain. A professional man might obtain much useful information for the difficult history of the navy in the Middle Ages. The arms of Toledo, five mullets sable on a field argent, are represented in several places in this chapel, which is closed after the Spanish fashion by iron-work gates beautifully wrought.

The Chapel of the Virgin, the walls of which are covered all over with porphyry, jasper, yellow and violet breccia superbly polished, fairly surpasses in richness the splendours of the "Thousand and One Nights." It contains a great many works, among others a reliquary given by Saint Louis which contains a piece of the true Cross.

By way of taking breath we shall, if you please, take a turn through the cloisters, the elegant and

severe arcades of which enclose beautiful masses of verdure that, thanks to the shadow of the church, are still fresh in spite of the burning heat of the season. All the walls of the cloister are covered with vast frescoes in the style of Van Loo, by a painter called Bayeu. These paintings, which are of fair composition and pleasant colour, are not in harmony with the style of the building, and no doubt have taken the place of older paintings, weather-worn or thought to be too Gothic by the people of taste of the time. A cloister is well placed near a church; it forms a happy transition from the peace of the sanctuary to the noise of the city; you can walk, dream, and think in it without being compelled to follow the prayers and sermons. The Catholics enter the church, the Christians generally remain in the cloister. This state of mind has been understood by the Catholic Church, which is a clever psychologist. In countries that are religious-minded, the cathedral is the most ornate, the richest, the most highly gilded, the most flowery place; there are to be found the coolest shades and the deepest peace; the music is superior to that of the theatre, and the splendour of the ceremonies is unrivalled. It is the central point, the attractive spot,

as is our Opéra in Paris. We Northern Catholics, with our Voltairean temples, have no conception of the luxury, the elegance, the comfort of Spanish churches. They are furnished and living churches, and do not have the icy-cold, deserted look of ours. The faithful here can dwell familiarly with their God.

The sacristies and the chapter halls of the cathedral of Toledo are more than regal in their magnificence. Nothing can be more noble and picturesque than these great halls ornamented with the quiet, rich luxury of which the Church alone possesses the secret. Everywhere carved wood-work, in black oak or walnut, portières in tapestry or damask of the Indies, curtains with broad deep folds, ornamental hangings, Persian carpets, fresco paintings. I shall not attempt to describe them individually, but merely mention one piece of work adorned with beautiful frescoes representing religious subjects, in the German style which the Spaniards have so happily imitated. This work is attributed to Berruguete's nephew, though it may be Berruguete's own. For these great geniuses practised at one and the same time the three forms of art. There is also a vast ceiling painted by Luca Giordano,

on which swarm a multitude of angels and allegorical figures in the most startling foreshortening, causing a remarkable optical effect. From the centre of the ceiling falls a beam of light which, although it is painted upon a flat surface, seems to fall perpendicularly upon you from whatever point you look at it.

There is the Treasury, which contains the beautiful copes of brocade, of gold cloth, of silk damask, of marvellous lace, the gilded reliquaries, the diamond-studded monstrances, the huge silver candlesticks, the embroidered banners, in a word, all the properties and accessories needed in the performance of that sublime Catholic drama called the Mass.

In the closets in one of these rooms is preserved the Blessed Virgin's wardrobe; for gold, marble, or alabaster statues are unable to satisfy the passionate piety of the Southerners. Carried away by their devotion, they heap upon the object of their worship ornaments extravagant in their richness; nothing is too beautiful, nothing too brilliant. They care little that the shape and material of the statue disappear under the shower of gems; the great point with them is that it shall be physically impossible to hang another pearl in the marble ears of the idol, to set a larger brilliant in her

golden crown, or to draw with precious stones one other design upon the brocade of her dress.

Never did any queen of antiquity, not even Cleopatra who drank pearls, never did any Byzantine empress, never did any mediæval duchess or Venetian courtesan of Titian's day possess a more gorgeous jewel-case, a richer wardrobe than Our Lady of Toledo. Some of the dresses were shown us. One of them is wholly covered — so much so that one cannot even imagine what the stuff is of which it is made — with designs and arabesques embroidered in fine pearls, among which are some of inestimable size and price. These are edged with black pearls of incredible rarity. Suns and stars of gems are studded over this marvellous dress which dazzles the eye and is worth several millions of francs.

We closed our visit by climbing the steeple, the top of which is reached by ladders placed one above another, rather straight and not very safe to look at. About half-way up there is seen, in a sort of store-room, a collection of huge lay figures, coloured and dressed in the fashion of the last century, which are used on the occasion of some procession or another, like that of the Tarasque at Tarascon.

The magnificent prospect enjoyed from the top of the spire largely repays one for the fatigue of the ascent. The whole city is spread out below. The hump-shaped, quaintly contorted rocks of blue granite which border the Tagus and bound one side of the view of Toledo, increase the strangeness of the landscape, which is flooded with hard, pitiless, blinding light, which no gradation tempers, and which is increased by the reverberation of a cloudless, vapourless, white-hot sky.

The heat was atrocious; it was like that of a lime-kiln, and one had to be urged by mad curiosity not to give up further visiting of monuments in such an African temperature; but we were still possessed with the fierce ardour of Parisians enthusiastic over local colour. Nothing could stop us; we only stayed our steps to drink, for we were thirstier than Afric's golden sands, and we imbibed water as if we had been dried sponges.

Having visited the cathedral, we resolved, in spite of our thirst, to proceed to the church of San Juan de los Reyes, but it was only after prolonged discussion that we succeeded in obtaining the keys of it, for the church has been closed for five or six years, and the

convent to which it belongs is abandoned and falling into decay.

The church is situated on the banks of the Tagus, close to the Saint Martin's Bridge. The walls have that rich, orange tint which colours ancient monuments in rainless climates. A series of statues of kings, in noble and chivalrous attitudes and of proud port, decorates the exterior, but this is not the most remarkable point of San Juan de los Reyes, for all mediæval churches have a population of statues. Innumerable chains hanging from hooks adorn the walls from top to bottom. These are the fetters of the Christian prisoners delivered at the conquest of Granada. These chains, suspended by way of ornament and *ex voto*, give the church a strange and repulsive prison look.

The key turned with difficulty in the rusty lock. Having overcome this slight obstacle, we entered an exceedingly beautiful devastated cloister. Separate slender columns supported upon their flowery capitals arcades adorned with mouldings and tracery of extreme delicacy. Along the walls ran long inscriptions in praise of Ferdinand and Isabella, in Gothic characters interlaced with flowers, lines, and arabesques, — a Chris-

tian imitation of the maxims and verses of the Koran which the Moors used as architectural ornaments. What a pity that so precious a monument should be thus abandoned!

Having kicked open some doors fastened by worm-eaten bars or obstructed by rubbish, we succeeded in entering the church, built in a charming style, and which seems, save for some startling mutilations, to have been completed but yesterday. There is nothing more elegant and delicate in Gothic art. Around the church runs a gallery with open-work balustrade. Its venturesome balconies cling to the groups of pillars, following closely their hollows and projections. Vast scrolls, eagles, chimeras, hieratic beasts, coats of arms, bannerets, and emblematic inscriptions after the fashion of those in the cloister, form the decoration. The choir, placed opposite the high altar at the other end of the church, is separated from it by a bold and striking elliptical arch. The altar, which must have been a masterpiece of sculpture and painting, has been pitilessly torn down. Such useless devastation stuns one and makes one doubt human intelligence, for in what respect do old stones injure new ideas? Cannot a revolution be managed without overthrowing the past?

It seems to us the constitution would have lost nothing if the church of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic, that noble Queen who believed the word of a man of genius and presented the universe with a new world, had been left standing.

Venturing upon a half-ruined stair, we reached the interior of the convent. The refectory is large, but presents nothing interesting save a frightful painting above the door. It represents a body in a state of decomposition, with all the horrible details so complacently treated by Spanish painters. It is rendered still more hideous by the layer of dirt and dust which covers it. A symbolical and gloomy inscription, one of those biblical sentences which form such a terrible warning to human nothingness, is placed at the foot of the sepulchral picture, which is a singular choice for a refectory. I know not if the stories told of the gluttony of monks are true, but for myself, I should not have much appetite in a dining-room thus adorned.

Above, on either side of a long passageway, are ranged, like the cells of a beehive, the deserted cells of the vanished monks. They are exactly alike and all whitewashed. The whitewashing considerably diminishes the poetic impression, for it prevents terror and

imagination from concealing themselves in dark corners. The interior of the church and the cloister are also whitewashed, both thus having a look of newness which contrasts with the style of the architecture and the condition of the buildings. The lack of moisture and the heat of the climate have prevented plants and weeds from growing in the interstices of the stones and rubbish, which consequently do not possess the green mantle of ivy which time throws over ruins in Northern climates.

We wandered for a long time through the abandoned edifice, traversing long, endless corridors, ascending and descending risky stairs, and then withdrew, for there was nothing interesting to see, not even the kitchens to which our guide showed us the way. The church and cloister are rather magnificent, the remainder is simple to a degree. Everything is done for the soul, and nothing for the body.

At a short distance from San Juan de los Reyes stands the famous Synagogue Mosque, but without a guide you might pass a score of times in front of it without suspecting its existence. Our man knocked at a door cut in a most insignificant-looking wall of reddish clay. After a time — for the Spaniards are

never in a hurry — it was opened and we were asked if we wished to see the synagogue. On replying affirmatively, we were shown into a sort of courtyard filled with vegetation, in the centre of which grew an Indian fig-tree with its deep-cut leaves intensely and brilliantly green as if they were varnished. At the end of the court rises an insignificant building looking more like a barn than anything else. We entered it, and never were we so greatly surprised: we were in the far East. The slender columns with their flaring, turban-like capitals, the Turkish arches, the verses of the Koran, the flat ceiling with cedar panels, the light admitted from above, — all was there. Vestiges of former paintings, almost effaced, cast strange colours upon the walls and added to the peculiar effect. This synagogue, which the Arabs turned into a mosque and the Christians into a church, is now used as a work-shop and dwelling by a joiner; the altar has been replaced by a bench. This profanation is quite recent. The vestiges of the retable are still visible, and the inscription on black marble which commemorates the consecration of this edifice to the Catholic worship.

The Jews of Toledo, probably in order to diminish the horror which they inspired in the minds of the

Christian population on account of their being deicides, claimed not to have consented to the death of Jesus Christ. When Jesus was tried, the council of priests presided over by Caiaphas obtained the opinion of the different tribes, to know whether He should be released or put to death. The Spanish Jews were asked, and the Toledo synagogue declared in favour of acquittal; so that tribe is not imbrued with the blood of the Just One and does not deserve the execration felt for the Jews who voted against the Son of God. The original text of the reply of the Toledo Jews, with the Latin translation of the Hebrew, is preserved in the Vatican archives. In recompense they were allowed to build this synagogue, which is, I believe, the only one ever tolerated in Spain.

We had been told of the ruins of a Moorish pleasure palace, the Galiana Palace. We went to it on leaving the synagogue, although we were tired, for time pressed and the next day we were to leave for Madrid. The palace is situated outside the city in the Vega. After fifteen minutes' walk through fields and cultivated ground cut by innumerable irrigation ditches we reached a shady clump of trees at the foot of which turned the irrigation wheel, of unique and Egyptian

simplicity. Earthenware jars fastened to the spokes of the wheel by reed ropes draw up the water and pour it into a canal formed of hollow tiles leading to a reservoir, whence it is easily led by ditches to the parts to be watered.

A huge heap of reddish brick showed its broken outline behind the foliage of the trees. It was the Galiana Palace. We entered this vast mass of débris, which is inhabited by a peasant family, through a low door. It is impossible to imagine anything darker, smokier, more cavern-like, or dirtier. The Troglodytes were lodged like princes in comparison with these people; yet the lovely Galiana, the Moorish beauty, with the long, henna-painted eyes, with brocaded jacket studded with pearls, had stepped with her little slippers upon this broken-down floor; she had leaned out of this window, looking out upon the Vega where the Moorish horsemen were practising throwing the djerrid.

We bravely continued our exploration, climbing to the upper stories by rickety ladders, clinging with feet and hands to the tufts of dried grass which hung like beards from the grimy old walls. Having reached the top, we became aware of a singular phenomenon; we

had entered with white trousers, we were going out with black trousers, but of a swarming, leaping black. We were covered by imperceptible little fleas which had rushed at us in compact swarms, attracted by the coolness of our Northern blood. I could never have believed that there were so many fleas in the world as I saw then.

A few pipes which led water to the vapour baths are the only remains of magnificence spared by time. The glass mosaic, the enamelled ware, the marble columns with cupolas, gilded, carved, and adorned with verses of the Koran, the alabaster fountains, the stones pierced with holes to allow perfumes to filter through, — all has vanished. There is nothing left but the framework of the huge walls and heaps of brick which are turning to dust. For these marvellous buildings, which recall the fairy scenes of the "Thousand and One Nights," were unfortunately constructed with brick only, or with clay covered with a layer of stucco and lime. All the lacework and arabesque are not, as generally believed, cut out of marble or stone, but moulded in plaster, which allows of their being reproduced in any quantity and very cheaply. It takes the preserving dryness of the Spanish climate to allow

monuments built of such frail materials to stand until our day.

First and foremost we had to get rid of the minute population which marked with their bites the folds of our once white trousers. The Tagus was not far away, and we betook ourselves there directly with the princess's fleas. The bank of the Tagus on this side is defended by steep rocks difficult of access, and we had some trouble in getting down to the spot where we proposed to carry out the great drowning operation. I started to swim, as carefully as possible, so as to be worthy of so famous and respectable a river as the Tagus, and a few strokes brought me to ruined constructions and shapeless remains of mason-work, which rose a few feet above the level of the river. On the bank, on the same side, stood an old ruined tower with a semicircular arch, where some clothes hung up by washerwomen were briskly drying in the sun. I had reached Florinda's Bath, and the tower beside me was King Rodriguez' Tower.

But night is falling and we have to return to the inn for supper and bed, for we have to see the hospital of Don Pedro Gonzales de Mendoza, the Arms Manufactory, the remains of the Roman amphitheatre, and

many another interesting sight; and we have to leave to-morrow evening. For my own part, I am so tired out by the pointed pavements that I have a great mind to turn upside down and walk a little on my hands, like the clown, to rest my weary feet. Oh, cabs of civilisation! Oh, omnibuses of progress! how pitifully I called upon you! but of what use would you have been in the streets of Toledo?

The Cardinal's Hospital is a vast building of vast and severe proportions. We rapidly traversed the court enclosed by columns and arcades, which has nothing remarkable save two wells with white marble walls. We entered the church and examined the cardinal's tomb, carved in alabaster by that marvellous Berruguete, who lived to be more than eighty years of age, endowing his country with masterpieces of varied style and perfection. The cardinal lies upon his tomb in his pontifical robes. Death has pinched his nose with its skinny fingers, and the final contraction of the muscles seeking to detain the soul about to escape has drawn in the corners of his mouth and thinned his chin. Never was there a death-mask more fearfully truthful, and yet, such is the beauty of the work that the repulsive side of it is forgotten. Little children in attitudes of deso-

lation support the plinth and the cardinal's coat of arms. The softest and most easily worked terra-cotta is not freer and richer; this work is not carved, it is kneaded.

The church also contains two paintings by Domenico Theotokopouli, called *el Greco*, an extravagant and erratic painter scarce known outside of Spain. His curse, as you are aware, was the dread of being considered an imitator of Titian, whose pupil he had been; it led him into the strangest caprices and attempts. One of these paintings, which represents the Holy Family, must have worried poor el Greco, for at the first glance it might be mistaken for a real Titian. The great warmth of the colouring, the brilliant tone of the draperies, the beautiful golden-amber tint, which warms even the coldest colours of the Venetian painter, — all combine to deceive the most practised eye. Only, the touch is less free and rich. The little sense which el Greco had left must have completely vanished in the sombre ocean of madness after he had completed this masterpiece. There are very few painters nowadays capable of going mad in the same way.

The other painting, which represents the Baptism

of Christ, is wholly in el Greco's second manner. Black and white are used to excess; it is full of violent contrasts, of startling tints, of foreshortened attitudes, of folds broken and rumpled at will; but throughout runs a depraved energy, a diseased power, which betray a great painter and a madman of genius. Few paintings have interested me as much as those of el Greco, for his worst always offer something unexpected and impossible which surprises you and makes you dream.

From the Hospital we went to the Arms Manufactory. It is a large, symmetrical building in good taste, founded by Charles III, whose name is met with on every monument of public utility. It is situated close to the Tagus, the water of which is used to temper the blades and also to drive the machinery. The workshops are situated around a great courtyard surrounded with porticos and arcades, like almost every courtyard in Spain. Here the iron is heated, there hammered, further on tempered; in this room are the grinding and polishing stones, in the other the sheaths and hilts are made. We shall not carry this investigation farther, for it would not be of any particular use to our readers, and we will merely say that into

the manufacture of these justly famous blades enter old horse and mule shoes, which are carefully collected for the purpose. To prove to us that Toledo blades still deserve their reputation, we were taken to the testing room. A tall and exceedingly powerful workman took a blade of the most ordinary kind, a straight cavalry rapier, drove it into a pig of lead fixed to the wall and bent the blade in every direction like a riding-whip, so that the hilt almost touched the point. The elastic temper of the steel enabled it to bear this test without breaking. Then the man stood up in front of an anvil, and struck it so clean that the blade cut into it. This feat reminded me of that scene in one of Walter Scott's novels, where Richard Cœur de Lion and King Saladin cut iron bars and down pillows. So the Toledo blades of to-day are as good as those of yore; the secret of the temper has not been lost, but the secret of form. All that these modern works lack is really only that trifle, so despised by progressive people, in order to compare with the old. A modern sword is nothing but an instrument; a sword of the sixteenth century was both a weapon and a gem.

We expected to find in Toledo some old weapons, daggers, poniards, fencing-swords, two-handed swords,

rapiers, and other curiosities which one could hang up as trophies on some wall or sideboard, and for that purpose we had committed to memory the names and private marks of the sixty armourers of Toledo which Jubinal collected; but we had no opportunity of testing our knowledge, for there are no swords to be found in Toledo, any more than you can find leather in Cordova, lace in Malines, oysters at Ostend, or *pâté de foie gras* in Strasbourg. Curiosities are to be found in Paris alone, and if any are met with in foreign countries, they have come from there.

We were also shown the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre and the Naumachia, which look exactly like a ploughed field, as Roman ruins generally do. My imagination is not lively enough to lead me into ecstasies over such problematical nothingness. It is something I leave to antiquarians, and I would rather tell you of the walls of Toledo, which are visible to the naked eye and marvellously picturesque. The masonry unites very happily with the roughness of the ground; it is often very difficult to say where the rock ends and the rampart begins. Each successive civilisation has worked at them. Here a piece of wall is Roman, a door is Gothic, and the battlements

are Moorish. The whole of the portion of the ramparts which stretches from the Cambron Gate to the Visagra Gate (*via sacra*), where the Roman road probably ended, was built by a Gothic king, Wamba. Every stone has its history.

Toledo stands out nobly upon the horizon, seated on its rocky throne with its girdle of towers and its crown of churches. It is impossible to imagine a firmer or sterner profile, richer in colour and more positively preserving the mediæval aspect. I gazed upon it for more than an hour, seeking to satisfy my eyes and to impress deep in my memory the outlines of this admirable view. Night, alas! came on too soon, and we went to bed, for we were to start at one in the morning in order to escape the great heat of the day.

GRANADA

WE had to go through Madrid again to take the Granada stage-coach. We might have caught it at Aranjuez, but in that case we ran the risk of finding every seat taken.

But Madrid was unbearable, and the two days we had to spend in it seemed to us two centuries long, at least. We dreamed of nothing but orange trees, lemon trees, cachuchas, castanets, bodices, and picturesque costumes, for everybody had given us marvellous accounts of Andalusia, with that somewhat boastful emphasis which Spaniards will never get rid of, any more than the French Gascons.

The longed for moment came at last, for everything comes, even the day you desire to see, and we started in a very comfortable coach drawn by a troop of vigorous mules, with coats clipped and shining, which went at a great speed. The coach was lined with nankeen and provided with green blinds and curtains. It appeared to us supremely elegant after

the vile galleys, sillas, volantes, and coaches in which we had been jolted up to this time, and really it would have been a very commodious vehicle but for the lime-kiln temperature, which burned us up in spite of our constantly moving fans and the extreme thinness of our clothing.

The environs of Madrid are desolate, bare, and burned up, although less stony on this side than when coming from Guadarrama; the country, which is uneven rather than hilly, rises and falls monotonously without any other feature than powdery, chalky villages scattered here and there over the general aridity, and which would never be noticed did not the square church-tower attract attention. Spires are scarce in Spain, and the ordinary form of steeples is a four-square tower. At every cross-road gloomy crosses spread out their sinister arms; from time to time ox-carts come along, the driver asleep under his mantle, fierce-looking mounted peasants with muskets at the saddlebow. At midday the heavens are the colour of molten lead; the soil of a powdery gray with sparkles of light, scarcely assumes an azure tint in the farthest distance; there is not a clump of trees, not a shrub, not a drop of water in the bed of the dried-

up torrent, nothing to rest the eye and the mind. The only shelter which can be got from the burning rays of the sun is that of the narrow line of bluish shade projected by the mules. It is true that we were well into mid-July, which is not just the time to enjoy a cool trip through Spain, but we believe that countries should be visited in their most characteristic season, Spain in summer and Russia in winter.

There is nothing worth mentioning until the royal residence at Aranjuez is reached. It is a château built of brick with stone facings, producing a red and white effect, with great slate roofs, pavilions, and vanes, which recall buildings of the days of Henry IV and Louis XIII, or the palace of Fontainebleau and the houses of the Place Royale in Paris. The Tagus, which is crossed by a hanging bridge, maintains the vegetation in a condition of verdure which is greatly admired by the Spaniards, and allows Northern trees to grow vigorously. At Aranjuez are elms, ashes, birches, and aspens, as strange there as here would be Indian figs, or aloes and palms.

We were shown a gallery constructed expressly to enable Godoy, the famous Prince of Peace, to pass from his mansion to the palace. On leaving, the

bull-fight arena is seen on the left. It is of rather a monumental form. While we were changing mules, we hurried to the market-place to buy oranges and eat ices, or rather, snow flavoured with citron, in one of those open-air refreshment-stalls, as common in Spain as wineshops are in France. Instead of drinking glasses of bad wine or nips of brandy, the peasant and herb-seller of the market-place indulge in a *bebida helada* which does not steal away their brains and turn them into brutes. The absence of drunkenness among the country people here makes them much superior to the corresponding class in our so-called civilised countries.

The name Aranjuez, which is derived from *ara Jovis*, indicates clearly enough that the palace was built upon the site of a former temple to Jupiter. We had not time to visit the interior, and we regretted it but little, for all palaces are alike. So are all courtiers. Originality is to be found only among the people, and the rabble alone seems to have preserved the privilege of poetry.

From Aranjuez to Ocaña, the landscape, without being remarkable, is nevertheless more picturesque. Hills of fine appearance, well lighted, diversify the

sides of the road, when the whirlwind of dust in which the coach is galloping, enclosed like a god within its cloud, clears up, blown by some favourable wind, and enables you to see the details. The road, although badly kept, is good enough, thanks to the marvellous climate, in which rain is scarcely known, and the small number of carriages, most of the transportation being done by beasts of burden.

We were to have supper and to sleep at Ocaña while waiting for the royal mail in order to have the advantage of its escort, for we were soon to enter La Mancha, at that time infested by bands of brigands. We stopped at an inn, outwardly good-looking, with a galleried courtyard covered with a superb awning, the cloth of which, either double or single, formed symmetrical patterns through its greater or less transparency. Myrtles, pomegranates and jessamine, planted in pots of red clay, brightened and perfumed this inner court, which was lighted with a dim, soft, mysterious light. The patio is a charming invention. You have more coolness and space than in your room; you can walk or read in it; you can be alone or in company; it is a neutral ground where people meet, and where, without having to submit

to the boredom of formal visits and introductions, you get to know each other and become somewhat intimate; and when, as in Granada or Sevilla, there is the additional pleasure of an artificial fountain, I know nothing more delightful, especially in a country where the thermometer indicates tropical heat.

While waiting for the mail, we indulged in a siesta. That is a habit which one must necessarily acquire in Spain, for the heat from two to five in the afternoon is beyond the conception of a Parisian. The paving-stones are red-hot, like the knockers of the doors, fire seems to rain down from heaven, the grain bursts in the ear, the earth cracks like the enamel of an overheated stove, the crickets sing with greater vivacity than ever, and the little air which is wafted around seems to issue from the brazen mouth of a furnace. The shops are closed, and for all the money in the world you could not induce a tradesman to sell you anything. Dogs and Frenchmen, as the vulgar saying expresses it, are alone to be met with in the streets. The guides, even if you were to present them with Havana cigars or a ticket to the bull-fight, — two things which are particularly attractive to a Spanish guide, — would refuse to take you to

the meanest of monuments. The only thing you can do is to sleep like other people, and you very soon make up your mind to it; for what are you going to do if you are the only waking person in the midst of a sleeping nation?

Our rooms, which were whitewashed, were perfectly clean, the insects which had been described to us as swarming everywhere, had not yet put in an appearance, and our sleep was untroubled by any many-footed nightmare. At five in the afternoon we rose to take a turn before supper. Ocaña is not very rich in monuments, and its chief title to fame is a desperate attack by Spanish troops on a French redoubt. The redoubt was taken, but most of the battalion perished upon the field. The heroes were buried each where he had fallen. Their ranks had been so well kept, in spite of the storm of shot, that they may be traced by the regularity of the graves. Diamante wrote a play entitled "The Hercules of Ocaña," no doubt composed for some athlete of prodigious strength. It came to our mind as we passed through Ocaña.

The harvest was ending at the time when grain with us is just beginning to turn yellow, and the sheaves

were being carried to great threshing-floors of beaten earth; a sort of circus, on which horses and mules separate the grain from the chaff by the stamping of their hoofs. The animals are harnessed to a sort of sledge, on which stands, in a bold, fine attitude, the man charged with directing the operation. It takes a great deal of coolness and firmness to keep upright on this frail machine, which is borne along by three or four horses at top speed. A painter of Leopold Robert's school could make good use of these scenes, so Biblical and primitive in their simplicity. In this place the tanned heads, the sparkling eyes, the madonna-like faces, the characteristic costumes, the blue of the sky, and the splendour of the sun would be as ready to his hand as in Italy. The heavens that night were of a rosy, milky blue; the fields as far as the eye could reach stretched out in one vast surface of pale gold, on which stood out, like islands in an ocean of light, ox-carts disappearing under the sheaves. The chimera of a shadeless picture so eagerly sought for by the Chinese was realised; everything was light and brightness, the deepest shadow was no more than pearly gray.

We were at last served with a decent supper, — at

least, it seemed such to our appetite, — in a low room adorned with small paintings on glass of rather awkward Venetian rococo. We had to wait until half-past two in the afternoon for the arrival of the stage-coach, for it would not have been prudent to start without it. We had besides a special escort of four cavalrymen armed with carbines, pistols and long swords. They were tall fellows with dark faces framed in by huge black whiskers, pointed hats, broad gray belts, velvet breeches, and leather gaiters, who looked more like robbers than constabulary. It was an excellent idea to take them with us, as thus we should not have to meet them.

Twenty soldiers packed into a galley followed the stage-coach. The galley is a springless cart with two or four wheels. An esparto net takes the place of flooring. This concise description will give you an idea of the position of these poor wretches, obliged to stand and hang on to the side of the racks to avoid falling over each other. At a speed of twelve miles an hour, with terrific heat and a vertical sun, you will confess it takes a stock of heroic joviality to consider such a situation comical; and yet these poor soldiers, in ragged uniforms, foodless, with nothing to drink but

the tepid water in their gourds, and jolted about like rats in a trap, laughed and sang all the way. The sobriety and endurance of the Spaniards are marvellous; they are like the Arabs in this respect, it is impossible to carry farther forgetfulness of physical discomfort, — but though they had neither shoes nor bread, they had a guitar.

All this portion of the kingdom of Toledo which we were traversing is dreadfully barren, influenced by its nearness to La Mancha, Don Quixote's country, which is the most desolate, forlorn province in Spain. We soon passed Guardia, an insignificant little place of most wretched aspect.

Puerto Lapiche is composed of a few semi-ruinous hovels perched low upon the slope of a cracked, worn hillside, the ground of which has become friable by dint of being sunburned, and falls away in curiously shaped gaps. It is the very acme of aridity and desolation; everything is the colour of cork or pumice-stone; the fire of heaven seems to have passed over the spot. A gray powder as fine as ground sandstone is dusted over the whole picture. The wretchedness is the more heart-breaking that the brilliancy of an implacable sky brings out all its poverty; the cloudy

melancholy of the North pales by the side of the brilliant wretchedness of warmer countries.

The sight of such miserable hovels fills one with pity for the robbers who are obliged to live by their wits in a country where you cannot raise an egg in a circuit of thirty miles. The stage-coaches and the galley-trains are really an insufficient resource for them, and the brigands who cruise about La Mancha must often be satisfied to sup on a handful of the sweet acorns which Sancho Panza delighted in; for how can you rob people who have no money and no pockets, the furniture of whose houses consists of four walls, and whose sole utensils are a stewpan and a chair? To sack such villages strikes me as one of the gloomiest fancies which can occur to robbers out of work.

A little beyond Puerto Lapiche we entered La Mancha, and saw on the right two or three windmills which claim to have successfully withstood the charge of Don Quixote. At the time we saw them, they were slowly turning their flabby sails under the impulse of a broken-winded breeze. The venta, where we stopped to drain two or three jars of fresh water, also boasts of having lodged the immortal hero of Cervantes' novel.

We were starving when we reached Manzanares at midnight. We had supper about two in the morning, to provide which half the village had to be awakened.

We got back into the coach, we went to sleep, and when we opened our eyes we were near Valdepeñas, a place famous for its wine. The ground and the hills, studded with stones, were of a peculiar red tone, and we could just perceive, on the horizon, the dentelated crests of the hills, which stood out very sharply in spite of the great distance.

Valdepeñas is very commonplace. Its whole reputation is due to its vineyards. Its name, which means stony valley, is quite accurate.

At Santa Cruz we were asked to purchase all sorts of pocket knives — *navajas*. Santa Cruz and Albacete are famous for fancy cutlery. The navajas, made in the most characteristic Arabic and barbaric taste, have open-worked handles through which show red, green, or blue spangles. Coarse inlaid work, but designed with dash, adorns the blade, which is fish-shaped and always very sharp. Most of them have mottoes, such as "*Soy de uno solo*" (I am one man's), or "*Cuando esta vivora pica, no hay remedio en la botica*"

(When this adder stings, there is no antidote in the pharmacy). Sometimes the blade is rayed with three parallel lines inlaid in red, which gives it a most formidable appearance. The size of the navaja varies from three inches to three feet in length. Some majos (peasants of the better class) carry some which, when opened, are as long as a sabre. A spring or a ring to which a turn is given secures the blade in a straight line. The navaja is the favourite weapon of the Spaniards, especially of the country people. They use it with incredible dexterity, wrapping their cloak around their arm by way of buckler. The science of the navaja has its professors like fencing, and navaja-teachers are as numerous in Andalusia as fencing-masters in Paris. Each navaja expert has his secret lunges and his own particular strokes. It is said that adepts can tell by looking at a wound to what artist it is due, just as we can tell a painter by the touch of his brush.

The undulations of the ground now became more marked and more frequent; we were constantly ascending and descending. We were approaching the Sierra Morena, which bounds the kingdom of Andalusia; beyond that line of violet-coloured mountains was the

paradise of our dreams. The stones were already growing into rocks, the hills into terraced groups. Thistles six and seven feet high rose by the roadside like the halberds of invisible soldiers. Although I claim not to be an ass, I am very fond of thistles, a taste which, for the matter of that, I share with butterflies. These surprised me. They were superb plants full of delightful suggestions for ornament. There is no arabesque or scroll work in Gothic architecture which is more cleanly cut or more finely chiselled. From time to time we could see in the neighbouring fields great yellow spots as if sacks of cut straw had been emptied there, but when we drew near the straw rose with a whirl and flew away noisily. They were flights of grasshoppers resting; there must have been millions of them. It made the country smack strangely of Egypt.

Not far from the venta, on the right of the road, were some pillars on which were exposed the heads of criminals, a sight which is always reassuring and proves that one is in a civilised country. The road ascended, zigzagging constantly; we were about to traverse the *Puerto de los perros* (Dogs' Gate). It is a narrow gorge, a break made in the mountain wall by the torrent,

which leaves just room enough for the road which runs by its side. The Dogs' Gate is so called because it is the way through which the defeated Moors left Andalusia, bearing with them the happiness and civilisation of Spain. Spain, which is as close to Africa as Greece to Asia, was never intended for European manners; the genius of the East shows there in every form, and it is perhaps a pity that it did not remain Moorish and Mohammedan.

It is impossible to imagine anything more picturesque and grand than this gate of Andalusia. The gorge is cut in huge rocks of red marble, the gigantic layers of which rise one above another with almost architectural regularity. The enormous blocks, with broad transversal fissures, the marble veins of the mountain, a sort of terrestrial anatomical preparation which enables one to study the structure of the globe, are of a size which makes the mightiest Egyptian granite constructions appear microscopical; in the crevices grow green oaks and huge cork trees, which seem no bigger than tufts of grass on an ordinary wall. As the centre of the gorge is reached, the vegetation becomes denser and forms an impenetrable jungle, through which one occasionally catches a

glimpse of the sparkling waters of the torrent. The slope is so steep on the right side that it has been thought prudent to provide it with a parapet, else a carriage, going always at full speed and difficult to steer on account of the frequent turns, might very well perform a perilous leap of from five to six hundred feet at the least.

It was in the Sierra Morena that the Knight of the Sad Countenance, after the manner of Amadis on Poverty Rock, performed the famous penitence which consisted in turning somersaults, in his shirt, upon the sharpest rocks, and that Sancho Panza, the practical man, who represents common-sense by the side of lofty madness, found Cardeño's portmanteau so well lined with ducats and fine shirts. The remembrance of Don Quixote comes up at every step in Spain, so thoroughly national is Cervantes' work and so completely do his two heroes incarnate the Spanish character: chivalrous enthusiasm and an adventurous spirit united to much practical common-sense and to a sort of jolly, caustic, and clever good-nature.

Once we had crossed the Sierra Morena, the character of the landscape changed completely. It was as if one had suddenly passed from Europe into Africa.

The adders, seeking their holes, left their zigzag tracks upon the fine sand of the road; the aloes began to send up their great thorny swords by the edge of the ditches; their broad, fleshy, thick, ashy-gray leaves at once impart a different physiognomy to the landscape. You feel that you are really elsewhere, that you have left Paris for good. It is not so much the difference in climate, in architecture, and costumes, which makes you aware that you are in a foreign country, as the presence of these great plants of torrid climates which we are accustomed to see in hot-houses only. The laurels, the green oaks, the cork trees, the metallic, varnished-leaved fig-trees have a freedom, a robustness, a wildness, which mark a climate in which nature is stronger than man and can do without him.

At our feet was stretched like a vast panorama the beautiful kingdom of Andalusia. The grandeur of the view recalled the sea. Chains of mountains levelled by distance rolled with undulations of infinite gentleness like long azure billows; broad masses of white mist lay between; here and there brilliant sunbeams tipped with gold a nearer hill, and clothed it with a thousand changing colours; other slopes, curiously

furrowed, resembled the stuffs one sees in old pictures, yellow on one side and blue on the other: and over all a flood of scintillating, splendid light, such as must have filled the terrestrial paradise; light poured over that ocean of mountains like liquid gold and silver; every obstacle it met breaking it up into a phosphorescent, spangled foam. It was grander than the broadest horizons of the Englishman Martin, and a thousand times more beautiful. The infinite in light is far more sublime and wonderful than the infinite in obscurity.

Aloes, more and more African in height, still showed on our right, and on the left a long wreath of flowers of a most brilliant rose sparkling in emerald foliage marked the meanderings of the bed of the dried-up brook. Profiting by a halt at a relay, my comrade hastened to these flowers and brought back a huge bunch of them. They were rose laurels, of incomparable freshness and beauty. After the rose laurels, came, like a melancholy reflection after a bright burst of laughter, gray woods of olive trees, the pale foliage of which recalls the whitish green of northern willows and matches admirably the ashy tint of the ground. This foliage, of sombre, aus-

tere and sweet tone, was very wisely chosen by the ancients, who so skilfully appreciated natural harmonies, as the symbol of peace and wisdom.

It was about four o'clock when we reached Baylen, famous for the disastrous capitulation which bears its name. We were to spend the night there, and while waiting for supper, we walked about the town and its neighbourhood.

I was struck by the strange colour of the church at Baylen, which does not go back much beyond the sixteenth century. Stone and marble, baked by the Spanish sun, instead of blackening, as they do in our damp climate, take on reddish tones of delightful warmth and vigour, turning often saffron and purple, like vine leaves towards the close of autumn. By the side of the church, above a low wall gilded with the warmest tints, a palm tree — the first one which I had ever seen growing in the open ground — proudly spread its leaves against the dark azure of the sky. This unexpected palm tree, a sudden revelation of the East, at the corner of the road had a singular effect upon me; I expected to see, out-lined against the sunset sky, the long necks of camels and the floating white burnouses of an Arab caravan.

The somewhat picturesque ruins of some old fortifications included a tower, in sufficient repair to allow of its being ascended with the help of feet and hands and the projections of the stones. We were recompensed for our trouble by the most magnificent prospect. The town of Baylen, with its tiled roofs, its red churches, and its white houses clustering at the foot of the tower like a flock of goats, formed an admirable foreground; beyond, waves of shadow passed over the golden cornfields, and in the far distance, beyond many a mountain range, shone like a silver streak the distant crest of the Sierra Nevada. The lines of snow, catching the light, sparkled with prismatic flashes, and the sun, like a vast golden wheel of which the disc was the hub, sent out like spokes its flaming rays through a sky filled with all shades from agate to aventurine.

The inn where we were to sleep consisted of a large building containing one room with a chimney-place at each end, a ceiling of beams blackened and varnished by smoke, mangers on either side for the horses, mules, and asses, and for travellers a few small side-rooms, containing a bed formed of three planks laid upon two trestles and covered with one of those pellicles of linen

between which are scattered a few lumps of wool, which innkeepers, with their characteristic, cool effrontery, claim are mattresses. Nevertheless, we snored like Epimenides and the Seven Sleepers rolled into one.

We started very early to avoid the heat, and again beheld the lovely rose laurel, bright as glory and fresh as love, which had delighted us the night before. Soon our road was barred by the muddy, yellow waters of the Guadalquivir. We were ferried across and started on the road to Jaen. On the left we were shown, in a blaze of light, the Torrequebradilla tower, and before long we perceived the quaint outline of Jaen, the capital of the kingdom of that name.

A huge ochre-coloured mountain, tawny as a lion's skin, powdered with light, gilded by the sun, rises abruptly in the centre of the town. The quaint and picturesque lines of massive towers and the long zigzags of fortifications mark its bare sides. The cathedral, a vast mass which from a distance seems larger than the city itself, rises proudly, an artificial mountain by the side of the natural one. The cathedral, which is in the Renaissance style and boasts of possessing the very handkerchief on which Veronica received the im-

print of our Lord's face, was built by the dukes of Medina Cœli. No doubt it is beautiful, but we had thought of it as older and more remarkable.

It was at Jaen that I saw the greatest number of national and picturesque costumes. The men generally wear blue velvet breeches ornamented with silver filigree buttons; *ronda* gaiters adorned with inlets, aiguillettes, and arabesques of darker leather, — the most stylish way of wearing them is to button the top and bottom buttons only, so as to show the leg, — broad yellow or red silk sashes, an embroidered brown cloth jacket, a blue or brown cloak, and a broad-brimmed, pointed hat with velvet and silk tufts complete a costume which resembles the traditional dress of Italian brigands. Others wear what is called a sporting costume made of tanned buckskin and green velvet. A few of the women of the lower classes wear red cloaks which show brightly against the darker background of the crowd. The strange dress, the sunburnt complexions, the flashing eyes, the strong faces, the impassible and calm attitudes of these majos, more numerous than anywhere else, impart to the population of Jaen an aspect more African than European; and the illusion is greatly increased by the heat of the climate,

the dazzling whiteness of the houses (which are white-washed according to Arab fashion), the tawny colour of the ground, and the unchanging blue of the heavens. The Spaniards have a saying about Jaen, "The town is ugly, and the people are wicked;" with which no painter will agree. Here, as with us, most people consider a town is fine when it has streets laid out at right angles, and provided with a sufficient number of lamps and townspeople.

On leaving Jaen we entered a valley which continues as far as the Vega of Granada. At the outset it is arid: barren mountains, crumbling away with dryness, burn you with their white glare like reflecting mirrors; there is no trace of vegetation save a few colourless tufts of fennel. Soon, however, the valley deepens and narrows; springs begin to show; vegetation appears; coolness and shadow are again met with. The Jaen River flows swiftly at the bottom of the valley between the stones and rocks which obstruct it, and bar its way every moment. The road follows it closely in its windings, for in mountainous countries the torrents are still the most successful engineers in tracing a line of road, and the best thing to do is to trust to their guidance.

At one place the valley narrows gradually, and the cliffs close in so as to leave room for the river only. Formerly carriages were obliged to descend into and travel along the bed of the torrent itself, a rather dangerous method on account of the holes and stones, and the depth of the water, which in winter rises a great deal. To remedy this difficulty one of the rocks has been blasted, and a fairly long tunnel cut through it as on a railway. This somewhat important work is only a few years old. Beyond, the valley broadens out again, and the road is no longer obstructed.

There is a break of some miles in my remembrances. Overcome by the heat, which the weather, that was becoming stormy, made absolutely suffocating, I fell asleep. When I awoke again night, which comes so swiftly in Southern climates, had entirely fallen. A furious wind raised whirlwinds of burning dust. That wind must have been a near relative of the African sirocco, and I do not understand why we were not stifled. The shapes of things disappeared in its dusty haze; the sky, usually so splendid on summer nights, looked like the vault of an oven; it was impossible to see two steps ahead. We entered Granada at about two in the morning, and alighted at the Fonda del

Comercio, a so-called French hotel in which there were no sheets, and where we slept in our clothes on the table; but these small troubles did not affect us much. We were in Granada, and in a few hours we should see the Alhambra and the Generalife.

The first thing we did was to have our guide take us to a *casa de pupilos*, that is, a private house which receives boarders; for as we proposed to stay some time in Granada, the inferior fare of the Fonda del Comercio did not suit us.

From the top of our house, which was surmounted by a sort of look-out, we could see, through clumps of trees upon the crest of a hill, standing out sharply against the blue sky, the massive towers of the fortress of the Alhambra, which the sun coloured with tints of the warmest and most intense red. The picture was filled out by two tall cypresses close to each other, whose black tops rose into the azure above the red walls. You never lose sight of these cypresses; whether you climb the snow-striped slopes of Mulhacen, or whether you wander through the Vega or in the Sierra Elvira, you always see them on the horizon, sombre and motionless in the blue or golden vapour which distance casts over the roofs of the city.

GRANADA

Granada is built upon three hills at one end of the Vega. The Vermilion Towers, so called because of their colour (*Torres Bermejas*), and which it is claimed are of Roman or even Phœnician origin, stand on the nearest and lowest of these hills; the Alhambra, which is a city in itself, covers the second and highest hill with its square towers connected by high walls, and vast sub-structures which contain within their limits gardens, groves, houses, and squares. The Albaicin is situated upon the third height, separated from the others by a deep ravine full of vegetation, — cacti, colocynths, pistachios, pomegranates, and rose laurels, and a wealth of flowers, while at the bottom rolls the Darro with a current as swift as an Alpine torrent. The Darro, which is a gold-bearing stream, traverses the town now under the open sky, now under bridges so wide that they should rather be called vaults, and joins, in the Vega, at a short distance from the Alameda, the Genil, which is satisfied with being a silver-bearing stream. The course of the river through the city is called Carrera del Darro, and from the balconies of the houses which line it one enjoys a magnificent prospect. The Darro is constantly eating away its banks, and causes frequent landslides.

The gardens called Carmenes del Darro, of which charming descriptions are met with in Spanish and Moorish poetry, lie on the banks of the Carrera as you go up-stream towards the Avellanos Fountain.

The city is thus divided into four main quarters: Antequeruela, which lies on the slopes of the hill, or rather of the mountain crowned by the Alhambra; the Alhambra and its annex, the Generalife; the Albaicin, formerly a vast fortress, now a ruined, uninhabited quarter; and Granada proper, which stretches in the plain around the Cathedral and the Bibarrambla Place, and which forms a separate quarter.

Such, roughly, is the topographical aspect of Granada, traversed in its greatest breadth by the Darro, surrounded on one side by the Genil which bathes the Alameda or promenade, sheltered by the Sierra Nevada, which one catches sight of at every street-end, and which is brought so close, owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, that it seems as if one could touch it with the hand from the top of balconies and look-outs.

The general appearance of Granada falls short of the idea which one has usually formed of it. In spite of having already suffered many a disappointment, you cannot bring yourself to remember that three or four

hundred years and innumerable commonplace people have passed over the scene of so many romantic and chivalrous actions; you think of a semi-Moorish, semi-Gothic city, in which traceried spires mingle with minarets, and cupolas alternate with terraced roofs; you expect to see carved, ornamented houses, with coats of arms and heroic mottoes; quaint buildings, with stories projecting one above the other, with protruding beams and windows adorned with Persian carpets and blue and white pots, — in a word, an opera scene realised and representing some marvellous prospect of the Middle Ages.

The people you meet, dressed in modern costumes, wearing stovepipe hats and frock coats, unconsciously produce an unpleasant effect and appear more hideous than they are; for they really cannot go about for the greater glory of local colour in *albornoz* of the days of Boabdil, or in iron armour of the times of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic. They insist, like nearly all the townspeople in Spain, that they are not in the least degree picturesque, and they seek to prove that they are civilised by wearing trousers with straps; that is their main idea. They are afraid of being taken for barbarians and of being considered behind the times,

and when the wild beauty of their country is extolled, they humbly apologise for not yet having railroads and steam-driven factories.

Granada, although fallen from its ancient splendour, is bright, gay, animated. The inhabitants have a way of reappearing and simulating in marvellous fashion a numerous population. The carriages are handsomer and more numerous than in Madrid. Andalusian vivacity gives to the streets a life and animation unknown to the serious Castilian walkers, who are as noiseless as their own shadows. This is especially true of the Carrera del Darro, the Zacatin, the Plaza Nueva, the Calle de Gomeres, which leads to the Alhambra, the Theatre Square, the bridges, the Alameda, and the main streets. The rest of the city is traversed in every direction by labyrinthine lanes three or four feet wide, which are impassable to carriages, and accurately recall the Moorish streets of Algiers. The only sound heard there is the hoof of an ass or a mule striking sparks from the shining paving-stones, or the monotonous hum of a guitar strummed in some courtyard. The balconies adorned with blinds, pots of flowers and shrubs, or vines, the fine tendrils of which climb from one window to another, the rose laurels which spread

their dazzling blooms above the garden walls, the strange play of light and shade which recall Decamps' pictures of Turkish villages, the women seated on the thresholds, the half-naked children tumbling around, the asses which come and go covered with plumes and tufts of wool, — impart to these lanes, which are almost always steep and sometimes provided with steps, a peculiar aspect which does not lack charm, and the unexpectedness of which more than compensates for their lack of regularity.

Victor Hugo, in his charming "Orientales," says of Granada that —

"It paints its houses with the richest colours."

The remark is absolutely correct. The houses of even well-to-do people are painted in the quaintest fashion with imitation architectural features, grisaille ornaments, and imitation *bassi-relievi*. It is a wealth of panels, of scrolls, of bays, of flower pots, of volumes, of medallions full of Burgundy roses, of ovals, of acanthi; of plump Cupids bearing all sorts of allegorical utensils, upon apple-green, fawn, or pale-rose backgrounds; in a word, the highest expression of the rococo style. It is difficult at first to believe that these painted façades are genuine dwellings; you cannot help feeling that

you are walking between stage settings. We had already seen at Toledo façades painted in this fashion, but they are far below those of Granada as regards the fancifulness of the ornamentation and the strangeness of the colouring. For my own part, I do not object to this fashion, which is pleasant to the eye and contrasts agreeably with the chalky tone of the whitewashed walls.

We spoke just now of the townspeople who dress in the French fashion, but the country people do not follow Paris modes. They have preserved the pointed hat with velvet brim adorned with silk tufts, or the lower crown shaped somewhat like a turban; the jacket ornamented with embroidery and patches of cloth of all colours on the elbows, facings, and collar, which has a vaguely Turkish look; the red or yellow girdle; the trousers with facings fastened with filigree buttons or pillar-pieces soldered to a hook; the leather gaiters open on the side and showing the leg; and the whole costume is more brilliant, more ornamented, more embroidered, more showy, more laden with spangles and tinsel than in the other provinces. There are also a good many costumes called *vestido de cazador* or sporting-suits, of Cordova leather and blue

or green velvet with aiguillettes. It is very fashionable to carry a cane or white stick forked at the end, four feet long, on which you lean carelessly when you stop to talk. No self-respecting majo would dare to appear in public without his stick. Two bandanas, the ends of which hang from the pockets of the jacket, and a long navaja stuck in the belt, not in front, but in the middle of the back, mark the very ideal of elegance in the popular man of fashion.

I was so taken with the costume that the very first thing I did was to order one. I was introduced to Don Juan Zapata, a man who enjoys a great reputation as a maker of national costumes, and who entertained for dress coats and frock coats a hatred at least equal to my own.

But Señor Zapata felt towards his clothes as Cardillac felt towards his gems; it grieved him a great deal to hand them over to his clients. When he came to try on my costume, he was so dazzled by the brilliancy of the flower-pot which he had embroidered upon the brown cloth in the centre of my back that he gave himself up to mad delight and indulged in the wildest extravagance. Then suddenly the thought of having to leave this masterpiece in my hands cooled his hilarity

and at once turned him gloomy. On pretext of some alterations to be made, he wrapped the jacket up in his bandana, handed it to his apprentice, — for a Spanish tailor would consider himself dishonoured if he carried a bundle himself, — and went off as if the devil were after him, casting on me a fierce and ironical glance. The next day he came back alone, and drawing from a leather purse the money I had paid him, he told me that it pained him too much to part with the jacket, and he preferred to give me back my money. It was only when I insisted upon the fact that this costume would give a high opinion of his talents and gain him a great reputation in Paris that he consented to let it go.

The women have had the good sense not to give up the mantilla, which is the most delightful headgear that can possibly frame in a Spanish face. They go through the streets to the promenade without bonnets, with a red carnation on each temple, with their black lace arranged around their face, and they glide along the walls, using their fans with incomparable grace and skill. A bonnet is a rare thing in Granada. It is true that the more elegant ladies have in some hidden bandbox a yellow or crimson concern which they keep in

reserve for great occasions; but thank Heaven! such occasions are very rare, and the hideous bonnets show in the light of day only on the Queen's feast day or at the ceremonies in the high school. May our fashions never invade the City of the Caliphs, and the terrible threat contained in these two words painted in black at the entrance of a square, "Modista francesca," never be carried out! It is mistaking the meaning of creation to insist upon imposing the same livery on men in all climates; it is one of the innumerable mistakes committed by European civilisation.

The Alameda at Granada is unquestionably one of the pleasantest places in the world. It is called *Paseo del Salon* (the Drawing-room), — a curious name for a walk. Imagine a long avenue of several rows of trees, of a green unique in Spain, closed at each end by a monumental fountain, the basins of which are upheld on the shoulders of aquatic deities curiously formed and delightfully barbaric. These fountains, unlike most such erections, pour out water in broad streams which vanish in fine spray and moist vapour, casting around a delightful coolness. In the side avenues run, enclosed in coloured-pebble beds, brooklets of crystal transparency. A great flower-garden adorned with jets

of water, full of shrubs and flowers, myrtles, rose trees jessamine, all the wealth of the Granada flora, fills up the space between the Salon and the Genil, and extends as far as the bridge constructed by General Sebastiani at the time of the French invasion. The Genil comes from the Sierra Nevada in its marble bed through laurel woods of incomparable beauty. Glass and crystal are too opaque, too thick by comparison to give an idea of the limpidity of the water, which but the night before stretched in silver sheets upon the white slopes of the Sierra Nevada. It is a torrent of molten diamonds.

In the evening between seven and eight, meet at the Salon the fashionable people of Granada. The carriages, usually empty, drive along the road, for Spaniards are very fond of walking, and in spite of their pride deign to take themselves out for a stroll. Nothing is more agreeable than to see coming and going in small groups young women and young girls wearing mantillas, bare-armed, with natural flowers in their hair, satin shoes on their feet, fans in their hands, followed at a short distance by their friends and lovers; for in Spain it is not customary to take a lady's arm. The habit of walking alone gives the women a freedom, an elegance, and an ease of manner which our ladies,

always hanging to some man's arm, lack. This constant separation of men and women, at least in public, smacks already of the East.

A sight which Northern people cannot have any idea of is the Alameda in Granada at sunset. The Sierra Nevada, the crests of which surround the city on that side, is bathed in the loveliest tints. All the scarps, all the summits, struck by the light, turn rose, but a dazzling rose, ideal, fabulous, silvered over, rippled with iris and opaline reflections which would make the purest colours on a painter's palette look muddy: pearly gray tones, ruby gleams, veins of agate and aventurine which would challenge the fairy gems of the "Thousand and One Nights." Valleys, crevices, projections, every spot which the beams of the sun do not reach, turn into a blue which matches the azure of the sky, of ice, of lapis lazuli, of sapphire. The contrast of tone between the light and the shadow has an astonishing effect, — the mountain seems to have wrapped itself in changing, spangled, silver-ribbed silk. Little by little the rich colours die away and melt into violet half-tints, the shadows invade the lower slopes, the light withdraws to the highest summits and the whole plain has long been plunged in darkness when

the silver diadem of the Sierra still sparkles in the clear sky, glowing in the last beam of the setting sun.

People walk up and down a few times more, and then scatter, some to take sherbet and agraz at Don Pedro Hurtado's café, where you get the best ices in Granada, others to go to a tertulia at the houses of their friends or acquaintance. This is the brightest and most animated time in Granada. The open-air shops of the aguadores and ice-cream venders are lighted up with an infinite number of lamps and lanterns. The street lamps and the lamps lighted in front of the statues of the Madonna rival the stars in number and brilliancy, and if it happens to be moonlight, you can easily read the smallest print; the light has turned blue instead of being yellow, and that is all.

We were soon well known in Granada, and led a most delightful life. It is impossible to be welcomed more cordially, frankly, and pleasantly. In five or six days we were quite intimate, and according to Spanish custom we were called by our first names. At Granada I was Don Teofilo, my comrade was Don Eugenio, and we were free to call by their names Carmen, Teresa, Gala, etc., the young ladies and girls in the houses in which we were received as guests. This

familiarity goes very well with the most polished manners and the most respectful attentions. So every evening we went to a tertulia in one house or another from eight to midnight. The tertulias take place in the alabaster-columned patio adorned with its jet of water, the basin of which is surrounded by flower-pots and boxes of shrubs, on the leaves of which the drops of water fall with a pleasant sound. Five or six lamps are hung along the walls, sofas and straw or wicker-work chairs are placed in the galleries, the piano is in one corner, in another are the card-tables.

On entering, each guest greets the master and mistress of the house, who do not fail, after the usual exchange of civilities, to offer you a cup of chocolate which it is proper to refuse, and a cigarette which is occasionally accepted. Having fulfilled this duty, you go to the corner of the patio and join the group which most attracts you. The parents and elders play at *trecillo;* the young fellows talk with the girls, recite the verses they have written during the day, and are scolded and punished for crimes which they may have committed the day before, such as having danced too often with a pretty cousin or cast too bright a glance towards a forbidden balcony. If they have been very good, in

exchange for the rose they have brought, they are given a carnation from the waist or from the hair, and a glance or a slight pressure of the fingers answers their clasp when the company ascends to the balcony to hear the band play the retreat.

Love-making seems to be the only occupation of Granada. You have not spoken more than two or three times to a girl before the whole city declares that you are engaged, and chaffs you about your pretended passion in the most innocent fashion, but nevertheless somewhat disquietingly, as it calls up visions of marriage. Gallantry is more apparent than real, for in spite of languorous glances, burning looks, tender and passionate conversation, sweet demonstrations, and the "darling" prefixed to your name, you must not imagine too readily that you are a lady-killer.

When conversation begins to fail, one of the gentlemen takes down a guitar and begins to sing, striking the strings with his nails and marking the rhythm with the palm of his hand on the body of the instrument, some bright Andalusian song or some comic stanzas, mingled with *ays* and *olas* quaintly modulated, which produce a singular effect. A lady sits down to the piano and plays a piece by Bellini, who seems to be

a favourite composer among the Spaniards, or sings a ballad by Breton de los Herreros, the great ballad-writer of Madrid.

The evening closes with a little improvised dance, but they do not dance, alas, the jota, the fandango, or the bolero, these dances being left to the peasants, the servants, and the gipsies. Instead they have quadrilles and rigadoons, and occasionally waltzes. One evening, however, at our request, two young ladies of the family were kind enough to dance a bolero; but first they insisted on having the windows and also the door of the mansion closed, though these usually remained open, so greatly did they fear to be accused of bad taste and local colour. The Spaniards are generally annoyed when spoken to about cachuchas, castanets, majos, manolas, monks, smugglers, and bull-fights, though at bottom they are really very fond of them as national and characteristic. They ask you, with an air of annoyance, whether you think that they are not as civilised as you, — so far has the deplorable mania for the imitation of the English and the French penetrated everywhere. Spain at the present day is inimical to all colour and poetry. Of course it is to be understood that we are speaking

of the so-called enlightened classes, the people who inhabit the cities.

The dancing over, you take leave of the masters of the house, saying to the lady, "*A los pies de Vd*," to the husband, "*Boso á Vd la mano*," to which they reply, "*Buenas noches*," and "*Beso á Vd la suya*," and on the threshold, as a last farewell, "*Hasta mañana*" (Till to-morrow), which is equivalent to asking you to come again. While quite familiar, the common people themselves, the peasants, and the rascals practise towards each other an exquisite politeness very different from the coarse manners of our rabble. It is true that a knife-thrust may follow on the heels of an offensive word, which makes people very circumspect. It is to be noticed that French politeness, formerly proverbial, departed since swords ceased to be worn; the laws against duelling will end by making us the most ill-mannered people in the world.

On the homeward way you meet under the windows and balconies the young gallants wrapped in their cloaks and busy in *pilar la pamba*, that is, in chatting with their betrothed through the gratings. These nocturnal conversations often last until two and three in the morning, which is not surprising since the

Spaniards spend a portion of the day in sleeping. You may also happen upon a serenade composed of three or four musicians, but usually it is the lover alone, who sings couplets, accompanying himself upon the guitar, with his sombrero pulled down over his eyes and one foot placed on a stone or a post. Formerly two serenades in the same street would not have tolerated each other; the first-comer claimed the right to remain alone and forbade any other guitar than his own to strum in the silence of night. The claim was maintained with the sword or the knife, unless the watch came along; then the two rivals joined in charging the watch, leaving their private quarrel to be settled later. The susceptible character of serenaders has been much softened, and each one can scrape and hum, as the saying is, under the window of his fair in perfect peace and contentment.

If the night happens to be dark, you have to be careful not to step upon some worthy hidalgo rolled up in his cloak, which stands him in the way of house, bed, and garment. On summer nights the granite steps of the Theatre are covered with numbers of fellows who have no other home. Every one has his own step, which is like his apartment, and where one is sure to

find him. Men sleep there under the blue vault of the sky with the stars for night-lights, safe from insects and from the stings of mosquitoes, thanks to the toughness of their tanned skins bronzed by the suns of Andalusia and as dark unquestionably as that of the darkest mulattoes.

We were so passionately fond of the Alhambra that, not satisfied with going there every day, we desired to live there altogether; not in the neighbouring houses, which are rented at very high prices to the English, but within the palace itself; and thanks to the protection of our Granada friends, we were told that, though a formal permission could not be granted to us, our presence there would not be taken notice of. We spent four days and four nights in the place, and they were unquestionably the most delightful days of my life.

To reach the Alhambra, we shall, if you please, cross the Bibarrambla Square, where the valiant Gozul the Moor formerly fought bulls, and the houses of which, with their balconies and look-outs in joiner-work, somewhat resemble chicken-coops. The fish-market is in one corner of the square, the centre of which is an open place surrounded with stone benches

full of money-changers, vendors of alcarrazas (earthen jars), watermelons, linen stuffs, ballads, knives, chaplets and other small wares. The Zacatin, which has preserved its Moorish name, connects Bibarrambla Square with the New Square. In this street, parallel to which run lateral lanes and which is covered with sail-cloth awnings, the whole business of Granada is carried on with much animation and noise. Hatters, tailors, shoemakers, bakers, and cloth-dealers occupy shops which are as yet unacquainted with the refinements of modern luxury and recall the old shops of the Market Place in Paris. At all hours of the day there is a crowd in the Zacatin; now a group of Salamanca students on a journey, playing on the guitar, the tambourine, or castanets and triangles, as they sing songs full of fun and spirit; now a horde of gipsies with their blue dresses with large patterns spangled with stars, their long yellow shawls, their uncombed hair, great amber or coral necklaces around their necks; or else a long line of asses, laden with huge jars and driven by a Vega peasant as tanned as an African.

The Zacatin opens into the Plaza Nueva, one side of which is occupied by the splendid palace of the Chancery, noticeable for its columns, of the Rustic

order, and the severe beauty of its arcades. Having crossed the square, you ascend the Calle de Gomeres, at the end of which you enter within the jurisdiction of the Alhambra, opposite the Granada Gate, called Bîb Alanjar by the Moors, with, on the right, the Vermilion Towers, built, say the learned, on Phœnician sub-structures, and to-day inhabited by basket-makers and potters.

Before going farther we ought to warn our readers — who may think that our description, though scrupulously accurate, falls short of their ideas — that the Alhambra, the fortress-palace of the former Moorish kings, is not in the least like what one imagines. You expect to see terraces rising one above another, minarets with delicate tracery, and perspectives of innumerable pillars. There is nothing of all that in reality. From the outside all you see are great, massive towers the colour of brick or dust, built at various times by Arab princes; inside a succession of halls and galleries decorated with extreme delicacy, but lacking grandeur. Having made this reservation, we shall go on our way.

Having passed through the Granada Gate, you enter the precincts of the fortress and the jurisdiction of a

separate governor. Two roads are cut through a high wood; let us take the left-hand one which leads by the Charles V fountain. It is the steeper, but the shorter and more picturesque. Brooks flow swiftly down pebbly beds and water the trees, which are almost all Northern, and the green foliage of which is most delightful to behold so close to Africa. The murmur of running water mingles with the sharp singing of hundreds of thousands of crickets, whose voice is never silent and which forcibly recalls you, in spite of the coolness of the place, to thoughts of the South and its torrid heat. Water bubbles up everywhere, under the trunks of the trees, through the courses of the old walls. The hotter it is, the more abundant are the springs, for they are fed by the mountain snows. The mingling of water, snow, and heat makes the Granada climate unparalleled in the world. It is a true terrestrial paradise, and without being a Moor, it may be said of us, when we are sunk in deep melancholy, what the Arab proverb says, "He is thinking of Granada."

At the top of the road, which keeps on ascending, you come to the great monumental fountain which forms a buttress and which is dedicated to the memory

of Charles V, with no end of mottoes, arms, figures of Victory, imperial eagles, and medallions, in the rich and dull German-Roman taste. Two scutcheons bearing the arms of the house of Mondejar tell that Don Luis de Mendoza, Marquis of Mondejar, built this monument in honour of the red-bearded Cæsar. The fountain, which is of solid masonry, upholds the slope of the stair which leads to the Gate of Judgment by which the Alhambra proper is entered.

The Gate of Judgment was built by King Yûsuf Abul Hagiag about the year 1348. Its name comes from the custom of the Moslems to administer justice at the gate of their palace, a most majestic fashion which did not allow any one to enter the inner courts; for Royer-Collard's maxim, "Private life should be walled in," was invented centuries ago in the East, the land of the sun, whence all wisdom springs.

The Moorish king's structure might more properly be called a door than a gate, for in reality it is a huge, square door, fairly high, pierced by a great, horse-shoe arch, which acquires a somewhat repelling and cabalistic look from the hieroglyphics of the key and the hand carved on two separate stones. The key is a venerated symbol among the Arabs on account of

a verse of the Koran beginning with these words, "He has opened," and it has a number of hieratical meanings. The hand is intended to ward off the evil eye, like the little coral hands which are worn in Naples in the shape of a charm or a breastpin to protect one against the same danger. There was an old saying that Granada would never be taken until the hand seized the key. To the shame of the prophet be it spoken, the two symbols are still in the same place, and Boabdil el Chico (as he was called on account of his small stature) uttered, outside the walls of conquered Granada that historic sigh, *suspiro del Moro*, which gave its name to one of the cliffs of the Sierra Elvira.

This crenellated, massive tower, glazed with orange and red, against a background of crude sky, with an abyss of vegetation behind it, the city on a precipice, and in the distance long mountain-chains veined with a thousand tints like African porphyry, forms a splendid and majestic entrance to the Arab palace.

Under the gate is installed a guard-room, and poor, ragged soldiers sleep at the same place where the Caliphs, seated on gold-brocaded divans, their black eyes motionless in their marble faces, their fingers lost

in the flow of their silky beards, listened with dreamy and solemn looks to the complaints of the believers. An altar surmounted by an image of the Virgin is placed against the wall as if to sanctify at the very outset this former throne of the worshippers of Mahomet. Having traversed the gate, you enter a vast square called las Aljibes, in the centre of which is a cistern enclosed within a sort of wooden shed covered with esparto, under which you drink for a cuarto huge glasses of water as clear as a diamond, as cold as ice, and of most exquisite taste. The Quebrada, Homenaje, Armeria, and Vela Towers, — the bell in the Vela Tower announces the hour of the distribution of water, — on the stone parapets of which you can lean and admire the marvellous prospect which is unrolled before you, surround the square on three sides; the other is filled up by the palace of Charles V, a vast monument of the time of the Renaissance, which would be admired anywhere else, but which one curses here, for one remembers that it covers an equal extent of the Alhambra, torn down purposely to make room for this huge pile. Yet the Alcala was designed by Alonzo Berruguete, and the trophies, the *bassi-relievi*, and the medallions of the

façade have been carved by a skilful, bold, patient sculptor. Thé circular court with its marble columns, in which were to take place bull-fights, is unquestionably a magnificent piece of architecture, but it is out of place here.

The Alhambra is entered through a corridor in a corner of the palace of Charles V, and after a few turns, one reaches a great court called the Court of Myrtles (*Patio de los Arrayanes*), or the Court of the Reservoir (*Alberca*). On emerging from the dark passage into this bright space filled with light, it seems as if the wand of an enchanter has carried you into the East some four or five centuries ago. Time, which changes everything, has in no wise altered the aspect of the place, and one would not be in the least surprised did the Sultana Binder of Hearts and the Moor Tafi in his white mantle suddenly appear.

In the centre of the court has been dug a vast reservoir three or four feet deep, in the shape of a parallelogram bordered by hedges of myrtle and shrubs, terminating at each end in a sort of gallery with very slender columns which support Moorish arches of great lightness. Basins with jets of water which overflow into the reservoir by marble gutters, are placed

under each gallery and make the decoration symmetrical. On the left are the archives and the room where, amid débris of all kinds, is relegated — to the shame of the people of Granada be it said — the magnificent Alhambra Vase, nearly four feet high, covered with ornaments and inscriptions, a monument of priceless value which would alone be the gem of a museum, and which Spanish carelessness allows to go to ruin in a vile corner. One of the wings which formed the handles was broken recently.

Passages leading to the old mosque, made into a church at the time of the Conquest under the invocation of Saint Mary of the Alhambra, are also on this side. On the right are the dwellings of the keepers, where the heads of some brown Andalusian servants, framed within a narrow Moorish window, produce a very satisfactory effect. At the back, above the ugly roof of round tiles which replaced the cedar beams and gilded tiles of the Arab roof, rises majestically the Comares Tower, the battlements of which stand out golden against the wondrously clear sky. This tower contains the Hall of the Ambassadors, and communicates with the Patio de los Arrayanes by an atrium called *Sala de la Barca* on account of the

shape of the vaulting, which resembles the hull of a boat. This antechamber to the Hall of Ambassadors is worthy of its purpose. The bold arcades, the variety and interlacing of the arabesques, the inscriptions on the walls, the marvellous work of the stucco vaulting, which is as ornamented as the ceiling of a stalactite grotto, painted in blue, green, and red, of which the traces are still visible, form an *ensemble* delightfully quaint and *naïve*.

On either side of the door which leads to the Hall of Ambassadors, in the very jambs of the arcade itself, above the revetment of enamelled tiles — the brilliant coloured triangles of which adorn the lower portion of the walls — are hollowed out, in the shape of small chapels, two niches of white marble carved with wondrous delicacy. The Hall of the Ambassadors, one of the largest in the Alhambra, takes up the whole of the Comares Tower. The larch-wood roof presents the geometric combinations of which Arab architects were so fond. All the pieces are so arranged that the outer and the inner angles form an infinite variety of designs; the walls disappear under a network of ornament so close, so inextricably interlaced that it may best be compared to numerous pieces of

lace placed one on top of another. Gothic architecture, with its lace-work of stone and its rose-window tracery, pales by the side of this. One of the characteristics of the Moorish style is that it has very few salient points and very few profiles. All this ornament extends over flat surfaces and has not much more than four or five inches relief. It is a sort of tapestry worked out on the wall itself. A peculiar characteristic marks it, — the use of writing as a decorative motive. It is true that Arabic writing, with its curves and mystic forms, lends itself admirably to such use. The inscriptions, which are almost always *suras* from the Koran or praises of the different princes who built and decorated the halls, run along the frieze, the lintels of the doors, and round the arches of the windows, mingling with flowers, scrolls, and all the wealth of Arab caligraphy. The inscriptions in the Hall of Ambassadors mean "Glory to God, power and riches to the believers," or sing the praises of Abu Nazar, who, "had he been transported alive into heaven, would have caused the stars and the planets to pale," a hyperbolical statement which seems to us rather too Eastern. Other inscriptions praise Abu Abd' Allah, another sultan who built this part of the

palace. The windows are covered with verses in honour of the clearness of the waters of the reservoir, the coolness of the shade of the shrubs, and the perfume of the flowers which adorn the Mexuar Court, which, as a matter of fact, you catch a glimpse of from the Hall of the Ambassadors through the doors and the columns of the gallery.

The loop-holes, with internal balconies, pierced at a great height from the ground, the timber roof without other decoration than zigzags and interlacings formed by the adjustment of the timbers, impart to the Hall of Ambassadors a more severe aspect than that of the other halls of the palace, and more in harmony with its purpose. From the end window there is a superb view over the Darro ravine.

Having completed this description, we have to destroy another illusion: all this magnificence is neither marble, alabaster, nor stone, but simply plaster. This greatly upsets the idea of fairy luxury which the mere name of the Alhambra awakens in the most commonplace imagination; and yet it is absolutely true. With the exception of the columns, usually cut out of one block and the height of which is scarce more than six or eight feet, and of a few blocks in

the paving of the basins of the fountains and the small niches, there is not a single piece of marble used in the interior of the Alhambra. It is the same with the Generalife. No nation has carried farther than the Arabs the art of moulding, hardening, and carving plaster, which acquired in their hands the hardness of stucco without its unpleasant gloss. Most of these ornaments, therefore, are made in moulds and repeated without much expenditure of labour every time that symmetry calls for it. Nothing could be easier, therefore, than to reproduce accurately a hall in the Alhambra; all that would be necessary would be to take casts of all the motives of ornamentation. Two arcades in the Tribunal Hall that had fallen in were replaced by Granada workmen in a way that leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. If we were a millionaire, one of our fancies would be to have a duplicate of the Court of Lions erected in one of our parks.

From the Hall of Ambassadors is reached, through a comparatively modern passageway, the Tocador, or Queen's dressing-room (Peinador). This is a small building, situated on the top of a tower, from which one enjoys a marvellous panorama. At the entrance

is noticed a slab of white marble pierced with small holes through which rose the smoke of perfumes burned below the floor. On the walls are still to be seen the fantastic frescoes, the work of Bartolome de Ragis, Alonzo Perez, and Juan de la Fuente. Along the frieze, amid groups of Cupids, are interlaced the monograms of Isabella and Philip V. It is difficult to imagine anything more dainty and delightful than this small room with its Moorish columns, its semicircular arches poised above an abyss of azure at the foot of which show the roofs of Granada, while the breeze wafts to it the perfumes of the Generalife, which is like a huge clump of rose-laurel bloom on the brow of the near hill, and the plaintive cry of the peacocks which wander about the dismantled walls. No description, no painting can approach the brilliancy, the luminosity, the vigour of the tones; the most ordinary tints acquire a richness equal to that of precious stones, and in the scale of colours every thing is of the same value. Towards the close of day, when the sun is low, marvellous effects occur. The mountains sparkle like vast heaps of rubies, topazes, and carbuncles; the spaces between are filled with a golden dust, and if, as often occurs

in summer, the peasants are burning straw in the plain, the wisps of smoke which slowly rise heavenward are coloured by the rays of the setting sun with exquisite tints. I am surprised that Spanish painters should have as a general rule painted such dark pictures and have almost exclusively imitated Caravaggio and other sombre masters. The paintings of Decamps and Marilhat, which represent only Asiatic and African scenes, give a far more accurate idea of Spain than all the costly paintings brought back from the Peninsula.

We shall traverse without a stop the Lindaraja Garden, which now is nothing but waste ground strewn with débris, bristling with brambles; and we shall enter for a moment the Sultana's baths which are covered with mosaic patterns, formed of varnished earthen tiles embroidered with a filigree in plaster which would put to shame the most complicated madrepore. A fountain stands in the centre, two alcoves are cut in the wall. Here it was that the Binder of Hearts and Zobeide used to recline on gold-cloth carpets after having enjoyed the luxurious delight of an oriental bath. Some fifteen feet above the ground are still seen the tribunes or balconies where

stood the players and singers. The baths themselves are great white-marble basins cut out of a single block, placed in small vaulted cabinets lighted by round or star-shaped traceried windows.

The English engravings and the numerous drawings of the Court of the Lions give a very incomplete and erroneous idea of it; they are almost all lacking in proportion, and on account of the minuteness rendered necessary by the infinite detail of Arab architecture, they make the monument appear much more important than it really is. The Court of the Lions is ninety-two feet long by fifty-two feet wide, and the galleries which surround it are not more than twenty-two feet high. They are formed of one hundred and twenty-four columns of white marble ranged in symmetrical disorder in groups of four and of three alternately. From these pillars, the highly ornamented capitals of which still bear traces of gilding and colours, spring stilted arches of extreme elegance and peculiar workmanship.

On entering, at the end of the parallelogram stands the Hall of the Tribunal, the vaulting of which contains an artistic work of great rarity and inestimable value in the shape of Arab paintings, the only ones,

perhaps, which have come down to us. One of them represents the Court of the Lions itself, with the fountain easily recognisable, but gilded; some figures, which the state of decay of the painting does not allow one to make out distinctly, seem to be engaged in a joust or an assault at arms. The subject of the other is a sort of divan, at which are assembled the Moorish kings of Granada. Their white burnouses, their olive-coloured faces, their red lips and mysterious black eyes are still easily seen. These paintings, it is claimed, are on prepared leather pasted on cedar panels, and prove that the precept of the Koran which forbids the representation of living beings was not always scrupulously observed by the Moors, even did not the twelve lions of the fountain confirm this statement.

To the left, in the centre of the longer portion of the gallery, stands the Hall of the Two Sisters, which is the companion of the Hall of the Abencerrages. Its name comes from the two huge slabs of white Machael marble, of equal size and exactly alike, which are inserted in the pavement. The vaulting or cupola, which the Spaniards so appropriately term "half orange," is a wonder of work and patience; it is something like the combs of a beehive or the stalactites

of a grotto, or a cluster of soap-bubbles which children blow with a straw. These myriads of diminutive vaults or domelets, three or four feet across, which spring one from another, crossing and breaking their edges, seem rather the product of a fortuitous crystallisation than the work of a human hand. Blue, red, and green still shine in the hollows of the mouldings almost as brilliantly as if they had just been laid on. The walls, like those in the Hall of the Ambassadors, are covered from the dado down with plaster embroidery of incredible delicacy and complexity; the lower portion is covered with glazed tiles, the black, green, and yellow corners of which form a mosaic pattern upon the white background. The centre of the hall, in accordance with the unchanging custom of the Arabs, whose dwellings seem to be nothing but great basins enriched, is occupied by a basin and a jet of water. There are four of these under the portico of the Tribune, an equal number under the entrance portico, another in the hall of the Abencerrages, without counting the Lion Fountain, which, not satisfied with pouring water out of the mouths of its twelve monsters, hurls towards heaven a torrent through the bulb which surmounts it.

The water from all these different fountains is led by gutters hollowed out in the pavement of the halls and the court to the foot of the Lion Fountain, where it empties into a subterranean vent. This is assuredly a dwelling where dust will not trouble one, and the wonder is how such rooms could be inhabited in winter. No doubt the great cedar gates were then closed, the marble pavement covered with thick rugs, and fires of fruit-pippins and scented wood lighted in the braseros; and thus the inhabitants awaited the return of the warm season, which is never long delayed in Granada.

We shall not describe the Hall of the Abencerrages, which is very similar to that of the Two Sisters and has nothing remarkable save its old lozenged wooden gate, which goes back to the time of the Moors. In the Alcazar at Seville there is another in exactly the same style.

The Lion Fountain enjoys, in Arab poetry, a marvellous reputation; there is no praise too great for these superb animals. For my part, I am bound to confess that it would be difficult to find anything less like lions than these works of African fancy. The paws are more like those rough pieces of wood that

are put into the stomachs of cardboard dogs to preserve their equilibrium; the faces, rayed with cross-bars, no doubt intended to figure the moustaches, are exactly like the mouths of hippopotami; the eyes are of such primitive drawing that they recall the shapeless attempts of children: and yet these twelve monsters, if considered not as lions but as chimeras, as caprices of ornamentation, produce, with the basin which they upbear, a picturesque and elegant effect which enables one to understand their reputation and the praise contained in the Arabic inscription, in twenty-four lines of twenty-two syllables, engraved upon the sides of the basin into which falls the water from the upper basin. It was into this fountain that fell the heads of the thirty-six Abencerrages drawn into the trap by the Zegris. The other Abencerrages would all have suffered the same fate but for the devotion of a little page, who hastened, at the risk of his own life, to warn the survivors and prevent their entering the fatal court. At the bottom of the basin are pointed out great red stains, an indelible accusation left by the victims against their cruel executioners. Unfortunately, learned men pretend that the Abencerrages and the Zegris never existed. On this point I

trust wholly to the ballads, the popular traditions, and the novels of Chateaubriand, and I am firmly convinced that the red stains are due to blood, and not to rust.

The Generalife is situated a short distance from the Alhambra upon a hump of the same mountain. It is reached by a sort of hollow road which crosses the los Molinos ravine, bordered with fig trees with enormous shining leaves, green oaks, pistachios, laurels, and rock roses, all growing with incredible richness. The ground on which you walk consists of yellow sand permeated with water and extraordinarily fertile. Nothing is more delightful than this road, which seems to be cut through an American virgin forest, so full of flowers and varied is it, so heavy is the perfume of the aromatic plants. Vines grow out of the cracks of the broken-down walls and hang their fanciful tendrils and their leaves, outlined like Arab ornaments, on every branch. The aloe opens out its fan of azure blades, the orange tree twists its knotty trunk and clings to the bricks of the escarpment. Everything blooms and flowers in a thick disorder full of delightful and unexpected happenings. A stray branch of jessamine mingles its white stars with the

scarlet flowers of the pomegranate, and a cactus on one side of the road is, in spite of its thorns, embraced by a laurel on the other. Nature, left to herself, seems to become coquettish, and to insist on showing how far behind her is even the most exquisite and consummate art.

It is a fifteen minutes walk to the Generalife, which is a sort of country house of the Alhambra. The exterior, like that of all Eastern buildings, is exceedingly plain: high, windowless walls, surmounted by a terrace, with an arcaded gallery, and over all a small modern look-out. Nothing is left of the Generalife but arcades and great arabesque panels, unfortunately overlaid with whitewash, which is renewed with despairingly obstinate cleanliness. Little by little all the delicate grace, the marvellous modelling of this fairy architecture are vanishing, filling up and disappearing. What is now but a faintly vermiculated wall was formerly a piece of lace as delicate as the sheets of ivory which the patient Chinese carve into fans. The whitewasher's brush has destroyed more masterpieces than the scythe of Time, if we may use this mythological and worn-out comparison. In a fairly well preserved hall are to be seen a series of

smoky portraits of the kings of Spain, which have no merit other than that which archæology bestows upon them.

The real charms of the Generalife are its gardens and its water-works. A marble-lined canal runs the whole length of the enclosure, and its full, rapid stream flows under a succession of arcades of foliage formed by colossal clipped yews; orange trees and cypresses are planted on either bank. At the foot of one of these cypresses, which is of monstrous size and which goes back to the time of the Moors, Boabdil's favourite, if the legend is to be believed, proved many a time that bolts and bars are but slight guarantees of the virtue of sultanas. What is quite certain is that the yew tree is very large and very old.

The perspective is closed by a galleried portico with jets of water and marble columns like the Patio de los Arrayanes at the Alhambra. The canal turns, forms a loop, and you enter other enclosures adorned with ponds, on the walls of which are the remains of frescoes of the sixteenth century representing rustic buildings and landscapes. In the centre of one of these ponds blooms, like a vast bouquet, a gigantic rose-laurel of incomparable beauty and brilliancy. When I saw

it, it looked like an explosion of flowers, like a bouquet of vegetable fireworks, a splendid and vigorous mass of noisy freshness, if such a word may be applied to colours which would cause the most brilliant rose to pale. Its lovely flowers bloomed out with all the ardour of desire towards the pure light of heaven; its noble leaves, designed expressly by nature as a crown for gladiators, were laved by the spray of the jets of water and sparkled like emeralds in the sunshine. Nothing has ever given me such a deep sensation of beauty as that rose laurel in the Generalife.

The water is brought to the gardens by a sort of very steep slope with side walls that serve as weirs. Upon it are laid runlets formed of great hollow tiles, down which the brooks rush with the brightest and most lifelike ripple. On every terrace numerous jets spring from the centre of small basins and throw their crystal aigrettes up into the thick foliage of the laurel wood, the branches of which are entwined above them. The mountain streams with water on every hand, a spring wells up at every step, and you constantly hear the near murmur of some brooklet turned from its course to feed a fountain or to bear refreshments to a tree. The Arabs carried the art of

irrigation to a very high degree; their hydraulic works testify to a most advanced stage of civilisation, and it is to these works that Granada owes its position as the paradise of Spain and that it enjoys eternal spring in an African temperature. A branch of the Darro was deflected by the Arabs and brought more than six miles to the hill of the Alhambra.

From the look-out on the Generalife the plan of the Alhambra, with its bold, reddish, half-ruined towers and its walls which ascend and descend, following the outlines of the hill, can be plainly perceived. The palace of Charles V, which is not visible from the city, stands out, a square and robust mass gilded by the sun, against the damask sides of the Sierra Nevada, the white crests of which show in startling outline against the sky. The spire of Santa Maria projects its Christian lines above the Moorish crenellations. A few cypresses grow in the crevices of the walls, their dark foliage confronting one in the midst of all that light and azure like a sad thought in a joyous play. The slopes of the hill towards the Darro and the ravine of los Molinos disappear in an ocean of verdure. It is one of the loveliest prospects that can be imagined. On the other side,

by way of contrast to this fresh beauty, rises a bare, burnt, tawny mountain, spotted with ochre and sienna tones, which is called the Silla del Moro, from the remains of buildings upon its summit. Thence it was that King Boabdil watched the Arab cavaliers tilt in the Vega with the Christian knights. The remembrance of the Moors is still living in Granada. One would think that it was only yesterday that they quitted the city, and if one may judge by what they left behind, it is a great pity that they did so. What southern Spain needs is African, and not European civilisation, for the latter is not in harmony with the heat of the climate and the passions which it inspires.

Monte Sagrado, which contains the miraculously discovered crypts, is not very interesting. It is a convent with a commonplace church, under which the crypts are dug; nor do the crypts make any strong impression. They consist of small, narrow passages seven or eight feet in height. Within niches made for the purpose are placed altars adorned with more devotion than taste. In these niches, behind gratings, are placed the reliquaries and the bones of the holy personages. I looked for a subterranean,

obscure, mysterious, almost terrifying church, with squat pillars and low vaulting, lighted by a dim, distant lamp, — something resembling the ancient catacombs; and I was greatly surprised at the clean, coquettish aspect of this whitewashed crypt lighted by air holes like a cellar; for we rather superficial Catholics need the picturesque to attain to religious feeling. The devotee does not think much of the play of light and shade, the more or less correct proportions of the architecture; he knows that under that somewhat shapeless altar are concealed the bones of a saint who died for the faith he professes: that is enough for him.

The Carthusian convent, emptied of its monks as all Spanish convents now are, is a superb building, and its withdrawal from its original purpose is most regrettable. We have never quite understood what harm could be done by cenobites, cloistered in a voluntary prison and living an austere, prayerful life, especially in a country like Spain, where certainly there is no lack of ground.

The portal of the church is reached by a double staircase. It is ornamented by a statue of Saint Bruno in white marble, which is rather fine. The decoration

of the church is curious. It consists of stucco arabesques absolutely marvellous for the variety and the invention of the motives. It seems as though the architect had intended to repeat in a different style the lightness and complexity of the lace-work in the Alhambra. There is not a place the size of the hand in that vast nave which is not flowered, damascened, foliaged, lined, and enriched. It is enough to drive mad any one who should attempt to make an accurate drawing of it. The choir is covered with precious porphyry and marbles. A few indifferent paintings are hung here and there along the walls, and make you regret the portions they conceal.

The graveyard is near the church. In accordance with Carthusian use, no tomb or cross marks the place where sleep the dead. The cells are ranged around the cemetery, and each has a little garden. In a plot of ground planted with trees, which no doubt served as a walk for the monks, I was shown a sort of a fish-pond with sloping stone margins, on which some dozens of turtles were awkwardly dragging themselves, drinking in the sunshine and quite happy at being henceforth safe from the stewpan. The Carthusian rule forbids the eating of meat, and the turtle is con-

sidered a fish by casuists. These were used to feed the monks; the Revolution saved them.

Since we are busy visiting convents, let us, if you please, enter the monastery of Saint John the Divine. The cloister is most peculiar, and in the very worst of bad taste. The walls, painted in fresco, represent different fine actions in the life of Saint John the Divine, framed in grotesque and fantastic ornaments which surpass the most extravagant and curious deformities of Japanese monsters and Chinese grotesque figures. There are sirens playing on viols, female apes at their toilet, miraculous fishes in impossible waves; flowers that look like birds, and birds that look like flowers; mirrors in the shape of lozenges, china plaques, love-nets, — in a word, an indescribable labyrinth.

The church, which happily belongs to another age, is gilded almost all over. The reredos, supported by columns of the Salomonic order, has a rich and majestic effect.

I saw in this church a striking spectacle, — an old woman crawling on her knees from the gate to the altar. Her arms were stiffly extended like the arms of a cross, her head thrown back, her eyes turned up so

much that only the whites of them were visible, her lips drawn over her teeth, her face of a shining lead-colour; she was in a state of ecstasy carried to the point of catalepsy. Never did Zurbaran paint anything more ascetic and fuller of feverish devotion. She was fulfilling a penance imposed upon her by her confessor, and had eight more days of it.

The convent of San Jeronimo, now transformed into a barracks, contains a Gothic cloister with two stories of arcades of remarkable character and beauty. The capitals of the pillars are ornamented with fantastic foliage and animals of charming invention and exquisite workmanship. The profaned and deserted church has the peculiarity that the architectural ornaments and reliefs are painted in grisaille instead of being real. Gonsalvo de Cordova, called the Great Captain is buried here. His sword was formerly preserved in this place, but recently it was stolen and sold for two or three *douros*, — about the worth of the silver ornaments of the hilt. It is in this way that many things precious and valuable as souvenirs or as works of art have disappeared without greater profit to the thieves than the pleasure of wrong-doing. It seems to me that our revolution might surely have been imi-

tated in something else than its stupid vandalism. This was impressed on me as I visited the former convent of Saint Dominic in Antequeruela. The chapel is decorated with an incredible excess of gewgaws and gilding. Everywhere are twisted pillars, volutes, acanthus leaves, veneering of coloured breccia, glass mosaic, parquetry of mother-of-pearl, crystals, bevelled mirrors, radiant suns, transparencies, — in a word, all that the unsettled taste of the eighteenth century and the dislike of the straight line can inspire in the way of disorderly, deformed, eccentric, and misshapen.

The library, which has been preserved, contains almost exclusively folio and quarto volumes bound in white vellum, the title written in black or red ink. Most of the books are treatises on theology, dissertations on casuistry, and other scholastic works not very interesting to mere men of letters. In the convent has also been brought together a collection of paintings drawn from monasteries closed or destroyed, in which, save for some fine ascetic heads and a few martyrdoms that seem to have been painted by executioners, so remarkable is the knowledge of tortures which they display, there is nothing particularly worthy of note; but it proves that the devastators were experts in paint-

ing, for they knew very well how to keep for themselves whatever was good. The courts and cloisters are admirably cool, and adorned with orange trees and flowers. How wonderfully everything in them conduces to reverie, meditation, and study, and what a pity that the convents were ever inhabited by monks instead of poets! The gardens, left to themselves, have assumed a wild and picturesque aspect, a luxuriant vegetation invades the walks, nature everywhere resumes possession of its rights. It replaces every stone that falls by a clump of grass or a tuft of flowers. The most noticeable thing in the gardens is a walk of huge laurels, which form an arbour, paved with white marble slabs and provided on either side with a long marble bench with inclined back. Jets of water, placed at intervals, maintain coolness under this thick, green vault, from the end of which one has a magnificent prospect in the direction of the Sierra Nevada through a charming Moorish look-out which forms part of the remains of an old Arab palace enclosed within the convent. This look-out communicates, it is said, with the Alhambra, from which it is rather distant, by a long subterranean passage. The belief in such passages is deeply rooted in Granada, where the most insignificant

Moorish ruin is always believed to possess fifteen or eighteen miles of underground passages, and a hidden treasure which is defended by a spell.

We often repaired to Santo Domingo to sit down in the shade of the laurels and bathe in the *piscina*.

This is about all that is worth seeing during a stay of a few weeks in Granada. Museums are few; the theatre is closed during the summer; the bull-fight arena is not regularly used; there are no casinos, no public establishments; French and foreign papers are to be found only at the Lyceum, the members of which have meetings at stated times, when speeches are made, verse is recited or sung, or comedies, composed usually by some young poet belonging to the society, are performed.

Every one is conscientiously occupied in doing nothing; love-making, the smoking of cigarettes, the composing of quadrilles and stanzas, and especially card-playing suffice to fill life pleasantly, and there is no sign of that furious hurry, of the need of moving, of bustling around, which possesses the people of the North. The Spaniards strike me as being very philosophical; they attach but slight importance to material things, and comfort is a matter of profound indifference

to them. The innumerable factitious needs which Northern civilisation has given birth to appear to them puerile and troublesome. Of course, not having to contend with a climate, they do not envy the comforts of the English home. What do they care whether the windows are tight, when they would willingly open them and create a draught if they could only get hold of it? Favoured by a lovely climate, they have reduced living to its simplest expression; their sobriety and moderation give them great liberty, — they have time to live, and we can scarcely say as much. The Spaniards do not understand why one should work first in order to rest afterwards; they prefer to do the opposite thing, and it does appear to me the wiser course. A workman who has earned a few *reales* throws his handsome embroidered jacket over his shoulder, takes his guitar and goes to dance or flirt with the majos of his acquaintance until he has not a penny left; then he goes back to work. An Andalusian can live luxuriously upon three or four pence a day. With that he can have very white bread, a huge slice of watermelon, and a small glass of anisette; his lodging costs him nothing but the trouble of stretching his cloak on the ground under some

portico or the arch of a bridge. Generally Spaniards look upon work as humiliating and unworthy of a free man, a very natural and very reasonable idea in my opinion, since God, when He sought to punish man for his disobedience, found no greater penalty than to compel him to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Pleasures won, as ours, by dint of labour, fatigue, tension of mind and assiduity seem to them far too costly. Like all primitive people close to a state of nature, they have a clearness of judgment which makes them despise conventional enjoyments. To men who have just come from Paris or London, those two whirlpools of devouring activity and feverish, over-excited life, existence at Granada is a strange spectacle: it is all leisure, filled with conversation, walking, music, dancing. The happy calm of the faces, the tranquil dignity of the appearance is surprising; no one has the busy look which passers-by wear on the streets of Paris; every one goes gently along, choosing the shady side, stopping to chat with his friends, and in no hurry to reach his destination. The certainty that they can make no money destroys all ambition. No career is open to young men. The most adventurous go to Manila or Havana or enter

the army, but thanks to the wretched condition of the finances, they remain sometimes for many a year without getting any pay. Convinced of the uselessness of effort, they do not attempt impossible fortunes and spend their time in a delightful idleness which the beauty of the country and the warmth of the climate greatly favour.

I have not had much experience of Spanish pride. There is nothing so deceitful as the reputation which is given to individuals and nations. I found the Spaniards, on the contrary, extremely simple and kindly. Spain is the true country of equality, not in words, perhaps, but in fact. The meanest beggar lights his cigar from the cigar of the nobleman, who allows him to do so without the least affectation of condescension; the marchioness smilingly steps over the bodies of the rascals sleeping across her door, and when travelling she does not object to drinking out of the same glass as the mayoral, the zagal, and the escopetero who are conducting her. Strangers find it very difficult to fall in with these familiar ways, especially the English. Servants are treated with a gentle familiarity far different from our affected politeness, which seems to recall at every word the inferiority of their position. Of

course these remarks, like rules, are subject to numerous exceptions; no doubt there are many active, hard-working Spaniards who enjoy all the refinements of life; but the impression stated is the one which a traveller receives after a stay of some time in the country, — an impression which is often more correct than that of a native observer, who is less sensitive to the novelty of manners.

MALAGA

A PIECE of news well calculated to excite a whole Spanish city had suddenly spread through Granada to the great delight of the dilettanti. The new circus at Malaga was at last finished, after having cost the contractor five million reales, and in order to inaugurate it solemnly by fights worthy of the finest period of the art, the great Montes of Chiclana had been engaged with his quadrille, and was to perform on three successive days, — Montes, the first swordsman in Spain, the brilliant successor of Romero and Pepe Illo. We had already been present at several bull-fights, but we had not been fortunate enough to see Montes, — his political opinions prevented his appearing at Madrid, — and to leave Spain without having seen Montes is just as inexcusably barbarous as to leave Paris without having seen Rachel perform. Although Cordova was next on our itinerary, we could not resist the temptation to make a dash to Malaga, in spite of the bad roads and the short time at our disposal.

There is no stage-coach plying between Granada and Malaga; the only transport consists of galleys or mules. We chose the latter as being surer and quicker, for we were to take to cross-roads at Alpujarras in order to reach Malaga on the very morning of the bull-fight.

Our Granada friends told us of a *cosario* or train-driver called Lanza, a handsome fellow, a very honest man, and most intimate with the bandits. In France this would be a poor recommendation, but it is quite otherwise beyond the Pyrenees. Muleteers and galley drivers are acquainted with the brigands, strike bargains with them, and in consideration of a tax of so much per head on each traveller or so much for a train, according to circumstances, they have a free passage and are not stopped. These bargains are scrupulously kept by both sides. When the leader of the band submits and is amnestied, or for any other reason sells out to some one else the stock in trade and good-will of his business, he takes care to officially introduce to his successor the cosarios who are paying blackmail to him, so that they may not be inadvertently troubled. In this way travellers are assured of not being robbed, and the bandits avoid the risk of an attack and a fight,

which is often dangerous. Everybody benefits by the arrangement.

One night, between Alhama and Velez, our cosario was dozing on the neck of his mule at the tail end of his train, when suddenly shrill cries awakened him. He saw trabucos gleaming by the roadside. There could be no doubt about it, the convoy was attacked. Greatly surprised, he sprang off his mule, threw up with his hand the muzzles of the muskets, and spoke his name. "Oh, forgive us, Señor Lanza," said the brigands, very much ashamed; "we did not recognise you. We are worthy people and incapable of such indelicacy. We have too much honour to take even a single cigar from you."

If you do not happen to be travelling with a man who is known on the road, you must have a numerous escort armed to the teeth; which is expensive and much less safe, for generally the escopeteros are retired brigands.

It is customary in Andalusia, when travelling on horseback and going to a bull-fight, to wear the national costume; so our little caravan was quite picturesque and looked uncommonly well as it left Granada. Joyfully seizing this opportunity of putting

on a fancy dress outside of Carnival time, and of abandoning for a season the French costume, I had donned my majo dress, pointed hat, embroidered jacket, velvet waistcoat with filigree buttons, red silk sash, knee-breeches and gaiters showing the leg. My companion wore his costume of green velvet and Cordova leather. Others wore the montera, a black jacket, and black breeches embroidered in silk of the same colour, with yellow cravat and sash. Lanza was remarkable for the splendour of his silver buttons, which were reale pieces soldered to a hook, and for the flat silk braid of his second jacket which he carried on his shoulder like a hussar's dolman.

The mule which had been given to me was clipped half-way down, which enabled me to study its anatomy as conveniently as if it were skinned. The saddle was composed of two striped blankets folded double so as to diminish as much as possible the asperities of the vertebræ and the slope of the backbone. On either of its sides hung, by way of stirrups, a couple of wooden troughs, looking very much like rat traps. Its headgear was so laden with pompons, tufts, and gewgaws that it was difficult to perceive through the maze the harsh, discontented profile of the ill-tempered

animal. It is when travelling that the Spaniards assume their old characteristics and throw off all imitation of foreign ways. The national character reappears in its entirety in those trains which cross the mountains and which cannot be very different from the caravans that traverse the desert. The roughness of the track, the wild grandeur of the landscape, the picturesque costumes of the arrieros, the quaint harness of the mules, the horses, and the asses walking in a long file, take you thousands of miles away from civilisation. Then travelling becomes a real thing, an action in which you have a part. In a stage-coach you are not a man, you are merely an inert object, and really there is not much difference between your trunk and yourself. You are thrown from one side to the other, that is all; you might just as well remain at home. The pleasure of travelling lies in difficulty, fatigue, and danger even. What pleasure can there be in an excursion when you are always sure to reach the end, to find horses ready, a soft bed, and all the comforts which you can enjoy at home? One of the great drawbacks of modern life is the lack of unexpectedness and of adventures; everything is so well regulated,

so well arranged, so well conducted that the element of chance is eliminated. With another century of improvement, every one of us will be able to see from his birth everything that will happen to him to the day of his death. The human will will be entirely annihilated; there will be no more crime, no more virtue, no more individuality, no more originality. No one will be able to distinguish a Russian from a Spaniard, an Englishman from a Chinaman, a Frenchman from an American. People will not even be able to recognise one another, for everybody will look alike. Then an immense weariness will fall upon the universe, and suicide will decimate the population of the earth, for the chief motive of life, curiosity, will have been extinguished. A journey in Spain is still a perilous and romantic enterprise. You must run risks, be brave, patient, and strong; you have to venture your life at every step; the least inconveniences are privations of all sorts, the lack of things most indispensable to life; the dangerous roads, which are absolutely impracticable for any one else but Andalusian muleteers; the infernal heat; a sun which nearly burns up your brain; and in addition you have to contend with a whole rascally race

of rebels, robbers, innkeepers, whose probity is graduated according to the number of rifles which you have with you; danger surrounds you, follows you, precedes you. You hear whispered around you terrible, mysterious stories. Yesterday the bandits supped in that posada; a caravan has been carried away into the mountains by the brigands to be ransomed; Palillos is in ambush at such a place where you must pass. No doubt there is much exaggeration, yet, incredulous as one may be, you have to believe a little when at every turn of the road you see wooden crosses with inscriptions such as: "*Aqui mataron á un hombre.*" "*Acqui murio de manpairada.*"

We left Granada in the evening and we were to travel all night. Soon the moon rose and its silvery rays fell upon the slopes; the shadows of the rocks grew longer and fell in strange shapes upon the road which we were following, producing singularly poetical effects. We could hear the bells of the asses which had started earlier with our luggage tinkling in the distance, or the *mozo de mulas* singing a love song in the prolonged notes which are always so poetical at night in the mountains.

We soon passed Cacin, where we forded a pretty

torrent a few inches in depth, the clear waters of which shimmered over the sand like the scales of a fish, and rushed like an avalanche of silver spangles down the steep mountain-slope.

Beyond Cacin the road became atrocious. Our mules sank in the loose stones up to the girths, striking sparks every time they put down their feet. We kept ascending and descending, following the edge of precipices, winding along or taking short cuts, for we were in the Alpujarres, inaccessible solitudes, steep, dread mountains, whence the Moors, it is said, were never completely expelled, and where, concealed from all eyes, live to this day some thousands of their descendants.

We were greatly startled at a turn in the road. We saw in the bright moonlight seven tall fellows draped in long mantles in the centre of the road. Our long expected adventure had at last turned up in the most romantic fashion. Unfortunately the bandits saluted us very politely with a respectful "God be with you." They were the very opposite of robbers, being a detachment of constabulary. Oh, what a bitter deception it was for two enthusiastic young travellers who would willingly have paid for

an adventure at the cost of their luggage! We were to sleep in a small town called Alhama, perched like an eyrie on the summit of a cliff. Most picturesque are the sudden turns of the road leading to the Falcon's eyrie, as it winds through the uneven ground. We reached Alhama at about two o'clock in the morning, thirsty, hungry, and tired out. Three or four jars of water quenched our thirst, our hunger was appeased by a tomato omelet which, considering it was in Spain, did not contain too many feathers. A pretty stony mattress, not unlike a bag of walnuts, was stretched on the ground and undertook to rest us. In two minutes I slept — and my companion carefully imitated me — the sleep said to be that of the just. Day found us in the same attitude, as motionless as bars of lead.

The heat was frightful; nevertheless, I bravely threw my jacket on my shoulder and went for a turn through the streets of Alhama. The sky was like molten metal, the paving-stones shone as if they had been waxed and polished, the whitewashed walls sparkled like mica. A pitiless, blinding light penetrated everywhere. Shutters and doors cracked, the ground was creviced, the vine branches were twisted like green

wood in a fire. In addition there was the reflection from the neighbouring rocks, which like burning mirrors sent back the sunbeams more burning yet. To complete my torture, I had on thin-soled shoes, through which the pavement scorched the soles of my feet. There was not a breath of air, not enough to move a bit of down. Nothing gloomier, sadder, and wilder can be imagined. As I wandered at haphazard through the deserted streets, I saw chalky walls pierced with few windows, closed with wooden shutters most African in aspect. I reached the main square, which is quaintly picturesque, without meeting, I will not say a soul, but not even a body. It is spanned by the stone arches of an aqueduct. A plateau cut out of the summit of the mountain forms the face of it; it has no other pavement than the rock itself, which is grooved to prevent slipping. The whole of one side of the square is precipitous and looks down bottomless abysses, where one catches a glimpse of groups of trees and of mills driven by a torrent which looks like soapsuds so fiercely does it froth.

The caravan started again along stretches of most picturesque roads on which mules alone could possibly make their way. I let the bridle lie upon my animal's

neck, thinking it was more capable of taking care of itself, and trusting entirely to it to get through difficult places.

We were travelling through a regular Campo Santo. The crosses in memory of murders became frightfully frequent. In certain places we counted as many as three or four within a hundred yards. It was no longer a road, it was a cemetery. It must be confessed, however, that if we had in France the habit of perpetuating the remembrance of violent deaths by means of crosses, there are certain parts of Paris which could rival the Velez-Malaga road. Several of these sinister monuments bore dates already old; all the same they keep a traveller's imagination on tenter-hooks and make him attentive to the slightest sound. He remains constantly on the watch and is never bored for a moment.

Having passed through the defiles, the crosses became somewhat rarer. We now travelled through a mountain landscape of grand, severe aspect; the summits hidden in vast archipelagoes of vapour; the country entirely deserted; no human dwelling save the reed hut of a brandy seller. The brandy is colourless, and is drunk in long glasses filled

with water which it turns white, as eau de Cologne might do.

The weather was heavy and stormy, and the heat suffocating. A few drops — the only drops which had fallen for four months from that implacable, lapis-lazuli sky — spotted the thirsty ground and made it look like a panther's skin. The rain could not make up its mind to come down, and the sultry vault resumed its changeless serenity. The sky was so constantly blue during my stay in Spain that I find in my note book this remark, "I have seen a white cloud" — as if it were something worthy of note. We Northerners, whose mist-laden skies offer a constant change of form and colour, where the wind builds cloud-mountains, islands, and palaces, which it incessantly destroys to rebuild them elsewhere, cannot have any idea of the deep melancholy caused by an azure as uniform as eternity, which is ever spread over one's head. In a small village that we traversed everybody was out of doors to enjoy the rain, as with us people go in doors in order to keep out of it.

The night had come on without any twilight, almost suddenly, as it does in hot countries, and we could not be very far from Velez-Malaga, the place

where we were to sleep. The slopes of the mountains became less steep and ended in small, pebbly plains traversed by brooks fifteen or twenty yards wide and a foot in depth, edged with giant reeds. Of a truth, the place is wondrously lonely and well adapted for ambush.

It was eleven when we reached Velez-Malaga, where every window shone brightly and which was full of songs and the sound of guitars. Maidens seated on balconies sang couplets which their betrothed accompanied from below. With every stanza came bursts of laughter, shouts, and endless applause. Other groups were dancing the cachucha, the fandango, and the jota at the corners of the streets. The guitars buzzed low like bees, the castanets clattered and clinked; all was joy and music. It would seem as though pleasure were the only serious thing with Spaniards; they give themselves up to it with admirable freedom, ease, and spirit. No nation seems less unhappy, and a stranger really finds it difficult to believe, when he is traversing the Peninsula, that great political events are happening, and to imagine that it is a country desolated and ravaged by ten years of civil war. Our peasants are far from possessing the happy carelessness, the jovial airs, and the elegant costumes of

the Andalusian majos. They are greatly inferior in education. Almost all Spanish peasants can read, and know by heart poetry which they recite or sing without changing the time; they are all thorough horsemen and skilled in handling the knife and the rifle. It is true that the wondrous fertility of the soil and the perfection of the climate save them from that brutalising labour which in less favoured countries reduces man to the condition of a beast of burden or of a machine, and robs him of those gifts of God, strength and beauty.

It was with deep pleasure that I fastened my mule to the wall of the posada. Our supper was most simple. All the maids and all the boys of the inn had gone to the dance, and we had to be satisfied with a simple *gaspacho*. This deserves a special description. Water is poured into a soup tureen, a drop of vinegar is added, with garlic, onions cut into four pieces, slices of cucumber, a few bits of pimento, a pinch of salt. Then slices of bread are allowed to soak in this delectable mixture, which is served cold. With us any decent dog would refuse to put his nose to such a mess, yet it is a favourite dish with the Andalusians, and the prettiest women do not hesitate to swallow in the evening great platefuls of this infernal

soup. The gaspacho is stated to be very refreshing, — an opinion which seems to us somewhat bold; but, strange as it may seem the first time you taste it, you end by getting used to it and even by liking it. By a compensation of Providence we had, to wash down this meagre repast, a great carafe full of excellent dry Malaga wine, which we conscientiously drank to the very last drop, and which restored our strength, exhausted by nine hours' travelling over atrocious roads and in a heat like that of a lime-kiln.

At three o'clock the mule train started again. The sky was cloudy, and a hot mist concealed the horizon. A damp air gave token of the nearness of the sea, which soon showed against the sky like a cold blue streak. A few flecks of foam showed here and there, and the waves rolled on the fine sand in great, regular curves. To our right rose high cliffs. Sometimes the rocks left us free passage, sometimes they barred our path and we had to ride around them. The straight line is not much employed on Spanish roads; obstacles would be so difficult to remove that it is better to turn than to overcome them. The famous saying, *linea recta brevissima*, would be wholly inaccurate here.

As the sun rose it drove away the vapours as if they were smoke. The heavens and the sea resumed their rivalry in blue, in which it may be said that neither is superior. The cliffs began to take on their burnished gold, orange, amethyst, and smoky topaz tints; the sand turned to dust and the water shimmered under the intense light. Far, far away, almost on the horizon, five sail of fishing-boats fluttered in the wind like doves' wings. Here and there showed upon the gentler slopes little houses white as sugar, flat-roofed and with a sort of peristyle formed by an arbour supported at each end by a square pillar, and in the centre by a massive Egyptian-looking pylon. The *aguardiente* shops were becoming numerous; still built of reeds, but better-looking, with whitewashed counters on which were daubed a few red streaks. The road, now following a distinct line, was edged with a border of cacti and aloes, broken here and there by the gardens of houses, in front of which women were mending nets and playing with little naked children, who, as they saw us pass by on our mules, shouted after us, "*Toro! toro!*" Our majo costumes caused us to be mistaken for owners of ganaderias or for toreros of Montes' quadrille.

Chariots dragged by oxen and files of donkeys became more and more numerous. The traffic which is always met with in the neighbourhood of a great city was already evident. From all sides came trains of mules bearing spectators bound for the bull-fight. Aficionados are, as regards their vehement enthusiasm, as far above dilettanti as a bull-fight is above an operatic performance. Nothing can stop them, neither heat nor obstacles, nor the dangers of the trip. Provided they can get there and have a place near the fence, so as to be able to strike with their hand the quarters of the bull, they consider themselves repaid for their fatigue. Where is the tragic or comic author who can boast of proving such an attraction ?

Nothing more picturesque and strange than the environs of Malaga can be imagined: they are almost African. The dazzling whiteness of the houses, the dark blue colour of the sea, the blinding intensity of the light, all combine to produce the same illusion. On either side of the road rise huge aloes, waving their blade-like leaves, gigantic cacti with broad, verdigrised palettes and misshapen trunks twisted hideously like monstrous boas, like the backbone of a stranded cachalot. Here and there the shaft of a palm springs up,

spreading its lovely crown of foliage by the side of a European tree amazed at its neighbour and troubled at seeing the mighty African vegetation growing at its feet.

A slender white tower showed against the blue of the sky. It was the Malaga lighthouse; we had reached our destination.

It was about eight o'clock in the morning, and the town was very busy: sailors coming and going, loading and unloading ships anchored in the harbour, with an animation rarely met with in a Spanish town; women, their heads and busts covered with great scarlet shawls which admirably set off their Moorish faces, were walking swiftly, dragging along a child either naked or clothed merely in a shirt: the men, draped in their cloaks, or their jackets over their shoulders, hastened their steps, and every one was going in the same direction, — that is, to the bull-fight. What most struck me in this motley crowd was six negro galley-slaves dragging a chariot. They were of gigantic stature, with monstrous faces, so savage and so little human, marked with such bestial ferocity, that I was terrified at the sight of them as if I had met six tigers. The sort of linen gown which they wore gave

them a still more diabolical and fantastic appearance. I know not why they had been sent to the galleys, but I should have sent them there for the mere crime of having such faces.

We stopped at the Three Kings Parador, — a comparatively comfortable house, shaded by a beautiful vine the leaves of which clustered on the iron-work of the balcony, and provided with a great room in which the hostess sat in state behind a counter laden with china, quite as if it were a Paris café. A very pretty maid, a delightful specimen of the beautiful women of Malaga, who are famous throughout Spain, showed us to our rooms, and caused us lively anxiety for a moment by telling us that every seat for the bull-fight was sold, and that we should find it very difficult to obtain any. Fortunately our cosario, Lanza, found us a couple of reserved seats, — on the sunny side, it is true, but we did not care for that. We had long since sacrificed our complexion, and one more layer of tan upon our brown and yellow faces would matter little.

The fights were to go on for three successive days. During our first breakfast a number of travelling students came in. There were four of them, and they

resembled more the models of Ribera and Murillo than divinity students, — so ragged, unshod, and filthy were they. They sang comic songs, accompanying themselves on the tambourine, the triangles, and the castanets.

The bull-fight was appointed to begin at five o'clock, but we were advised to go at about one, because the passageways would soon be crowded and we should be unable to reach our stalls, although these were reserved; so we ate our lunch in haste and started for the Plaza de Toros, preceded by our guide Antonio, a tall, thin chap whose bright red sash, pulled exceedingly tight, still further set off his extreme thinness, which he comically attributed to disappointed love. The streets were filled with a crowd that grew denser as we approached the circus. Aguadores, sellers of iced cebada, vendors of paper fans and parasols, cigar sellers, drivers of calesas all combined to make a terrific crowd. A vague rumour hovered over the city like a cloud of noise.

After many twistings and turnings in the narrow, labyrinthine streets, we at last reached the wished-for place, which is in no wise handsome externally. A detachment of soldiers had great difficulty in keeping

back the crowd. Though it was scarcely one o'clock the benches were already filled from top to bottom, and it was only by dint of using our fists and our tongues that we succeeded in reaching our stalls. The Malaga amphitheatre is of a size which really recalls the great amphitheatres of antiquity; it can contain twelve or fifteen thousand spectators and rises to the height of a five-story dwelling. This suggests what the Roman arenas must have been, and the attraction of those terrible games in which men fought against wild beasts before a whole people. No stranger and more gorgeous spectacle can be imagined than these vast benches covered with an impatient crowd, which sought to allay the weariness of waiting by all sorts of jokes of the most piquant originality. Modern dresses were very infrequent, and those who wore them were received with shouts of laughter, roars, and hisses; so the view was greatly improved, for the bright-coloured jackets and sashes, the scarlet shawls of the women, and the green and yellow striped fans saved the crowd from that dull, dark aspect which it always has with us.

There was a fairly large number of women, and I noticed many very pretty ones. A Malaga woman is known by the uniform golden pallor of her complexion,

her cheeks being no more coloured than her brow, by the long oval face, the rich redness of her lips, the delicate outline of her nose, and the brilliancy of her Arab eyes which might easily be supposed painted with henna, so delicate and long are the eyelashes, especially towards the temples. I do not know whether the stiff folds of the red drapery which frames in their faces is the cause of their serious and passionate look, which smacks so much of the East, and which the daintier, more graceful, more coquettish women of Madrid, of Granada, and of Seville do not possess, these being always somewhat preoccupied with the effect they produce. At Malaga I saw most beautiful heads, superb types, which would offer to an artist of talent a series of entirely new and valuable studies.

From our point of view it seems strange that women should be present at a spectacle where a man's life is imperilled at every moment; where blood flows in pools; where wretched, ripped-up horses stumble over their own entrails. One might easily imagine that such women must be bold-eyed vixens, violent in gesture; but it would be a mistake. Never did more Madonna-like faces, more velvety eyes, and more tender smiles bend over an infant Christ. The suc-

cessive phases of the bull's death are attentively followed by pale and charming creatures whom an elegiac poet would be only too glad to have for Elviras; the merit of the strokes is discussed by such pretty lips that one could wish to hear them speak but of love. Because they look with dry eyes upon scenes of carnage which would cause our sensitive Parisian ladies to faint, it would be wrong to infer that they are cruel and lack tenderness; it does not prevent their being good, simple-hearted, and sympathetic; but habit is everything, and the bloody side of a bull-fight which most strikes strangers is what least occupies Spaniards, who pay attention to the skill with which blows are dealt and the cleverness shown by the toreros, who do not run such great risks as one might at first fancy.

It was yet but two o'clock, and the sun poured down a deluge of fire upon the side of the circus upon which we were seated. How we envied the fortunate ones who were enjoying the coolness of the shade cast by the boxes above. After having ridden ninety miles through the mountains, to remain a whole day under the African sun was a pretty fine thing for a poor critic who had, for once, paid for his seat and did not wish to resign it.

The people who occupied the shaded seats chaffed us incessantly. They sent water-sellers to prevent our catching fire; they begged us to light our cigars at the tip of our noses, and they suggested that we might have a little oil in order to complete the stew. We replied as well as we could, and when the shadow, moving with the day, gave up one of them to the rays of the sun, there broke out endless laughter and applause. Thanks to a few jars of water, several dozens of oranges, and a couple of fans constantly kept in motion, we avoided being burned up, and we were not quite cooked or struck with apoplexy when the band sat down in its gallery and the cavalry patrol began to clear the arena, which was full of muchachos and majos, who disappeared, I know not how, into the general throng, although, mathematically speaking, there was not room for another person; but under certain circumstances a crowd is wonderfully elastic.

An immense sigh of satisfaction arose from the fifteen thousand people, whose expectations were at last about to be fulfilled. The members of the ayuntamiento were saluted with frantic applause, and when they entered their box the orchestra began to play national airs, "I who am a Smuggler," and "Riego's

March," which the whole company sang together with clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

We do not intend to describe here the bull-fight; we did so carefully during our stay in Madrid; we shall merely relate the chief events, the remarkable features of this fight during which the same combatants performed for three days running without rest, when twenty-four bulls and ninety-six horses were slain, although no accident happened to the men save the ripping up of a man's arm; a wound in no wise dangerous, which did not prevent his reappearing the following day in the arena.

At five o'clock sharp the gates of the arena were opened, and the company which was to perform marched in procession around the circus. At its head were the three picadores, Antonio Sanchez and José Trigo, both from Seville, and Francesco Briones from Puerto Réal, hand on hip, lance erect, as grave as Roman generals ascending in triumph to the Capitol. The saddles of their horses had the name of the owner of the circus marked with gilded nails. The capadores, or chulos, wearing their three-cornered hats and wrapped in their brilliant mantles, followed. Close behind them were the banderilleros in their

Figaro costume. At the end of the procession, alone and majestic, the two matadores, the swords, Montes de Chiclana and José Parra de Madrid. Montes had with him his faithful quadrille, a most important matter for the security of a bull-fight; for in these times of political dissensions it often happens that Christino toreros will not help Carlist toreros when they are in danger, and vice versa. The procession was closed by the significant team of mules intended to carry off the horses and bulls.

The fight was about to begin. The alguazil, in civilian dress, who was to carry to the attendant the keys of the toril, and who rode very unskilfully a spirited horse, prefaced the tragedy by an amusing farce. He first lost his hat and then his stirrups, his trousers came up to his knees in the most grotesque fashion; and the gate having been maliciously opened for the bull before he had time to withdraw from the arena, his terror made him still more ridiculous through the contortions which he indulged in on his horse. Nevertheless, he was not thrown, to the great disappointment of the rabble. The bull, dazzled by the torrent of light which flooded the arena, did not at first perceive him, and let him go without charging

him. So it was in the midst of an immense Homeric, Olympic burst of laughter that the fight began; but soon silence fell, the bull having ripped up the first picador's horse and thrown the second.

We could look but at Montes, whose name is popular all over Spain, and whose prowess is sung in a thousand marvellous tales. Montes was born at Chiclana, near Cadiz. He is a man of forty to forty-three years of age, somewhat above the average height, serious-looking, of quiet mien, pale, olive complexion, with nothing noticeable about him save the mobility of his eyes, which in his impassible face alone seem endowed with life. He appears supple rather than robust, and owes his success more to his coolness, to his wonderful eye, and to his thorough knowledge of the art, than to his muscular strength. As soon as a bull has stepped into the arena, Montes knows whether it is short or long sighted, whether it is frank or cunning, whether it is light or heavy, whether it will close its eyes as it gores or whether it will keep them open. Thanks to these observations, which are as swift as thought, he is always ready to defend himself. However, as he carries cool rashness to extremes, he has during the course of his career

been gored more than once, for he bears a cicatrice on his cheek, and on more than one occasion he has been carried off dangerously wounded.

He wore that day a costume of apple-green silk embroidered with silver, exceedingly rich and elegant; for Montes is wealthy, and if he still takes part in bull-fights, it is from love of the art and the need of excitement, for his fortune amounts to more than fifty thousand douros, an enormous sum if one bears in mind the cost of the costumes which matadores have to wear, — a complete suit costing from fifteen hundred to two thousand francs, — and the incessant trips which they make from one city to another accompanied by their quadrilles.

Montes is not content, like other espadas, to simply slay the bull when the death signal has been given; he watches the whole arena, directs the combat, goes to the rescue of the imperilled picadores or chulos. More than one torero has owed his life to his intervention. A bull, which was not to be drawn away by the capas agitated before him, was goring the horse which he had overthrown, and was trying to gore the rider, sheltered by the body of his steed. Montes got hold of the fierce beast by the tail and

swung it around two or three times to its intense disgust, amid the frantic applause of the whole company, and thus gave time to pick up the picador. Sometimes he plants himself right in front of the bull, his arms crossed, his eyes fixed upon him. The brute stops suddenly, daunted by the clear glance, sharp and cold as a sword-blade. Then break out indescribable shouts and howls and vociferations, stamping of feet and explosions of *bravos*. Everybody goes crazy, the thousands of spectators, drunk with brandy, sunshine, and blood, become absolutely hysterical; handkerchiefs are waved, hats thrown in the air, and Montes, the one calm individual in the multitude, enjoys silently his deep satisfaction, and bows slightly like a man capable of far greater deeds. We can understand that a man should risk his life every minute for such applause. It is not paying too dear for it. Oh! golden-voiced singers, oh! fairy-footed dancers, actors of all kinds, emperors, poets, who imagine you have excited enthusiasm, you have never heard Montes applauded.

Montes' fashion of slaying is remarkable for its accuracy and for the certainty and felicity of his stroke. In his case all thought of danger vanishes;

he is so cool, so thoroughly master of himself, he seems so certain of success that the fight appears to be but a pastime. Even the excitement itself is somewhat diminished; it is impossible to fear for his life; he will strike the bull when he pleases, where he pleases, and how he pleases. The chances of such a duel are too unequal. The least skilful matador sometimes produces a greater effect through the risks and chances which he takes. This no doubt may strike some as very refined barbarity, but dilettanti, or those who have seen bull-fights and have become excited over a bold, brave bull, will easily understand us. An episode which occurred on the last day of the fight will prove the truth of our assertion, and to what a degree the Spanish carry impartiality towards man and beast.

A superb black bull had just been let into the arena. From the abrupt way in which it emerged from the toril the connoisseurs formed the very highest opinion of its bravery. It united all the points of a fighting bull: its horns were long and sharp, the points well turned; its limbs, clean, fine, and muscular, promised great speed; its heavy dewlap and thin, strong flanks gave proof of mighty strength.

In the herd it was known as Napoleon, that being the only name which answered to its unquestioned superiority. Without the least hesitation it charged the picador posted near the gates, threw him down with his horse, which was killed on the spot, and charged the second who was no luckier, and whom there was scarcely time to pass over the fence, bruised and crushed by his fall. In less than fifteen minutes seven horses were lying on the sand.

The chulos waved their coloured capas, but from a distance, and did not go very far from the palisades, springing on the other side of them as soon as Napoleon even looked as if he would move in their direction. Montes himself appeared somewhat agitated, and once even he put his foot on the ledge of the fence ready to spring over in case of alarm and of too rapid pursuit, a thing which he had not done on the preceding days. The spectators' delight was expressed by noisy acclaims, and the most flattering compliments were showered upon the bull from all sides. A further proof of the animal's prowess carried enthusiasm to the highest degree of exasperation. A picador's understudy — for the two chief men were *hors de combat* — was waiting, lance in rest, the charge

of the terrible Napoleon, which, heedless of the wound in the shoulder, caught the horse under the belly, with one jerk made him fall on his fore legs upon the edge of the fence, and with a second, raising his hind quarters, sent him with his master flying on the other side of the barrier in the flagged passageway which runs around the arena.

This feat was welcomed with thunders of applause. The bull was master of the arena, which he traversed like a conqueror, amusing himself for lack of adversaries in turning over and tossing the body of the horse which he had ripped up. The stock of victims was exhausted, there were no more horses left in the circus stable to give to the picadors; the banderilleros were astride of the fence, afraid to go down to worry with their darts that terrible gladiator, whose fury unquestionably did not need to be excited. The spectators, irritated at the wait, shouted for the banderillas, and to throw into the fire the alcalde because he did not give the order. At last, at a sign from the Governor of the city, a banderillero left the group and planted two darts in the neck of the maddened beast, fleeing as fast as he could, but not quite fast enough, for the horn touched his arm and ripped

up his sleeve. Then, in spite of the howls and shouts of the people, the alcalde gave the death signal, and signed Montes to take his muleta and sword, in spite of all the rules of the bull-fight which insist that a bull shall have received at least four pairs of banderillas before it is given up to the sword of the matador.

Montes, instead of proceeding as usual to the centre of the ring, stood some twenty steps from the fence for safety in case of misfortune. He was very pale, and without indulging in any tricks and coquetries of courage, he unfolded his scarlet muleta and called upon the bull, which did not need to be asked twice. Montes performed three or four passes with the muleta, holding his sword horizontally at the height of the beast's eyes, which suddenly fell as if struck by lightning, and expired after a convulsive bound. The sword had entered his brow and struck the brain, a stroke which is forbidden by the laws of tauromachy; for the matador is bound to pass his sword between the horns of the animal and to strike it between the shoulders, which increases the danger for the man and gives a slight chance to his adversary.

When the stroke was understood, for it had been

delivered with the quickness of thought, a shout of indignation arose from all parts of the circus; a storm of insults and hisses broke with incredible tumult and noise. "Butcher! assassin! brigand! thief! galley slave! executioner!" were the mildest of the expressions used. "To Ceuta with Montes!" "Burn him alive!" "Set the dogs on him!" "Death to the alcalde!" sounded from all the seats. Never have I seen such fury, and I confess with a blush that I shared it. Presently shouts were insufficient, and the poor devil was assaulted with fans, hats, sticks, jars full of water, and pieces of the benches which the spectators tore up. There was still another bull to be slain, but its death passed unperceived in the midst of this horrible bacchanal, and it was José Parra the second espada, who slew it with a clever stroke. As for Montes, he was livid, green with rage. He bit his lips to the blood, although he attempted to appear very calm and leaned with affected grace upon the hilt of his sword, the ensanguined point of which he had wiped in the sand, against all rule. How slight is one's hold on popularity! No one could have imagined the day before, and the day before that, that so consummate an artist, one so thoroughly

master of his public as Montes, could be so rigorously punished for a breach of the rules, no doubt committed through imperious necessity in view of the extraordinary agility, vigour, and power of the animal. The fight over, he got into a calesa, followed by his quadrille, swearing that never again would he set foot in Malaga. I know not whether he kept his word and remembered longer the insults of the last day than the triumphs of the preceding two. I now think that the public of Malaga was unjust towards the great Montes de Chiclana, every one of whose strokes had been superb and who had given proof on dangerous occasions of cool heroism and admirable skill, so that the people, delighted, had presented him with all the bulls which he had slain, and had allowed him to cut off their ears as a mark of ownership, so that they could be claimed neither by the Hospital nor by the contractor.

Dazed, intoxicated, filled with violent emotions, we returned to our parador, hearing as we went along the streets nothing but praise for the bull and curses against Montes. That very evening, in spite of fatigue, I went to the theatre, wishing to pass without transition from the bloody realism of the circus to

the intellectual emotion of the stage. The contrast was striking. In the one place a crowd and noise, in the other loneliness and silence. The theatre was almost deserted, and a few scattered spectators sat here and there upon the empty benches; and yet the play was "The Lovers of Teruel," a drama by Eugenio Hartzenbusch, one of the most remarkable works of the modern Spanish school, written in prose and in verse. As far as a stranger can judge of the style of a language which he can never thoroughly know, the verse of Hartzenbusch appears to me superior to his prose. His dialogue in prose seems to me imitated from the modern French melodramas and is marked by heaviness and pomp. With all its defects of "The Lovers of Teruel" is a literary work much superior to the adapted and misadapted translations of our boulevard plays which at present are met with in every theatre in Spain. A comic saynète followed the serious play. The saynètes resemble our vaudevilles, but the plot is less complex, and they often consist merely of a few detached scenes like the *intermezzo* of an Italian comedy.

The performance was closed by a national dance, performed by two couples of dancers in fairly satis-

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Gobelman Gravure

factory fashion. The Spanish dancers, although they have not the finish, the accuracy, the style of French dancers, are greatly superior, I think, in grace and charm. They look like women who dance, and not like dancers, which is a very different thing. Their method has no relation whatever to that of the French school. In the latter, immobility and uprightness of the bust are expressly recommended, and the body scarcely ever shares the motion of the legs; in Spain the feet rarely leave the ground; it is the body that dances, the back that curves, the hips that yield, the waist that is twisted with the suppleness of an *almeh* or an adder. In some of the poses the shoulders of the dancer almost touch the ground, the arms, limp and dead, are as flexible and soft as an untied scarf, the hands seem scarcely able to clap the ivory castanets with their golden tressed cord; and yet in another moment bounds like those of a young jaguar follow the voluptuous languor, and prove that the bodies, soft as silk, are provided with muscles of steel. The Moorish almehs still cling to this method. Their dance consists of harmoniously lascivious undulations of the torso, the hips, and the back, the arms being thrown back over the head.

Arab traditions have been preserved in the Spanish national steps, especially in Andalusia.

The Spanish male dancers, although mediocre, have a bold, cavalier, gallant air which I greatly prefer to the tasteless and equivocal graces of ours. They appear to think neither of themselves nor of the public; their every glance, their every smile is addressed to their partner, with whom they always seem to be passionately in love, and whom they are prepared to defend against all comers. They possess a sort of fierce grace and insolent pose which is quite peculiar to them. If they were to wipe off their rouge, they would make excellent banderilleros, and could spring from the stage into the arena.

The *Malagueña*, the Malaga national dance, is charmingly poetic. The cavalier first appears, his sombrero pulled down over his eyes, wrapped in his scarlet cloak like a hidalgo in search of adventures. The lady enters draped in her mantilla, fan in hand, with the airs of a woman who is going for a turn on the Alameda. The cavalier tries to see the face of the mysterious siren; the coquette handles her fan so well, opens and shuts it so exactly at the right time, turns it so promptly up to her pretty face, that the disappointed

gallant withdraws somewhat and bethinks himself of another stratagem. He begins clinking his castanets under his cloak. At the sound the lady listens, smiles, her bosom heaves, she beats time with the tip of her little satin shoe; in spite of herself she throws away her fan and her mantilla and appears in brilliant dancing-dress, sparkling with spangles and ornaments, a rose in her hair, a great tortoise-shell comb at the back of her head. The gallant throws off his mask and his cloak, and the two perform a dance delightfully novel.

As I came back by the seaside, which reflected on its burnished steel surface the pale orb of the moon, I thought of the striking contrast between the crowd at the circus and the solitude at the theatre, of the eagerness of the multitude for brutal facts and its indifference to the works of the intellect. As a poet, I again envied the gladiator; I regretted to have given up action for reverie. The night before in the same theatre had been given a play by Lope de Vega, which had not attracted more people than the work of the young writer; so both the genius of the past and the talent of the present age are not considered equal to one sword-stroke of Montes!

The other theatres in Spain are not better attended than that at Malaga, not even the del Principe at Madrid, where nevertheless there is a very great actor, Julian Romero, and an excellent actress, Matilda Diez. The old Spanish dramatic vein seems to have been exhausted forever, and yet never did a fuller stream flow in so broad a bed, never was there such prodigious, inexhaustible fertility. Our most facile writers of vaudevilles are yet a long way from Lope de Vega, who had no co-workers, and whose works are so numerous that the exact number is unknown and that there is scarcely a complete edition of them. Calderon de la Barca, apart from his unrivalled comedies *de capa y espada* (dramas of cloak and sword), wrote innumerable *autos sacramentales*, a sort of Catholic Mysteries, in which strange depth of thought and singularity of conception are joined to enchanting poetry and to the most flowery elegance. It would take folio catalogues to enumerate merely the titles of the works of Lope de Rueda, Montalban, Guevara, Quevedo, Tirso, Rojas, Moreto, Guillen de Castro, Diamante, and many others. It is impossible to realise how many plays were written for Spain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; it would be as easy to count

the leaves in the forest and the sand on the seashore. Most of these plays are written in octosyllabic verse mingled with assonances, and printed in two columns on cheap quarto paper, with a coarse engraving by way of frontispiece. They form pamphlets of six or eight leaves. The booksellers' shops are full of them; thousands are seen suspended pell-mell amid the ballads and the versified legends sold at the open-air bookstalls. The epigram addressed to a too fertile Roman poet, who was burned after his death on a pyre formed of his own works, might without exaggeration be applied to most Spanish dramatists. They have a fertility of invention, a way of crowding in events and complicating the plot, which it is impossible to give any idea of. Spaniards invented the drama, long before Shakespeare; their theatre is Romanticist in the fullest sense of the word. Apart from some puerile exhibitions of erudition, their plays owe nothing either to the Greeks or the Latins, and, as Lope de Vega says in his "New Art of Writing Plays," "I lock up the rules with seven keys."

Spanish dramatists do not appear to have troubled much about depicting character, although in every scene one comes upon piquant and delicate observations.

Man is not studied philosophically, and one does not often meet in their dramas with those individual figures so frequent in the work of the great English dramatist, which are copied from life, which help on the action but indirectly, and whose sole purpose is to represent one side of the human soul, an original personality, or else to reflect the poet's thought. With the Spaniards the author rarely shows his personality except at the end of the drama, when he begs the spectator to pardon his faults.

The principal motive in Spanish plays is the point of honour, which is to the Spanish play what Fate is to the Greek tragedy. Its inflexible laws, its cruel consequences, easily give rise to dramatic scenes of the highest interest. *El pundonor*, a sort of chivalric religion, with its code of laws, its statutes, its refinement, is far superior to the *ηάγάκν*, to the Fate of antiquity, whose blindly dealt strokes fall at haphazard upon both the guilty and the innocent. One often rebels, when reading the Greek dramatists, at the situation of the hero, who is equally criminal whether he acts or does not act. The Castilian point of honour is always perfectly logical and in agreement with itself. Besides, it is only the exaggeration of all human virtues carried to

the highest degree of susceptibility; the hero always preserves a noble, solemn attitude, even in the midst of his most horrible outbursts of anger and in his most atrocious vengeance. It is always in the name of loyalty, of conjugal faith, of respect for ancestors, of the integrity of his name, that he draws from its sheath his great sword with the iron shell-guard, even against those whom he loves with all his soul and whom an imperious necessity compels him to slay. The interest in most of the plays of the old Spanish drama, the touch of sympathetic interest so keenly felt by the spectators, who, under similar circumstances would have acted exactly as the characters in the play, springs from the struggle between passions and the point of honour. With so fruitful a motive, one so deeply rooted in the manners of the time, the prodigious fertility of the old dramatists of the Peninsula is easily understood. Another no less abundant source of interest lies in virtuous actions, in chivalrous devotion, in sublime renunciation, in unchanging fidelity, in superhuman passion, in ideal refinement, which resist the best-laid plots and the most complicated ambushes. In this case the poet seems to intend to exhibit to the spectators a complete model of human perfection. All

the qualities he can think of he bestows upon his prince or his princess; he makes them more anxious to preserve their purity than is even the white ermine, which would rather die than stain its snowy fur.

A deep Catholic and feudal feeling breathes through all this drama, which is absolutely national in its origin, in its matter, and in its form. The division into three days adopted by Spanish authors is unquestionably the most reasonable and logical. The exposition, the knot, and the termination, — such is the natural distribution of every well understood dramatic action, and we should be wise to adopt it in place of the old division into five acts, two of which are so often useless, the second and the fourth. It should not, however, be supposed that the old Spanish plays were nothing if not sublime. The grotesque, that indispensable element of mediæval art, is introduced into it in the person of the *gracioso*, of the *bobo* (clown), who enlivens the serious situation or action by more or less *risqué* jokes and pleasantries, and produces by the side of the hero the same effect as those deformed dwarfs with variegated jackets, playing with greyhounds taller than themselves, which are represented by the side of the king or prince in the old portraits in the galleries.

Moratin, the author of the "Si de las Ninos," and "el Cofe," whose tomb is in the Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris, is the last representative of the Spanish dramatic art, as the old painter Goya, who died at Bordeaux in 1828, was the last descendant of the great Velasquez.

Nowadays Spanish theatres give little else than translations of French melodramas and vaudevilles. At Jaen, in the heart of Andalusia, they were playing "The Bell-ringer of Saint Paul's"; at Cadiz, within two steps of Africa, "The Street Boy of Paris." The saynètes, once so gay, so original, of such marked local savour, are now only imitations borrowed from the repertory of the Théâtres des Variétés. Leaving out Martinez de la Rosa and Antonio Gil y Zarate, who already belong to a less recent period, Spain counts, nevertheless, a number of young men of talent and promise; but popular attention in Spain as in France is drawn in another direction through the seriousness of events. Hartzenbusch, the author of "The Lovers of Teruel"; Castro y Orozo, the author of "Frey Luis de Léon, or the Age and the World"; Zorillo, whose drama, "El Rey y el Zapatero," was so successful; Breton de los Herreros, the Duke of Rivas,

Larra, who killed himself for love; Espronceda, whose death has but recently been announced, and who put into his work a force and passionate energy sometimes worthy of his model, Byron, are — alas! of the latter two we must say were — writers full of merit, ingenious, elegant, facile poets, who might be placed side by side with the old masters if they did not lack what we all lack, — certainty, a firm starting-point, a stock of ideas shared with the public. The point of honour and the heroism of the old plays is no longer understood or seems ridiculous, and modern beliefs are not yet sufficiently formulated for poets to express them. So we must not blame overmuch the crowd which in the meantime invades the circuses and seeks emotions where they are to be found. It is not the people's fault, after all, if the theatres are not more attractive; it is so much the worse for the poets, if they let the gladiators conquer them.

On the whole it is better for the mind and the heart to see bold men slay a wild beast in the face of heaven than to hear an actor without talent singing an obscene vaudeville or chattering wretched literature behind smoky footlights.

TRAVELS IN SPAIN

CORDOVA

UP to this time we had made acquaintance with two-wheeled galleys only; we were now to learn something of the four-wheeled galley. One of these pleasant vehicles, filled already with a Spanish family, was about to start for Cordova. We completed the load. Imagine a fairly low cart provided with open-work side-straps, and having for flooring an esparto net in which are heaped up trunks and packages without much care for the projecting and re-entering angles. On top are thrown two or three mattresses, or, to speak more accurately, linen sacks in which have been inserted a few lumps of uncarded wool; upon these mattresses, stretched transversely, the poor travellers, in an attitude — may we be forgiven the dreadful comparison! — very like that of calves carried to market. Their feet are not bound, but their position is scarce improved. The cart, covered by a stout awning over hoops, is driven by a mayoral and drawn by four mules.

The family with which we were travelling was that of an engineer, fairly well instructed and speaking French easily. It was accompanied by a tall rascal of uncouth mien, who had formerly been a brigand in José Maria's band, and now was a mine inspector. He followed the galley on horseback, knife in belt, carbine on holster. The engineer seemed to think a great deal of him, and praised his probity as if his former profession inspired him with no uneasiness on the subject. It is true that when speaking of José Maria he repeatedly said of him that he was a worthy, honest man. This opinion, which would appear to us slightly paradoxical as applied to a highwayman, is shared in Andalusia by the most honourable people. Spain has remained African in this respect, and bandits are easily accepted as heroes, — a curious connection less strange than seems at first sight, especially in France; because where the imagination of the people is so highly impressionable, contempt for death, boldness, coolness, prompt and audacious decision, skill and strength, the sort of grandeur which attaches to a man in revolt against society, — are not all those qualities, which act so powerfully on minds little civilised, the very traits which form great characters;

and are the people so very wrong to admire these energetic natures, although the use to which they turn them is worthy of condemnation?

The road along which we were travelling climbed up and down, in rather abrupt fashion, a district intersected by hills and narrow valleys, the bottom of which formed dry river-beds full of huge stones, which jolted us atrociously and drew sharp cries from the women and children. On the way we noticed some remarkably poetic and richly coloured sunset effects. The distant mountains turned purple and violet, with a golden haze of extraordinary warmth and intensity over all. The complete absence of vegetation gave to the landscape, composed solely of soil and sky, an appearance of grand nudity and fierce barrenness, the equivalent of which is nowhere else to be met with, and which painters have never succeeded in reproducing.

We halted for a few hours at nightfall in a little hamlet of three or four houses, to rest the mules and to take some nourishment. At about one in the morning we started again, and in spite of the extraordinary jolts and the children of the mining engineer, who rolled over us, and the way our heads were bumped

against the sides, we were not long in going to sleep. When the sun awakened us, we were near Caratraca, an insignificant village which was not marked on the map and is known only for its sulphur springs, which are very efficacious in skin diseases; they attract to this lonesome place a suspicious-looking lot of people with whom it would be unhealthy to come in contact. These people gamble frightfully, and although it was yet very early, the cards and the gold-pieces were already flying over the table. It was hideous to see these earthy, greenish-faced patients made more hideous still by rapacity, and the convulsive fingers slowly put out to seize their prey.

The houses of Caratraca, like those of every Andalusian village, are whitewashed, which with the bright-coloured tiles and the leaves of the vines and shrubs which surround them, gives them an air of comfort and ease very different from the opinion which most people in Europe have of Spanish filthiness, an opinion which is widespread but which can have arisen only through some wretched hamlets in Castile, of which we have more than the equivalent in Brittany and Sologne. In the courtyard my glances were attracted by coarse frescoes representing in most primi-

tive fashion scenes from bull-fights. Around the paintings were stanzas in honour of Paquirro Montes and his quadrille.

After we had had our siesta, the mules were harnessed to the galley, each one of us resumed his place upon the mattress, the escopetero climbed on his little mountain-horse, the mayoral collected pebbles to throw at his animals, and we started again. The country we were traversing was wild without being picturesque: bare, rough hills, stony torrent-beds like cicatrices cut in the ground by the devastating winter rains, woods of olive trees, the pale foliage of which, covered with dust, suggested no idea of verdure or coolness; here and there on the gullied banks of chalk or tufa ravines, a clump of fennel turned white by the heat; on the dusty road the tracks of serpents and vipers; over all a sky as hot as an oven, not a breath of air, not a puff of wind, — the gray sand thrown up by the hoofs of the mules fell dead. A sun fit to heat iron white-hot beat down upon the awning of our galley, inside of which we were ripening like melons under glass. From time to time we alighted and walked for some distance, keeping within the shadow of the horse or the cart, and climbed back

with unstiffened legs into our place, stumbling over the children and the mother, for we could only reach our corner by crawling on all-fours under the low arch of the galley hoops.

By dint of crossing ravines and quagmires and cutting across fields to shorten the way, we managed to lose the road. Our mayoral, in hopes of coming across it, went on as if he were quite sure of where he was going; for cosarios and guides will never confess that they are lost until the very last moment, when they have taken you fifteen or eighteen miles off the road. It is true that nothing was easier than to lose this astounding road, scarcely beaten, cut every moment by ravines. We were in the midst of great fields with scattered, stunted olive trees with twisted trunks, without any trace of human dwelling or of living beings. Since morning we had met but one half-naked muchacho driving before him, in a cloud of dust, a dozen black porkers. Night fell. To complete our troubles, there was no moon, and we had nothing but the faint light of the stars to go by. Every few minutes the mayoral got down from his seat and felt the ground with his hands to ascertain if there was not a road, or a wheel-track which might lead us

back to the road; but his investigations were useless, and much against his will he was compelled to tell us that he had lost his way and did not know where he was. He could not understand it; he had travelled twenty times along the road and could have gone to Cordova with his eyes shut.

However, after having wandered at haphazard for two or three hours, we perceived far in the distance a light shining through branches like a glow-worm. We immediately made it our polar star and drove in its direction as straight as possible, running the risk of upsetting at every step. Sometimes a hollow in the ground concealed it from our sight, and then all nature seemed a blank; then it reappeared, and our hopes rose again. At last we got close enough to a farm to make out the window, the heaven whence shone our star in the shape of a brass lamp. Ox-waggons and agricultural implements scattered here and there wholly reassured us, for we might have fallen upon some cut-throat place, some smugglers' den. The dogs, having scented us, were barking loudly, so that very soon the whole farm was up. Peasants came out gun in hand, to learn the cause of the night alarm, and having ascertained that we were

honest travellers who had lost their way, they politely asked us to come and rest in the farmhouse.

It was their supper time. An old woman, wrinkled, tanned, and almost mummified, was preparing in a red earthen jar a huge gaspacho. Five or six tall greyhounds, thin loined, broad chested, with splendid heads, worthy of being in a royal pack, followed the movements of the old woman with the most sustained attention and the most melancholy and admiring air imaginable. But that delightful meal was not intended for them; in Andalusia it is men, not dogs, to whom is served a soup of bread crusts soaked in water. Cats deprived of ears and tail,—for in Spain these ornamental superfluities are cut off,—and who looked like Japanese monsters, also watched, but from a greater distance, the appetising preparations.

We were given for guide a young fellow who was thoroughly acquainted with the roads, and who took us without difficulty to Ecija, which we reached about ten in the morning.

The approach to Ecija is rather picturesque. It is reached by a bridge, at one end of which stands a monumental arcaded gate. The bridge spans the river, which is the Granada Genil, obstructed by the ruins of

antique arches and mill-weirs. At the other end one enters a square planted with trees and adorned with two monuments in poor taste. The one is a gilt statue of the Virgin placed upon a pillar of which the hollowed out base forms a sort of chapel, ornamented with pots of artificial flowers, *ex votos*, wreaths of elder-pith, and all the gewgaws of Southern devotion. The other is a giant Saint Christopher, also in gilt metal, leaning upon a palm tree, a stick proportionate to his height, and carrying on his shoulder with the most prodigious contraction of muscles and with efforts which would suffice to lift a house, an exceedingly small Child Jesus, delightful in its delicacy and daintiness. This colossus, attributed to the Florentine sculptor Torregiani, who broke Michael Angelo's nose with a blow of his fist, is perched upon a column of the Salomonic order (that is the name given here to twisted pillars) in pale rose granite, the spiral of which ends half-way up in extravagant volutes and foliage.

I like very much statues thus placed; they are more effective and can be seen from a greater distance and more advantageously. Ordinary pedestals are usually massive and heavy, and thus diminish the lightness of the figures they upbear.

Ecija, although lying outside of the beaten track of tourists and consequently little known, is nevertheless a most interesting town, very original and characteristic. The steeples, which form the most striking feature of its silhouette, are neither Byzantine nor Gothic nor Renaissance; they are Chinese, or rather, Japanese. They might be mistaken for some *miao* consecrated to Confucius, Buddha, or Fo, for they are covered all over with porcelain or china tiles most brilliantly coloured, ribbed with green, and white varnished tiles laid checker-board wise, which have the most peculiar appearance possible. The rest of the architecture is no less fantastic, and the love of the grotesque is carried to its utmost limit. It consists of a maze of gildings, incrustations, breccias and coloured marbles used as if they were stuffs; wreaths of flowers, love-knots, puffy angels all painted and rouged, of inconceivable richness and in sublimely bad taste.

The Calle de los Caballeros, where live the nobility and on which are situated the finest hotels, is marvellous in this respect. It is hard to believe that one is in a real street, between houses inhabited by actual beings. There is not a straight line in it; its balconies, its iron-work, its friezes, — everything is twisted and

turned, and blooms out into flowers, volutes, and foliage. There is not a single inch which is not hatched, festooned, gilded, embroidered, or painted. All that rococo can produce of most rocky disorder, all that French taste, even at the worst times, has always known how to avoid, is here most luxuriant. This Pompadour-Dutch-Chinese style amuses and startles one in Andalusia. Most of the houses are whitewashed of a dazzling whiteness which stands out against the dark blue of the sky, and their flat roofs and their small windows and look-outs made us think of Africa, — an idea confirmed by the heat of ninety degrees, which is the average temperature of the place in cool summers. Ecija is called the Andalusian Frying Pan, and never did any place better deserve its name. Situated on low ground it is surrounded by sandy hills which keep off the wind and reflect the rays of the sun. Man lives there in a state of constant stew. Nevertheless, we bravely traversed it in every direction while waiting for breakfast. The Plaza Major is very striking, with its pillared houses, its rose windows, its arcades and projecting balconies. Our inn was rather comfortable, and we were served a most decent meal, which we enjoyed with pardonable sensuality after our many

privations. A long sleep in a well closed, well darkened, well watered room fully rested us, and when at about three o'clock we climbed back into the galley, we looked quite serene and resigned.

The road from Ecija to Carlotta, where we were to sleep, runs through an uninteresting district, barren and dusty; at least, so it appeared to us at that season, and it has left no particular mark on our remembrance. From time to time a few clumps of olive trees or of green oaks showed here and there, and the aloes spread their bluish foliage, which always produces a striking effect.

Carlotta, where we stopped for the night, is a hamlet of no importance. The inn is an old convent which was first used as a barracks, as is almost always the case in times of revolution, military life being that which most easily adapts itself to buildings constructed for monkish life. Long arcaded corridors formed an open gallery upon the four sides of a court. In the centre of one of these yawned the black mouth of a huge well, very deep, which promised us the delightful treat of clear, cold water. As I bent over the edge, I saw that the interior was hung with plants of the loveliest green, which had grown in the interstices of the

stones; and it was in wells, indeed, that one had to look to find verdure and coolness, for the heat was comparable to that in the neighbourhood of a great fire. The temperature of a hot-house in which tropical plants are raised can alone give any idea of it; the very air was burning, and the puffs of wind seemed to carry fire with them.

We left Carlotta at about three o'clock in the afternoon, and in the evening we halted at a wretched gipsy hut, the roof of which consisted merely of branches of trees, placed like coarse thatch upon cross poles. After having drunk a few glasses of water, I lay quietly down in front of the door, and while looking into the deep azure of the sky I was not long in sinking into a deep sleep, just as if I were lying on the softest of beds. Never did a lovelier and more serene night robe the earth in its blue velvet mantle. At about midnight the galley started again, and at dawn we were within half a league of Cordova.

The description of our halts and our days' journeys might lead to the belief that Cordova is a long way from Malaga, and that we had travelled over an enormous extent of road, during the four days and

a half, yet the distance traversed is only about twenty Spanish leagues, or about ninety miles; but the carriage was heavily laden, the road abominable, and there were no relays of mules ready. Add to this the intolerable heat, which would have killed both men and beasts if we had ventured out while the sun was high. We look back pleasantly upon that slow and toilsome journey. Swift travelling is devoid of charm. You are carried along as in a whirlwind and you have no time to see anything. If you are to get to the end of your trip at once, you might just as well remain at home. What I enjoy is the travelling itself and not the arrival.

Cordova is entered from the Ecija side by a bridge across the Guadalquivir which is fairly wide at this place. Close by are to be seen the ruins of an Arab aqueduct. The end of the bridge is defended by a great square, crenellated tower flanked by casemates of more recent construction. The city gates were not yet open. A multitude of ox-teams, enormous, majestic, adorned with tiaras of esparto; of mules and white donkeys laden with cut straw; of peasants with sugar-loaf hats, wearing cloaks of brown wool, falling before and behind like a priest's cape, and

which are put on by passing the head through a hole cut in the centre of the piece of stuff, were waiting for the opening of the gates with the phlegm and patience usual to Spaniards, who appear never to be in a hurry. A similar crowd at the gates of Paris would have made a horrible noise, and have indulged in insults and invectives. In this case no sound was heard but the trembling of a copper bell on a mule's collar and the silvery tinkle of a leading ass changing its position or resting its head upon the neck of a long-eared brother.

We profited by the halt to examine leisurely the situation of Cordova. A fine gate, looking like a triumphal arch of the Ionic order and in such good taste that it might have been thought to be Roman, formed the majestic entrance to the city of the Caliphs, though I should have preferred one of those beautiful horse-shoe Moorish arches such as one sees in Granada. A mosque-cathedral rises above the walls and the roofs of the city, resembling a citadel rather than a temple, with its high walls broken by the Arab battlements and the heavy Gothic dome resting upon its eastern platform. These walls, it must be confessed, are washed with an abominable

yellow colour. Without being of those who are particularly fond of mouldy, leprous-looking buildings, we entertain a peculiar horror for this hideous squash-colour, which so delights priests, vestries, and chapters in all countries, for they never fail to use it upon the marvellous cathedrals which are intrusted to them. Buildings must be painted and always have been, even in the most artistic days, only the shade and the kind of wash should be selected with extreme care.

At last the gates were opened, and we had first the exciting pleasure of being searched pretty minutely by the custom-house officers, after which we were left free to repair with our trunks to the nearest inn.

Cordova has more of an African look than any other Andalusian city: its streets, or rather, lanes, — the disorderly paving of which resembles the dry bed of a torrent, — strewn with the short straw which falls from the loads carried by the asses, in no wise recall the manners and habits of Europeans. You walk between endless chalky walls with a few grated and barred windows; you meet a beggar with repulsive face, a devotee in her black hood, or a majo riding swiftly by upon a white-harnessed, brown horse which strikes sparks from the stones as it goes. If

the Moors were to return, they would not have to alter much before settling down. The idea that one may have of Cordova, that it has traceried spires and houses with Gothic windows, is entirely incorrect. The universal use of whitewash gives a uniform tone to all the buildings, filling the cavities, concealing the tracery and preventing one guessing at their age. Thanks to whitewash, a wall built a century ago cannot be distinguished from one finished yesterday. Cordova, of yore the wonder of Arab civilisation, is now only a mass of little white houses divided into blocks by narrow lanes which would not give passage to two mules abreast; above rise a few Indian fig-trees, with metallic-looking foliage, and feathery palms.

Life seems to have abandoned this great body, so animated in the time of the Moors. It is now but a whitened and glistening skeleton. Cordova, however, has preserved its mosque, a unique monument, entirely novel, even to travellers who have already had an opportunity of admiring the marvels of Arab architecture at Granada or Seville.

In spite of its Moorish appearance, Cordova is a good Christian city, and is placed under the special protection of the Archangel Raphael. From the bal-

cony of our parador we saw the curious monument in honour of this divine patron. The archangel at the top of his column, sword in hand, wings outspread, glistering in gold, seems to be eternally watching over the city intrusted to his keeping. The column, of gray granite with a Corinthian capital in gilded bronze, rests on a small tower or lantern in rose granite, the lower portion of which is formed of rock-work, upon which are grouped a horse, a palm tree, a lion, and a most fantastic marine monster. Four allegorical statues complete the ornamentation. In the base is enclosed the coffin of Bishop Pascal, who was famous for his piety and his devotion to the holy archangel. The following inscription is cut on a scroll: "I swear to you by Jesus Christ that I am the Angel Raphael, to whom God has given this post for the guarding of this city."

You may ask, how it is known that the Archangel Raphael happened to be the patron of the old city of Abd-er-Rhaman and not some one else. You will find the answer in a ballad, printed by permission at Cordova at Don Raphael Garcia Rodriguez', in Liberty Street. This precious document has at its head a woodcut representing the archangel with outspread

wings, a halo around his head, his travelling-stick and his fish in his hand, majestically placed between two superb pots of hyacinths and peonies, with an inscription which reads thus: "Truthful Account and curious Legend of his Lordship Saint Raphael, Archangel, Advocate of the Pest, and Guardian of the City of Cordova." The document goes on to state how the blessed archangel appeared to Don Andreas Roelas, a gentleman and priest of Cordova, and addressed to him in his room a speech of which the first sentence is that which has been engraved upon the column. The speech, which the legends have preserved, lasted for more than an hour and a half, the priest and archangel being seated opposite each other, each on a chair. The apparition took place May 7 in the year of grace 1578, and it is in memory of it that this monument has been erected.

The esplanade, surrounded by an iron-work fence, stretches around the monument, and enables one to observe it from every side. Statues thus placed gain elegance and beauty which greatly please me and which wonderfully conceal the bareness of a terrace or a public square, or of too large a court.

The exterior of the cathedral had not attracted us

greatly, and we feared to be bitterly disappointed. Victor Hugo's lines, —

"... Cordova, besides its old houses,
Has its mosque, in which the eye roams amid marvels,"

seemed to us in advance too flattering; but we were soon convinced that they were entirely justified. It was the Caliph Abd-er-Rhaman who first laid the foundation of the Cordova mosque towards the end of the eighth century. The work proceeded with such speed that the building was completed at the beginning of the ninth century. Twenty-one years were sufficient to erect that gigantic building. When we reflect that a thousand years ago a work so admirable and of such colossal proportions was carried out in so short a time and by a people who have since fallen into the deepest state of barbarism, one is amazed and refuses to believe in the so-called doctrine of progress which is current to-day; one is even tempted to adopt the contrary opinion when visiting countries formerly occupied by civilisations which have disappeared. For my part, I have always greatly regretted that the Moors did not remain masters of Spain, which has certainly incurred loss only through their expulsion. Under their rule, if we are to believe the popular exaggera-

tions so seriously collected by historians, Cordova had two hundred and fifty thousand houses, eighty thousand palaces, and nine hundred baths, while twelve thousand villages formed its suburbs; now it has not even forty thousand inhabitants and appears almost deserted.

Abd-er-Rhaman wished to make the Mosque of Cordova the object of pilgrimages, the chief temple of Islam next to that in which rests the body of the Prophet. I have not yet seen the Kasbah at Mecca, but I question whether it equals in splendour and extent the Spanish mosque. In the latter was preserved at one time one of the original copies of the Koran, and a still more precious relic, — a bone of the arm of Mahomet. The common people even now claim that the Sultan of Constantinople still pays tribute to the King of Spain in order that mass may not be said in that portion specially consecrated to the Prophet. This chapel is ironically called by devotees the *Zancarron*, a term of contempt which means "The bare bone."

The mosque of Cordova has seven gates, which have nothing monumental about them; for the very principle of the building is opposed to it and does not allow of the majestic portal imperiously required by the reg-

ular plan of the Gothic cathedrals. Nothing, therefore, on the exterior prepares one for the wondrous spectacle of the interior. We shall pass through the *Patio de los Naranjos*, a vast and splendid court planted with huge orange-trees, contemporaries of the Moorish kings, surrounded by long galleries with marble-flagged arcades, on one of the sides of which rises a spire in mediocre taste, an unskilful imitation of the Giralda, as we later ascertained in Seville. Under the pavement of this great court there exists, it is said, a vast cistern. In the time of the Ommiyads one passed from the Patio de los Naranjos straight into the mosque itself, for the hideous wall which cuts off the view on this side was built later.

The best idea that we can give of that strange building is to say that it resembles a huge esplanade closed in and surrounded by groves of pillars. This esplanade is four hundred and twenty feet wide and four hundred and forty feet long; the columns number eight hundred and sixty. There is but half of the original mosque left, it is said.

The impression made on one on entering this ancient sanctuary of Islam is indefinable and has no resemblance to the emotions usually produced by

architecture. One seems to walk through a ceiled forest rather than through a building. Whichever way one turns, the glance wanders down lines of pillars which cross and stretch as far as the eye can reach like a marble vegetation which has spontaneously sprung from the soil. The mysterious twilight which reigns in this stone forest adds to the illusion. There are nineteen naves in the direction of the breadth, thirty-six in the other, but the opening of the cross arcades is narrower. Each nave is formed of two ranks of superimposed arches, some of which cross and interlace like ribbons, producing the quaintest effects. The pillars, which are cut out of single blocks of stone, are not more than ten to twelve feet in height to their capital, which is in a strong and delicate Arab-Corinthian style recalling the African palm rather than the Greek acanthus. The pillars are of precious marbles, porphyry, jasper, green and violet breccia and other precious materials; there are even some antique pillars among them, which come, it is said, from the ruins of a former temple of Janus. So the worship of three different religions has been celebrated on this site. Of these three religions, one has disappeared forever in the abyss of the past with the civilisation which it repre-

sented; the other has been driven out of Europe, where it has now but a foothold, to the very confines of Oriental barbarism; the third, after having reached its apogee, now mined by the spirit of investigation, is growing weaker day by day even in those countries where it formerly reigned as absolute sovereign; and perhaps Abd-er-Rhaman's old mosque may last long enough to see a fourth creed installed under its arches, celebrating with another ritual and with other hymns the new god, — or rather the new prophet, for God never changes.

In the days of the Caliphs, eight hundred silver lamps filled with aromatic oil lighted up these long naves, made the porphyry and polished jasper of the columns flash again, studded with spangles of light the gilded stars of the ceiling, and showed through the shadows the crystal mosaics and the verses of the Koran interlaced in arabesques and flowers. Among these lamps were the bells of Santiago de Compostello, taken by the Moors. Overset and suspended from the ceiling by silver chains, they illumined the temple of Allah and his prophet, much surprised at having turned into Moslem lamps after having been Catholic bells. In those days the glance could roam

freely along the vast colonnades and discover from one end of the temple the orange trees in bloom and the upspringing fountains of the court in a flood of light which was all the more dazzling by contrast with the twilight of the interior. Unfortunately, this magnificent prospect is now obstructed by the Catholic church, a huge building, set heavily in the very centre of the Arab mosque. Retables, chapels, and sacristies encumber and destroy the general symmetry. This parasitic church, a monstrous stone mushroom, an architectural wart which has grown on the back of the Arab building, was constructed from the designs of Hernan Ruiz, and is not without merit in itself; anywhere else it would be admired; but it is forever to be regretted that it should have been placed where it stands. It was built, in spite of the resistance of the municipal authorities, by the chapter, in consequence of a decree obtained surreptitiously from the Emperor Charles V, who had not seen the mosque. Visiting it a few years later, he remarked: "If I had known the facts, I should never have allowed the old work to be touched. You have put what may be seen anywhere in place of what is to be seen nowhere else." This well

deserved reproach shamed the chapter, but the evil was done.

In the choir there is a vast piece of carved woodwork in massive mahogany, which represents subjects drawn from the Old Testament, and which is the work of Pedro Cornejo, who spent ten years of his life in this vast labour, as may be seen on the tomb of the poor artist, who lies asleep a short distance from his masterpiece. Speaking of tombs, we noticed a curious one set into the wall, in shape like a trunk and closed with three padlocks.

Until the middle of the eighteenth century the old cedar and larch ceiling of Abd-er-Rahman had been preserved, with its sunken panels, its lozenges and Oriental beauty; it has been replaced by vaults and semi-cupolas in mediocre taste. The old pavement has been replaced by a tiled pavement, which has raised the level of the floor and conceals the base of the pillars, and thus makes more striking the general defect of the building, which is too low for its size.

All these profanations do not prevent the Mosque of Cordova from being even now one of the most marvellous buildings in the world, and as if to make us feel more bitterly the mutilation which the rest has

undergone, a portion, called the *Mirâhb*, has been preserved as if by a miracle with scrupulous integrity.

The carved and wooden ceiling, with its *media naranja* studded with stars, its traceried windows with their gratings that give passage to a soft light, the gallery with its trefoil, the coloured-glass mosaics, the lines of the Koran in gilded, crystal letters which wind in and out through the most complicated and graceful ornaments and arabesques, — form a work of fairy richness, beauty, and elegance, the like of which is to be found only in the "Thousand and One Nights," and which need not envy their art. Never were lines more judiciously chosen, colours better combined. Even the Gothic artists, in their most delicate fancy, in their most precious goldsmith-work exhibit something sickly, emaciated, and thin which recalls the barbarism and the infancy of art. On the contrary, the architecture of the Mirâhb exhibits a civilisation which has attained to its culminating point; beyond there can only be decadence; nothing is lacking of proportion, harmony, richness, and grace.

From this chapel one enters a small and highly ornamented sanctuary, the ceiling of which is composed of a single block of marble cut into a shell

shape and carved with infinite delicacy. This was probably the holy of holies, the dread and sacred place where the presence of God was more manifest than elsewhere. Another chapel, the Chapel of the Moorish Kings, where the Caliphs said their prayers apart from the multitude of believers, also presents some interesting and delightful details, but it has not been as fortunate as the Mirâhb, and its colours have vanished under an ignoble layer of whitewash.

The sacristies overflow with treasures: dazzling monstrances set with precious stones, silver reliquaries of enormous weight and wondrous work, as large as small cathedrals, candelabra, golden crucifixes, gold-embroidered copes, — of Asiatic and more than regal luxury.

As we were about to leave, the beadle who guided us led us mysteriously to an obscure corner and exhibited to us as the greatest curiosity the crucifix which is said to have been carved with his finger-nails by a Christian prisoner upon a porphyry column at the foot of which he was chained. By way of proving the truth of his story, he showed us the statue of the poor captive standing a little way off. Without being more of an unbeliever than is proper

in matters of legend, I could not help thinking that in those days either men had very hard finger nails or porphyry was very soft. Nor is this the only crucifix; there is a second one upon another column but much less well done. The beadle also showed us a huge ivory tusk suspended from the ceiling of a cupola by iron chains, like the hunting-horn of some Nimrod of a vanished world. The tusk belonged, it is said, to one of the elephants employed in hauling the material during the building of the mosque.

On leaving the cathedral, we stopped for a few moments before a pretty Gothic portal which forms the façade of the Foundling Hospital. Anywhere else it would be admired, but the imposing neighbourhood in which it is placed eclipses it.

Having visited the cathedral, there was nothing to occupy us in Cordova, a stay in which was not very pleasant. The only amusement of a stranger is to bathe in the Guadalquivir or to be shaved in one of the numerous barber-shops around the mosque, — an operation performed most dexterously, with the help of a huge razor, by a small individual perched upon the back of the great oaken armchair in which you are seated.

The heat was unbearable, for it was increased by fire. The harvest was just over, and it is the custom in Andalusia to burn the stubble when the sheaves have been brought in, so that the ashes may fertilise the ground. The country was blazing for ten or twelve miles around, and the wind passing over this ocean of flame brought us puffs of air as hot as that which escapes from a furnace. We were like scorpions whom children surround with a circle of shavings to which they set fire, and which are obliged to make a desperate sortie or to commit suicide by stinging themselves. We chose the former method.

The galley by which we had come took us back by the same road to Ecija, where we asked for a calesa to go to Seville. The driver, having seen the two of us together, thought that we were too tall, stout, and heavy to take, and raised a series of objections: our trunks, he said, were so very heavy that it would take four men to raise them, and would break down his carriage. We at once removed this objection by picking up and putting the slandered trunks upon the back of the calesa. The rascal, having no further objections to offer, at last made up his mind to start.

Flat or slightly undulating ground planted with olive trees, the gray colour of which is made paler by the dusty, sandy steeps on which shows from time to time blackish verdure, — these were the only things we saw for many a mile.

At Luisiana all the inhabitants were stretched out at their doors, snoring in the starlight. Our carriage forced the lines of sleepers to rise and press against the walls, grumbling and lavishing on us all the riches of the Andalusian vocabulary. We stopped at an ill-looking posada, with more guns and muskets than cooking-utensils. Dogs of monstrous size followed every movement of ours with attention, and seemed to wait but a sign to tear us to pieces. The quiet voracity with which we despatched our tomato omelet seemed to surprise our hostess extremely; she appeared to consider the repast superfluous and to regret the food which would not profit us. However, in spite of the sinister appearance of the place we did not have our throats cut, and the people were clement enough to allow us to continue on our way.

The ground became more and more sandy, and the wheels sank up to the axles in the soft soil. Then we

understood why our driver was so worried by our weight. To relieve the horse we got down, and about midnight, after having travelled along a road which ascended the steep slopes of a mountain, we reached Carmona, where we were to sleep. Lime-kilns cast over the rocky slope long, reddish reflections which produced wonderfully strong, picturesque effects of light and shade.

Beyond Carmona the cacti and aloes which had forsaken us reappeared fiercer and more bristling than ever. The landscape was less bare, less red, and more diversified; the heat was also somewhat less intense. We soon reached Alcala de los Panaderos, famous for its excellent bread, as its name indicates, and its *novillos*-fights (young bulls), to which the aficionados of Seville repair during the intermission of bull-fights in that city. The town is admirably situated at the bottom of a small valley, through which meanders a river. It is sheltered by a hill on which rise the ruins of an old Moorish palace. We were near Seville, and before long the Giralda showed against the sky, first its traceried lantern, and then its square tower. A few hours later we were passing under the Carmona Gate, the arch of which framed in a background of dusty

light, in which moved through a mist of golden vapour galleys, mules, asses, and ox-waggons, some going and some coming. The massive arches of a superb aqueduct of Roman aspect showed on the left of the road; on the other side rows of houses, set closer and closer together. We were in Seville.

SEVILLE

A SPANISH proverb very often quoted says that he who has not seen Seville has not seen a marvel. We humbly confess that this proverb would appear to us more accurate if it applied to Toledo or Granada than to Seville, in which we found nothing particularly marvellous save the cathedral.

The city is situated on the banks of the Guadalquivir, in a broad plain whence it derives its name of Hispalis, which means in Carthaginian "flat ground," if Arias Montano and Samuel Bochard are to be believed. It is a large, wide-spreading city, quite modern, bright, gay, animated, and which no doubt must strike Spaniards as charming. No greater contrast to Cordova could be found. Cordova is, as already said, an ossuary of houses, a catacomb under the open sky, over which loneliness scatters its whitish dust. The stray inhabitants who show at the corners of the streets look like ghosts that have mistaken the time. Seville, on the contrary, has all the excitement

and bustle of life; a rumour hovers over it at every moment of the day; it scarcely takes time to enjoy its siesta; it is not troubled by yesterday, still less by to-morrow, — it is wholly given up to the present. Memory and hope constitute the happiness of unfortunate places: but Seville is not unfortunate; it enjoys itself, whilst Cordova, its sister, seems in silence and solitude to dream of Abd-er-Rahman and of the Great Captain, of all its vanished splendour — lights gleaming in the night of the past, of which it has naught left but the ashes.

To the great disappointment of travellers and antiquarians, whitewash reigns supreme in Seville. Houses are whitewashed three or four times a year, which makes them look clean and well kept, but which prevents one tracing the remains of Arab and Gothic sculptures which formerly adorned them. Nothing is more monotonous than the network of streets which exhibit but two shades, the indigo blue of the heavens and the chalk white of the walls, upon which fall the blue shadows of the neighbouring buildings; for in these hot countries the shadows are blue instead of being gray, so that objects seem to be lighted on the one side by moonlight and on the other by sunlight.

However, the lack of dark shades results in much liveliness and gaiety. Gates closed by gratings allow you to catch glimpses of courts adorned with columns, mosaic pavements, fountains, pots of flowers, shrubs, and paintings. As for the exterior architecture, it is in no wise remarkable. The buildings are rarely more than two stories high, and scarcely a dozen façades artistically interesting are to be found. The pavement is composed of small pebbles as in all Spanish towns, but by way of pavement there is laid a band of fairly wide, flat stones on which the crowd walks in Indian file. Ladies are always given the right of way, with that exquisite politeness which is natural in Spain, even to the lowest class.

The Seville women justify their reputation for beauty. They are almost all alike, as is the case with pure races of characteristic type. They have large eyes furnished with long, brown lashes which have an effect of black and white unknown in France. When a woman or maid passes near you, she lowers her eyelids, then suddenly opens them and flashes straight at you a glance so dazzling that you cannot sustain it, gives one turn to her eyes and again lowers her eyelashes. We have no expression to describe this fashion

of using the eyes; *ojear* is lacking in our vocabulary. These sudden and bright glances, which almost embarrass strangers, have no particular meaning and are cast indifferently upon anything. A young Andalusian will look with that passionate glance at a passing cart, a dog trying to catch its tail, children playing at bull-fighting. The eyes of Northern people are dull and dead in comparison; the sun has never left these reflections in them. Teeth, the incisors of which are very sharp and which are as bright as those of a young Newfoundland dog, give to the smile of the women of Seville a touch of Arab and of strangeness which is very striking. The brow is high, rounded, and polished, the nose delicate and somewhat aquiline, the lips richly coloured. Unfortunately, the chin sometimes ends with too sharp a curve the oval outline so admirably begun. The only imperfection which the most fastidious artist could find in the Seville ladies is that their shoulders and arms are somewhat thin; the joints, the small hands and feet leave nothing to be desired. Without any poetic exaggeration, one would easily find among the Seville women feet which a child could hold in its hand. The Andalusians are very proud of this, and are very careful of the kind of shoes they wear. They

are usually of satin, and barely cover the toes. Unfortunately, Seville ladies are Spanish and remain Spanish only as far as their feet and their heads are concerned, as far as the shoe and mantilla go. Coloured dresses cut in French fashion begin to prevail. Men are dressed up like tailor's patterns. Sometimes, however, they wear short, white-duck jackets and white trousers with a red sash and an Andalusian hat; but that is rare and the costume itself is not very picturesque.

It is on the Alameda del Duque, where one takes the air between the acts at the play — for the theatre is close by — and especially at the Paseo de Cristina, that it is delightful to see, between seven and eight, parade and coquette the pretty Sevillians in small groups of three or four accompanied by their actual or prospective gallants. There is something light and springing about their gait, so that they prance rather than walk. The swiftness with which they open and close their fans, the brilliancy of their glance, the assurance of their gait, the undulating suppleness of their figure, give them a most distinctive air. There may be more perfectly and more regularly beautiful women in England, France, or Italy, but certainly there are none prettier or more piquant. These Sevillians pos-

sess in a high degree what the Spaniards call *sal.* It is difficult to give an idea of it in conversation: it is composed of nonchalance and vivacity, of quick replies and childish ways, of a gracefulness as piquant as it is savoury, which need not accompany beauty, but which is often preferred to it. So in Spain they say to a woman, "How salt (*salada*) you are!" and no compliment is greater than that.

The Paseo de Cristina is a superb promenade upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, with a Salon paved with large slabs, surrounded by a white-marble bench with an iron back, shaded by Oriental plane-trees, and with a maze, a Chinese pavilion, and all sorts of Northern trees, ash, cypress, poplar, willow, which excite the admiration of the Andalusians, just as aloes and palms would excite that of Parisians.

At the approaches to the Cristina there are bits of cord steeped in sulphur and rolled around posts, which offer a light always ready for smokers, so that one is freed from the nuisance of the boys who carry coals and pursue you, shouting out, "Fuego!" which makes the Prado at Madrid so unbearable.

Pleasant as is this promenade, nevertheless I prefer the river bank itself, which offers an ever-varied and

animated spectacle. In the centre of the river where the water is deepest are anchored the trading barks and schooners with their airy rigging, the lines of which show so clearly against the light background of the sky. The swift boats cross and recross the river in every direction, sometimes bearing a company of young men and young women who go down stream playing on the guitar and singing couplets, which are scattered around by the breeze, and which the people on shore applaud. The Torre del Oro, a sort of octagonal tower with three stories, crenellated after the Moorish fashion, its base bathed by the Guadalquivir near the landing-place, and which springs up into the blue sky from amidst a forest of masts and rigging, bounds admirably the prospect on this side. This tower, which is, so the learned insist, of Roman construction, was formerly connected with the Alcazar by walls which have been taken down for the construction of the Paseo de Cristina, and it held at the time of the Moors one of the chains which barred the river, the other one of which was fastened opposite to counterforts of masonry. Its name comes, it is said, from the fact that the gold brought from America by galleons was stored in it.

Every evening we used to go to walk there and

watch the sun setting behind the Triana suburb, situated on the other side of the river. A noble palm-tree spread its disc of leaves as if to salute the setting sun. I have always greatly loved palm trees, and I can never see one without being carried off into a poetic and patriarchal world, into the midst of foreign scenes of the East, of the splendours of the Bible.

A bridge of boats connects the two banks and unites the suburbs to the city. You have to pass over it to visit, near Santiponce, the remains of Italica, the native place of Silius Italicus, the poet, and of the emperors Trajan, Hadrian, and Theodosius. There still exists a ruined amphitheatre, the outline of which is quite plain. The dens in which the wild beasts were kept, and the dressing-rooms of the gladiators are easily recognised, as well as the corridors and the seats. It is built of cement mixed with stones. The stone revetments have probably been carried off for more modern buildings, for Italica has long served as a quarry for Seville. A few rooms have been cleared out and serve as a shelter during the heat of the day for troops of blue porkers, which bolt with a grunt between the visitors' legs,

and constitute to-day the only population of the old Roman city. The most complete and interesting remains of all that vanished splendour is a mosaic of great size which has been surrounded with walls, and which represents the Muses and Nereids. When water has been poured over it to revive the colours, they show very brilliantly, although cupidity has led to some of the most precious portions being carried away. There have also been found in the débris some fragments of statues in fairly good style, and there is no doubt that intelligent search would result in important discoveries. Italica lies about four or five miles from Seville, and it is an excursion which one can easily make in the course of an afternoon by taking a carriage, unless one is a fanatical archæologist and insists on examining, one after another, all the old stones suspected of bearing inscriptions.

The Trajan Gate is also claimed to be Roman and is named after the emperor. It is of monumental aspect, of the Doric order, with columns in pairs adorned with the royal arms and surmounted by pyramids. It has its own alcalde, and is used as a prison for knights. The gates del Carbon and del Aciete are well worth looking at. On the Xeres Gate is

the following inscription: "Hercules built me; Julius Cæsar encircled me with walls and lofty towers; the Saintly King won me with Garci Perez de Vargas."

Seville is surrounded by a girdle of crenellated walls, flanked at intervals by great towers, several of which have fallen into ruins, and moats now wholly filled up. The walls, which would be useless against modern artillery, have, thanks to their dentelated Arab crenellations, quite a picturesque effect. Julius Cæsar is said to have built them, as he is said to have built every wall and camp that exists.

The Cristina, the Guadalquivir, the Alameda del Duque, Italica, and the Moorish Alcazar are no doubt very interesting things, but the real marvel of Seville is its cathedral, which is indeed a surprising building, even after the cathedrals of Burgos and Toledo, and the Cordova Mosque. The chapter which ordered it to be built, summed up its intention in these words: "Let us erect a monument which shall lead posterity to think that we were mad." That was a broad and well drawn up programme. So, having full powers, the artists performed prodigies, and the canons, in order to hasten the completion of the building, gave up their whole income, keeping only what was absolutely

necessary to sustain life. O thrice holy canons, may you sleep gently under your slabs in the shadow of your beloved cathedral, while your souls are enjoying themselves in paradise in stalls probably less beautifully carved than those which stand in your choir.

The mightiest and most amazing Hindoo pagodas do not approach the Seville Cathedral. It is a hollow mountain, a valley overset. Notre-Dame in Paris could stand in the centre of the nave, which is of dizzy height; the pillars, as large as towers, though they seem so slender that they make you shudder, spring from the ground or hang from the ceiling like the stalactites of a giant grotto. The four lateral naves, although less lofty, could hold churches with their steeples. The retable and the high altar, with its staircases, its superimposed stories, its lines of statues rising one above another, are in themselves a vast edifice, ascending almost as high as the vaulting. The Paschal candle, which is as tall as a vessel's mast, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds; the bronze candlestick which supports it is like the column of the Place Vendôme. It is copied from the candlestick of the Temple at Jerusalem as it is represented on the *bassi-relievi* of the Arch of Titus.

Everything is on the same grand scale. Every year there are consumed in the cathedral twenty thousand pounds of wax and an equal quantity of oil; the sacramental wine amounts to the terrifying quantity of eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty pints. It is true that every day there are five hundred masses said at eighty altars. The catafalque which is used during Holy Week, and which is called "The Monument," is nearly one hundred feet high. The organs, of gigantic size, look like the basalt columns of Fingal's Cave, and yet the storms and thunders which escape from their pipes, which are the size of siege guns, sound like melodious murmurs, warblings of birds, and song of seraphs under those colossal arches. There are eighty-three painted windows after cartoons by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Dürer, Peregrino, Teobaldi and Lucas Cambiaso; the oldest and finest are the work of Arnold of Flanders, a famous painter on glass; the latest, which bear the date of 1819, show how greatly the art has degenerated since the glories of the sixteenth century, the climacteric epoch of the world, when the plant called Man bore its finest flowers and its most savoury fruits. The choir, in the Gothic style, is ornamented with turrets, spires, tra-

ceried niches, figures, and foliage, a vast and minute work which appals the imagination and is unintelligible nowadays. One remains thunderstruck in the presence of such work and wonders uneasily whether vitality is diminishing every century with the aging of the world. This prodigy of talent, patience, and genius at least bears its author's name, and admiration knows upon what to settle. On one of the panels on the gospel side is the inscription: "Nufro Sanchez, sculptor, whom God have in His holy keeping, made this choir in 1475."

To attempt to describe the riches of the cathedral one after another would be madness; it would take a year to visit it thoroughly, and then one would not have seen everything; whole volumes would not be sufficient for the choir. Stone, wood, and silver sculptures by Juan de Arfe, Juan Millan, Montanes, de Roldan; paintings by Murillo, Zurbaran, Campaña, de Roelas, Luis de Villegas, Herrera the elder and Herrera the younger, Juan Valdes, and Goya litter the chapels, sacristies, and chapter-houses. You feel crushed by the splendour, drunk with masterpieces; you know not which way to look; the desire and yet the impossibility of seeing everything gives you

a feverish vertigo; you wish not to forget anything, and every moment a name escapes you, a lineament becomes dimmed, one painting takes the place of another. You appeal desperately to your memory, you order your eyes not to waste a glance; the least rest, the time given to meals and to sleep, seem thefts, for imperious necessity drags you on. You have to go, — the fire is already lighted under the boiler of the steamer, the water hisses and boils, the funnels belch out their black smoke, — to-morrow you will leave all these marvels, never again, no doubt, to see them.

As I cannot speak of everything, I shall be satisfied with mentioning the "Saint Anthony of Padua" by Murillo, which adorns the Baptistery chapel. Never has the power of painting been carried farther. The saint in ecstasy is kneeling in the centre of his cell, the main details of which are rendered with that vigorous realism characteristic of the Spanish manner; through the half-open door is seen one of the long, white, arcaded cloisters so favourable to meditation. The upper portion of the painting, full of a pale, transparent, vaporous light, holds groups of ideally beautiful angels. Drawn by the force of prayer, the Child Jesus descends from cloud to cloud, and is about

to rest on the arms of the holy personage, whose head, bathed in radiant effluvia, is thrown back in a spasm of celestial delight. We place this divine painting above that of "Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," which is to be seen in the Madrid Academy, above the "Moses," above all the Virgins and Children of the master, however beautiful and exquisite they may be. He who has not seen the "Saint Anthony of Padua" does not know the highest work of the Seville painter. It is like those who fancy they know Rubens and have never seen the Antwerp "Magdalen."

All styles of architecture are found in the cathedral of Seville, the severe Gothic, the Renaissance, the style called by the Spaniards plateresque, or silver-work, and which is marked by an incredible wealth of ornaments and arabesques, the rococo, the Greek, the Roman, — none are lacking, for every age has built a chapel or a retable in the taste which was its own, and the building is not yet entirely finished. Several of the statues which stand in the niches of the portals, representing patriarchs, apostles, saints, and archangels, are in terra cotta merely, and placed there provisionally. In the direction of the Court de los Naranjos, on the top of the unfinished portal, rises the iron crane,

a symbol that the building is not yet finished and will be continued later. A similar crane stands also on top of Beauvais Cathedral; but when will the day come that the weight of a stone slowly hauled up through the air by workmen, will make its pulleys, rusted for centuries past, creak again. Never, perhaps; for the upward flow of enthusiasm has stopped, and the sap which caused this bloom of cathedrals to emerge from the soil no longer rises through the trunk and the branches. Profound faith had written the first strophes of all these poems in stone and granite; reason, which doubts, has not dared to finish them. The architects of the Middle Ages were religious Titans who heaped Pelion upon Ossa, not to overthrow the God of Thunders, but to admire from a nearer point the gentle face of the Virgin Mother smiling upon the Child Jesus. In our days, when everything is sacrificed to coarse and stupid comfort, one no longer understands these sublime upspringings of the soul towards the Infinite, which expressed themselves in steeples, in spires, in finials, in arches, which upraised to heaven their arms of stone joined over the heads of the prostrate people like giant hands folded in supplication. All these treasures, buried without bringing in

anything, make economists shrug their shoulders with pity; even the people begin to calculate the worth of the gold of the cup; the people who of yore dared not raise their eyes to the white sun of the Host, now reflect that bits of crystal might perfectly well replace the diamonds and gems on the monstrance. The churches are scarce frequented save by travellers, beggars, and hideous old women. Spain is no longer Catholic.

The Giralda, which serves as a campanile to the cathedral and rises high above all the spires of the city, is an old Moorish tower built by an Arab architect named Djâbir or Gever, the inventor of algebra, to which he gave his name. It is very effective and very original. The rose-coloured brick and the white stone of which it is built impart to it an air of brightness and youth which contrasts with the date of the building, which goes back to the year 1000 (the Giralda was, as a matter of fact, built from 1184 to 1196), a very respectable age, at which a tower may indeed permit itself to be ruined and no longer fresh. The Giralda, as it stands to-day, is three hundred and fifty feet in height and fifty feet broad on each face. The wall is smooth up to a certain height, where begin stories of Moorish

windows with balconies, trefoils, and slender columns of white marble framed in great panels of lozenge-shaped bricks. The tower formerly ended in a roof of varnished tiles of different colours, surmounted by a bar of iron adorned with four balls of gilt metal of prodigious size. This upper portion was destroyed in 1568 by the architect Francisco Ruiz, who sent one hundred feet higher into the pure light of heaven the tower of the Moor Gever, so that its bronze statue might look over the Sierras and talk familiarly with the angels who pass by. To build a steeple on top of a tower was to conform in every point with the intentions of the admirable chapter whom we have mentioned as willing to pass for mad in the eyes of posterity. The work of Francisco Ruiz consists of three stories, the first of which is pierced by windows in the embrasures of which are hung the bells; the second, surrounded by a traceried balustrade, bears on each face of the cornice the words, "*Turris fortissima nomen Domini*"; the third is a sort of cupola or lantern on which turns a giant figure of Faith in gilded bronze, holding a palm in one hand, a standard in the other, which serves as a vane and explains the name Giralda given to the tower. The statue is by

Bartolomé Morel. It is seen from a very long distance, and when it shines through the blue in the rays of the sun, it really looks like a seraph floating in the air.

The Giralda is ascended by a series of slopes without steps, so easy and so gentle that two men on horseback could easily ride abreast to the summit, whence one enjoys a wondrous panorama. Seville lies at one's feet, sparkling white, with its steeples and towers which in vain try to rise as high as the rose-brick girdle of the Giralda. Farther off stretches the plain, through which gleams the Guadalquivir; Santiponce, Algaba, and other villages are visible; in the farthest distance shows the chain of the Sierra Morena with its outline clear cut in spite of the distance, so great is the transparency of the atmosphere in this wonderful country. On the other side rise the Sierras de Gibalbin, Zara, and Moron, coloured with the richest tints of lapis lazuli and amethyst. A marvellous prospect, filled with light, flooded with sunshine, and of dazzling splendour.

A great number of shafts of pillars cut down to the size of stone posts and connected by chains — save a few spaces left free for traffic — surround the

cathedral. Some of these columns are antique, and come either from the ruins of Italica or the remains of the old mosque on the site of which the present church was built, and of which nothing is left but the Giralda, a few trees, and one or two arches, one of which serves as a gateway to the Court of Orange Trees (de los Naranjos).

The Lonja (Exchange), a great square building, perfectly regular, built by the heavy, dull Herrera, the architect of boredom, — to whom we are indebted for the Escorial, the gloomiest building in the world, — isolated on all sides and showing four identical façades, is situated between the cathedral and the Alcazar. There are preserved the American archives, the letters of Christopher Columbus, Pizarro, and Fernando Cortez.

The Alcazar, or old palace of the Moorish kings, though very beautiful and deserving of its reputation, has nothing striking when one has already seen the Alhambra. It has the same slender columns of white marble with gilded and painted capitals, the horseshoe arches, the panels filled with arabesques interlaced with verses of the Koran, doors of cedar and larch, cupolas hung with stalactites, fountains embroidered

with carvings of which no description can express the infinite detail and minute delicacy. The Hall of the Ambassadors, whose magnificent doors remain in their entirety, is perhaps finer and richer than that at Granada. Unfortunately, the idea came to some one to turn to account the spaces between the slender pillars which bear up the ceiling to hang up a series of portraits of the kings of Spain from the most distant days to the present. Nothing can be more ridiculous.

The so-called baths of Maria Padilla, the morganatic wife of King Don Pedro the Cruel, who lived in the Alcazar, are still as they were in the time of the Arabs. The Hall of Vapour Baths has not undergone the slightest alteration. Charles V has left in the Alcazar, as he did in the Alhambra at Granada, much too numerous traces of his passage. The Alcazar contains gardens laid out in the old French taste.

To be done with architecture, let us pay a visit to the famous Hospital de la Caridad, founded by the famous Juan de Mañara, who is not a fabulous personage, as might be supposed. The Caridad contains most beautiful Murillos: "Moses striking the

Rock," the "Miracle of the Loaves," which are vast compositions admirably wrought; "Saint John the Divine," carrying a dead man and supported by an angel, which is a masterpiece of colour and light and shade. Here is also the painting by Juan Valdes known as "The Two Bodies," a strange and terrible picture by the side of which Young's gloomiest conceptions are joyful pleasantries.

The bull-fight arena was closed, to our great regret, for dilettanti maintain that the Seville bull-fights are the most brilliant in Spain. Our hopes being dashed, there was nothing left but to go to Cadiz by steamer.

CADIZ—GIBRALTAR

THE paddles, aided by the current, carried us rapidly towards Cadiz. Seville was already sinking in the distance astern, but by a splendid optical illusion, as the roofs of the city seemed to sink in the ground and to mingle with the straight lines of the distance, the cathedral grew and assumed enormous proportions; then first I grasped its enormous size. The highest steeples did not rise above the nave. As for the Giralda, the distance cast over its rose brickwork tints of amethyst and aventurine. The statue of Faith shone on top of its summit like a golden bee on top of tall grass. A turn in the river soon concealed the city from us.

The banks of the Guadalquivir, at least on the way to the sea, do not have the delightful aspect which poets and travellers attribute to them. I know not where they have seen the woods of orange trees and pomegranates with which they perfume their romances; in reality one sees but low, sandy, yellow

banks, and turbid yellow water, the earthy colour of which cannot possible be due to rain, which is very scarce in this country. I had already remarked this muddiness of the water in the Tagus. It may be due to the great quantity of dust which the wind carries into it and to the friable character of the soil the river traverses. The intense blue of the sky also has something to do with it, causing the tones of the water, always less brilliant, to appear somewhat dirty. The sea alone can rival such a sky in transparency and blueness. The river became broader and broader, the banks lower and flatter, and the general appearance of the landscape recalled closely the Scheldt between Antwerp and Ostend. This recollection of Flanders in the heart of Andalusia is the quainter because of the Moorish name of the Guadalquivir, but the recollection came so naturally to my mind that the resemblance must have been very real, for I can swear that I was not thinking much either of the Scheldt or of my trip to Flanders some six or seven years ago. There was very little traffic on the river, and as much as we could see of the country beyond the banks appeared uncultivated and deserted. It is true that we were then in the dog days, a season

during which Spain is not much else than a great heap of ashes without vegetation or greenness. The only living beings were herons and storks, one leg tucked up, the other half-plunged in the water, waiting for the passage of a fish, in such complete immobility that they might have been mistaken for wooden decoys stuck on sticks. Boats with lateen sails ascended and descended the river with the same wind; a phenomenon which I have never thoroughly understood, although it has been explained to me several times. Several of these vessels carried a third small sail of triangular shape placed in the vacant space between the two divergent points of the great sails. This rig is a very picturesque one.

It was pitch-dark when we reached Cadiz. The lights of the vessels anchored in the roads of the city, and the stars in the heavens studded the lapping waves with millions of gold, silver and fiery sparkles. In the calmer spaces the reflection of the lights traced, as it lengthened along the sea, long fiery columns of magical effect. The huge mass of the ramparts loomed grimly through the dark shadows.

As you will readily imagine, we rose with the day. To enter a strange city by night is one of the things

which most irritates a traveller's curiosity. The next morning the city appears to you suddenly, in its entirety, just like a stage-setting when the curtain rises.

Neither painters nor writers possess a choice of colours bright enough and luminous enough to render the dazzling impression which Cadiz made upon us on that glorious morning. Two principal tints struck the glance, blue and white; the blue was the sky, repeated in the sea, the white was the city. Nothing more radiant, more sparkling, of a luminosity more diffused and more intense at one and the same time, can be imagined.

The houses in Cadiz are much higher than in the other Spanish cities. This is due to the configuration of the ground, the city being built upon a narrow islet joined to the main land by a slender neck of land, and also to the desire of the inhabitants to have a view of the sea. Almost all the terraces have at one corner a turret or a belvedere, sometimes covered with a small cupola. These aerial look-outs adorn with innumerable irregularities the sky line of the city, producing the most picturesque effect. Everything is whitewashed, and the whitened façades are further brightened by long vermilion lines which separate the houses and mark off

the stories. The balconies, which project considerably, are enclosed in a sort of glass cage adorned with red curtains and filled with flowers. Some of the cross streets end in nothingness, and seem to vanish into heaven. These glimpses of sky are charming in their unexpectedness. Aside from this gay, living, and luminous aspect, there is nothing remarkable in Cadiz. Its cathedral, a huge sixteenth-century building, although lacking neither nobility nor beauty, is in no wise remarkable, after the prodigies of Burgos, Toledo, Cordova, and Seville. It is something like the cathedrals of Jaen, of Granada, and Malaga, of classical architecture with more slender and delicate proportions, such as the Renaissance artists loved.

Cadiz is enclosed in a narrow girdle of ramparts, and a second girdle of reefs and rocks protects it from assaults and storms. On the glacis of the ramparts, provided at intervals with stone sentry-boxes, one can walk right around the city, one gate of which alone opens towards the main land, and one can see in the offing and in the roads, sweeping in or out in graceful curves, crossing, tacking, and veering like albatrosses, boats, feluccas, and fishing-boats, which in the distance look like the pinion feathers of a dove carried off by a

mad wind. The prospect is most animated, lively, and charming.

On the breakwater near the Custom-house Gate, the bustle is unparalleled. The motley crowd, comprising representatives of every part of the world, constantly surges around the columns surmounted by statues which adorn the quay. Every variety of the human race is to be found there, from the fair-haired, white-skinned Englishman to the woolly-haired, bronzed African, passing through the intermediate shades of coffee-coloured, copper, and golden yellow. In the roads, somewhat farther away, lie the three-masters and frigates which every morning, to the beat of the drum, hoist the ensigns of their respective nations. The merchant vessels and steamers whose funnels belch forth bi-coloured vapour, come nearer the quay on account of their less tonnage, and form a foreground to this great naval composition.

The appearance of Cadiz from the sea is charming. When one sees it sparkling white between the azure of the sea and the azure of the sky, it looks like a great crown of silver filigree; the cathedral dome, painted yellow, resembles a golden tiara placed in the centre; the pots of flowers, the volutes and the turrets which

top the houses, vary the sky line infinitely. Byron has admirably reproduced the appearance of Cadiz in one line, —

"Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea."

Nevertheless, pleasant as Cadiz is, the thought that one is shut up within the ramparts, and closed in by the sea within its narrow bounds, inspires you with a desire to leave it. One fine morning my companion and I remembered that we had a letter of introduction from one of our Granada friends to his father, a rich wine-merchant at Xeres. The letter began in the following terms: "Open your heart, your house, and your cellar to the two gentlemen herewith." We climbed on board a steamer, on the cabin wall of which was stuck a poster, announcing for that evening a bull-fight, with comic interludes, at Puerto de Santa Maria.

Xeres, like all small Andalusian towns, is white-washed from top to toe, and possesses nothing remarkable in the way of buildings save its *bodegas* or wine-cellars, huge places with tiled roofs and long, white, windowless walls. The person to whom we were recommended was absent, but the letter was effective and we were immediately taken to the cellars. Never

did a more splendid sight strike a toper's eyes. We walked between walls of barrels four and five rows high. We had to taste of every kind, or at least, of the principal kinds — and there were a great number of principal kinds; we went down the whole scale, from the eighty-year-old Xeres, dark, thick, tasting like muscat and having the strange colour of Béziers green wine, down to dry sherry, the colour of pale straw, with a flinty bouquet and rather like sauterne. Between these two extreme points there is a whole register of intermediate wines of the colour of gold, burnt topaz, or orange skin, and extremely varied in taste; only, they are all more or less mixed with alcohol, especially those intended for the English market, for they would not be considered strong enough without.

The steamer "Ocean" was lying in the roads, kept back by the bad weather for some days past. We went on board with a feeling of deep satisfaction, for in consequence of the fights which had occurred at Valencia and the disturbances which had followed, Cadiz was somewhat in a state of siege. The sea was still rather rough, although the weather was splendid. The air was so clear that we could distinctly perceive the African coast, Cape Spartel, and the bay at the

end of which stands Tangier, which we regretted being unable to visit. So that chain of mountains like clouds, and differing from them only by its immobility, was Africa, the land of wonders, of which the Romans said, "*Quid novi fert Africa?*" the oldest of continents, the cradle of Oriental civilisation, the birthplace of Islam, the black world where the shadows, gone from the sky, are to be found on faces alone; the mysterious laboratory, where nature, in seeking to produce man, first transforms a monkey into a negro. To see it and pass it by was a refinement of the torture of Tantalus.

Opposite Tarifa, a town whose chalky walls rise upon a steep hill behind an island of the same name, Europe and Africa draw near each other as if they would exchange a kiss of amity. The strait is so narrow that the two continents are seen at once. The prospect was marvellously magnificent. On the left Europe, on the right Africa, with their rocky coasts which distance clothed in tints of pale-lilac and rose, like shades of changing silk; before us the boundless horizon ever widening; above us a turquoise sky; beneath us a sapphire sea, so transparent that we could see the hull of our vessel, as well

as the keels of the ships that passed near us, and which seemed to be flying through air rather than floating on water. We were bathed in brilliant light, and the only sombre tint within sixty miles was that of the long plume of dense smoke which we left behind us. A steamer is unquestionably a Northern invention. Its ever-burning fire, its boiler, its funnels which will at last blacken heaven with their soot, harmonise wondrously well with the moisture and vapours of the North; in the splendour of the South it is like a stain. Nature was happy. Great seabirds, as white as snow, skimmed the water; tunnies, dolphins, fishes of all kinds, shining, gleaming, sparkling, leapt and flashed amid the waves. Sail followed sail, white and swelling like the full breasts of a nereid showing above the waters. The shores were bathed in fantastic colours; folds, gullies, scarps caught the sunbeams in a way that produced the most amazing and unexpected effects, and offered an ever-changing prospect. At about four o'clock we were in sight of Gibraltar.

Gibraltar is absolutely amazing. One knows neither where one is nor what one sees. Imagine a huge rock, or rather a mountain, fifteen hundred feet high, which

abruptly springs from the sea from ground so low and flat that it is scarcely perceived. Nothing presages it; there is no apparent reason for it; it forms part of no chain. It is a monstrous monolith thrown from heaven, or possibly a piece of a fractured planet which fell there in the course of an astral battle, a fragment of a broken world. Who placed it there? God and Eternity alone know. What adds still more to the effect of this strange rock is its shape. It looks like a huge granite sphinx of gigantic size, such as might have been carved by a Titan sculptor, and by the side of which the flat-nosed monsters of Karnak and Giseh look like mice by an elephant. The outstretched paws form what is called Europa Point. The head, somewhat flattened, is turned towards Africa, which it seems to gaze upon with deep, dreamy attention.

The town lies at its foot, almost imperceptible, lost in the mass. The three-deckers at anchor in the bay look like German toys, like miniature models of ships such as are sold in seaports; the barques like flies drowning in milk; even the fortifications do not show. And yet it is dug out, mined, warrened in every direction; it is full of cannons and howitzers and mortars;

it is replete with munitions of war; it is the very luxury and coquetry of the impregnable; but it shows to the eye merely as a few imperceptible lines mingling with the wrinkles of the rock, a few holes through which the guns show furtively their bronze muzzles. In the Middle Ages Gibraltar would have bristled with donjons, towers, and crenellated ramparts; instead of being at the foot, the fortress would have escaladed the mountain and have been placed like an eyrie upon the topmost crest. The modern batteries are on the sea level of the strait, which is so narrow at this point that they render the passage almost impossible. Gibraltar was called by the Arabs Giblaltâh, that is, the Mount of Entrance. Never was a name better deserved. Its name in antiquity was Calpe. Abyla, now the Monkey Mountain, is on the African side close to Ceuta, a Spanish possession which is to the Peninsula what Brest and Toulon are to France, and where the worst of the galley slaves are sent. We could perfectly discern the shape of its escarpments and its crest, capped with clouds, in spite of the serenity of the rest of the heavens.

Like Cadiz, Gibraltar, situated upon a peninsula at the entrance to a bay, is connected with the mainland

by a narrow tongue of land called the Neutral Ground, on which are the Custom-house lines. The first Spanish possession on that side is San Roque. Algeciras is exactly opposite Gibraltar.

The appearance of the town produces the quaintest effect. At one step you go more than five hundred leagues, rather more than Jack the Giant Killer with his famous boots. A moment since you were in Andalusia; now you are in England.

We took a turn upon a beautiful promenade planted with Northern trees and flowers and full of sentries and guns, where you can see carriages and riders exactly as in Hyde Park; all that is wanting is the statue of Wellington as Achilles. Happily the English have been unable to soil the sea or darken the heavens. This promenade is outside the city, near Europa Point, towards that side of the mountain inhabited by monkeys. It is the only point on our continent where these amiable quadrumana live and multiply in a wild state. As the wind changes, they pass from one side of the mountain to the other and thus act as barometers. It is forbidden, under very severe penalties, to kill them. I did not see any myself, but the temperature of the place is hot enough for the most

warmth-loving monkeys to develop there without the need of stoves and furnaces. Abyla, on the African coast, possesses, if we are to believe its modern name, a similar population.

The next day we left this artillery park and centre of smuggling, and were sailing towards Malaga, which we already knew, but which we enjoyed seeing again with its tall, white, slender lighthouse, its harbour full of ships, and its continuous bustle. Seen from the sea, the cathedral appears larger than the city, and the ruins of the old Arab fortifications produce a most romantic effect upon the rocky slopes.

The next day we were at sea again, and as we had lost some time, the captain resolved to pass by Almeria and push on at once to Cartagena. We coasted Spain closely enough never to lose sight of its shores. The African coast, in consequence of the broadening of the Mediterranean basin, had long since vanished from the horizon. On the one hand, therefore, we beheld long stretches of bluish cliff with curious scarps and perpendicular fissures, spotted here and there with white dots that were villages, watchtowers, and custom-houses; on the other the open sea, sometimes shimmering and covered with lace-work by the current or the wind, some-

times a dead and dull azure, or else transparent as crystal, or again sparkling like a dancer's bodice, or an opaque, oily gray like mercury or molten lead, — an inconceivable variety of tones and aspects which would drive to despair painter and poet. A procession of red, white, and cream-coloured sails, of vessels of all sizes and of every flag, enlivened the scene and deprived it of the melancholy of infinite solitude.

Cartagena, called Cartagena de Levante in order to distinguish it from the African Cartagena, is at the foot of a bay, a sort of rocky funnel in which vessels are thoroughly sheltered from every wind. The sky line is not very picturesque. The most distinctive features impressed on our minds are two windmills standing out against the light background of the sky.

The aspect of Cartagena is entirely different from that of Malaga. As Malaga is bright, gay, animated, so is Cartagena dismal within its girdle of bare, sterile rocks, as dry as those Egyptian hills on the slopes of which the Pharaohs dug their royal tombs. The whitewash has disappeared, the walls have resumed their sombre tint, the windows are grated with complicated iron-work, and the houses, more repellent, have that prison look which is characteristic of Castilian

manors; nevertheless, we are bound to say that we saw at these well-grated windows only lovely faces and angelic features.

From Cartagena we went to Alicante, which, in consequence of a line in Victor Hugo's "Orientales," —

"Alicante mingles minarets and steeples, —"

I had imagined possessed an infinitely picturesque sky line. Now Alicante, to-day at least, would find it difficult to mingle steeples with minarets, a mingling which I acknowledge to be very desirable and picturesque; first because it has no minarets, and second because the only steeple which it possesses consists of a very low and not very apparent tower. What does mark Alicante is a huge rock which rises in the centre of the town, which is topped by a fortress and flanked by a watch-house hung in the boldest fashion over the abyss. The City Hall, or to give it local colour, the Casa Consistorial, is a charming building in the best taste. The Alameda, flagged throughout with stone, is shaded by two or three lines of trees which have a fair number of leaves for Spanish trees the roots of which are not sunk in a well. The houses rise higher and have more of a European look.

From Alicante to Valencia, the shore cliffs continued to exhibit strange shapes and unexpected aspects. We were shown at the summit of a mountain a square cut which seemed to be the work of man. On the following morning we cast anchor before Grao, the name given to the port and suburb of Valencia, which is a mile and a half distant from the sea. The swell was fairly high, and we reached the landing-place pretty wet. There we took a *tartana*. The name tartana is usually applied to a vessel; the Valencian tartana is a carriage body covered with oil-cloth and placed on a couple of wheels without any springs. This vehicle appeared to us effeminately luxurious by comparison with the galleys.

Valencia, as far as picturesqueness goes, does not come up to the idea romances and chronicles give one of it. It is a great, flat, scattered town, irregular in plan and deprived of the advantages which the irregularity of buildings gives to old towns built upon steep ground. Valencia is situated in a plain called Huerta, in the centre of gardens and fields in which constant irrigation keeps up a verdure very rare in Spain. The climate is so mild that palms and orange trees grow in the open ground side by side with Northern plants.

The Guadalquivir, spanned by five handsome stone bridges and bordered by a superb promenade, sweeps by the town almost under the ramparts. The numerous drains made upon its waters for the sake of irrigation make its five bridges merely luxurious ornaments for three-fourths of the year. The Gate of the Cid, through which one goes to the Guadalquivir Promenade, is flanked by great and rather striking crenellated towers.

The streets of Valencia are narrow, bordered by houses of cheerless aspect, on some of which may be made out some rough, mutilated coats of arms, fragments of chipped sculptures, clawless chimeras, noseless women, armless knights. A Renaissance window, lost in a hideous wall of recent masonry, draws from afar the artist's eyes and makes him sigh with regret; but these few remains have to be sought for in dark corners and in back yards; they do not prevent Valencia from having a very modern look. The cathedral, of hybrid architecture, in spite of its apse with a gallery of Romanesque arches, is in no wise interesting to a traveller after the marvels of Burgos, Toledo, and Seville. A few richly sculptured retables, a painting by Sebastian del Piombo, another by Spagnoletto, in

his softer manner, when he tried to imitate Corregio, are the only notable things. The other churches, though enormous and rich, are built and decorated in that strange style of *rocaille* ornamentation which we have already described several times. On beholding these various extravagances one can only regret that so much talent and cleverness should have been so absolutely wasted. The Lonja de Seda, the Exchange, on the market-place is a charming Gothic monument; its great hall, with the vaulting supported by rows of columns, the ribbing of which is twisted into spirals of extreme lightness, has an elegance and a brightness rarely seen in Gothic architecture, which is better fitted generally to express melancholy than happiness. It is in the Lonja that in Carnival time take place entertainments and masked balls.

The real attraction of Valencia is its population, or, to speak more accurately, that of the surrounding Huerta. The Valencian peasants wear a strangely characteristic costume, which cannot have changed much since the Arab invasion, and which is but slightly different from the peasant costume of African Moors. It consists of a shirt, loose trousers of coarse linen held by a red sash, a waistcoat of green or blue

velvet, adorned with buttons made of silver coins; the legs are provided with a sort of *knemids*, or gaiters, of white wool with a blue tape border, which leave the instep and the foot bare. On their feet they wear alpargatas, or sandals of plaited cords, the sole of which is about an inch thick, and which are fastened on by ribbons like the Greek cothurn. They usually have their heads shaved in Oriental fashion and envelop them in bandanas of brilliant colours. Over the bandana is placed a small, low-crowned hat with turned-up brim, adorned with velvet, tufts of silk, spangles, and shining ornaments. A piece of striped stuff, called *capa de muestra*, adorned with rosettes of yellow ribbons and thrown over the shoulder, completes this noble and characteristic costume. Within the corners of his capa, which he arranges in a thousand different ways, the Valencian keeps his money, his bread, his water-melon, and his navaja; it serves him at once as a bag and a mantle. Of course we are describing the full costume, the dress worn on feast days. On ordinary days, when working, the Valencian wears little but a shirt and trousers. Then, with his huge black whiskers, his sun-tanned face, his fierce look, his bronzed legs and arms, he looks absolutely like a Bed-

ouin, if he unties his bandana and shows his close-shaven blue skull. In spite of Spanish pretensions to Catholicism, it is always difficult for me to believe that these Valencians are not Moslems. It is probably owing to their fierce look that Valencians have the evil reputation which they enjoy in the other provinces of Spain. I was told a score of times that in the Valencian Huerta, if you wished to get rid of any one, there was no difficulty in finding a peasant who would do the job for five or six douros. That strikes me as an absolute slander. I have often met in the country-side most rascally-looking fellows who always bowed to me very politely. One evening we had lost our way, and we finally had to sleep in the open air, the city gates being closed when we returned; and yet nothing happened to us, although it had long been pitch-dark and Valencia and the neighbourhood were in the throes of a revolution.

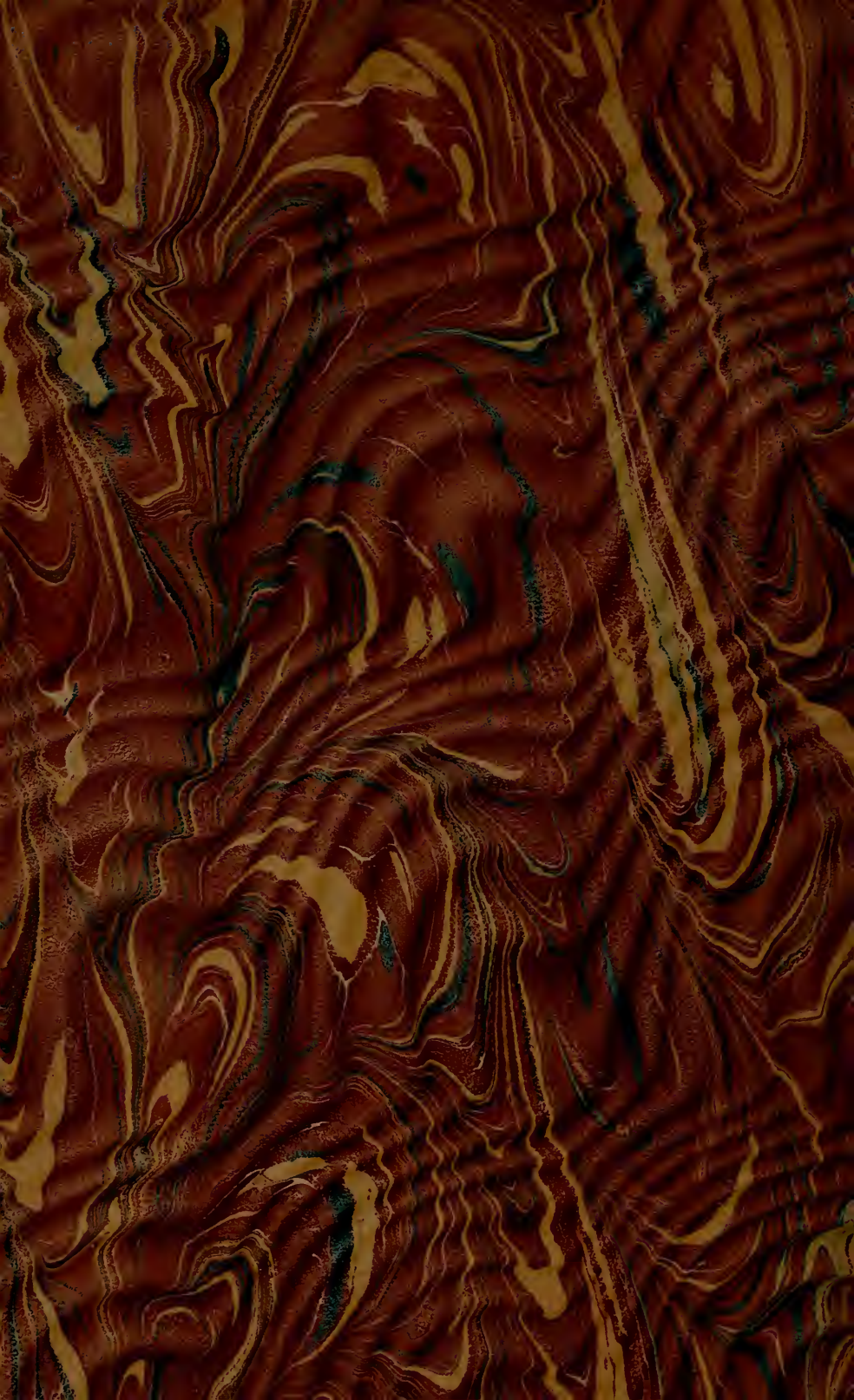
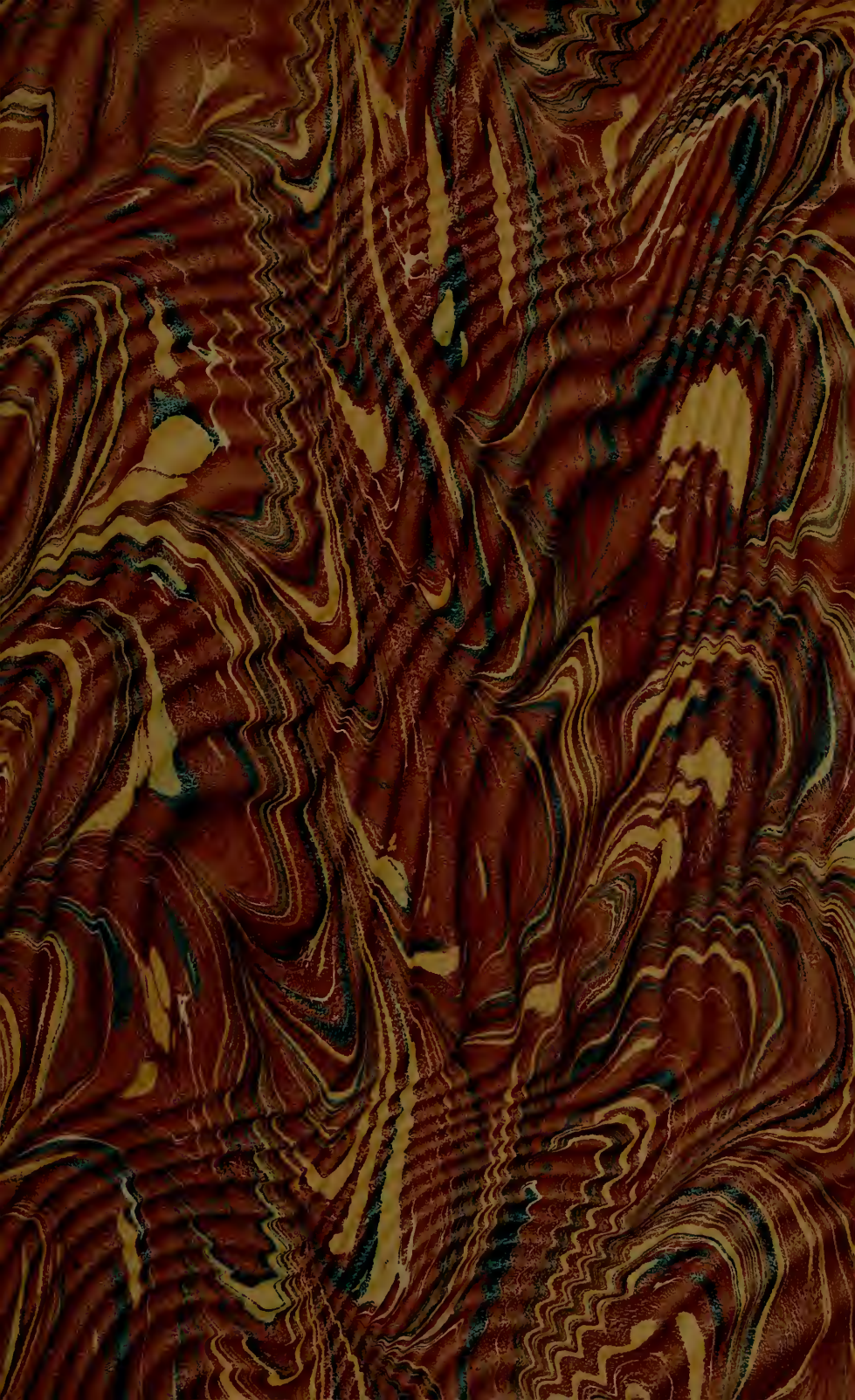
By a singular contrast, the women of these European Kabyles are pale and fair, like the Venetians; they have a sweet, sad smile and a tender, blue glance. No greater contrast could be imagined. The black demons of the paradise of the Huerta have white angels to wife. Their lovely hair is kept up with a

great comb, or traversed with long pins with silver or glass heads. Formerly the Valencian women wore a charming national costume which recalled the Albanian dress; unfortunately, they have given it up for the hideous Anglo-French costume.

We had been for some ten days in Valencia waiting for another steamer, for the bad weather had upset departures and interrupted connections. Our curiosity was sated, and we only cared to return to Paris to see our relatives, our friends, our beloved boulevards; I believe, Heaven forgive me! that I secretly wished to be present at a vaudeville. In a word, civilised life, forgotten for six months, called us back imperiously. We wanted to read the newspapers, to sleep in our own beds, and to indulge a thousand Bœotian fancies. At last there came a steamer from Gibraltar which took us to Port-Vendres, calling at Barcelona, where we remained only a few hours. Barcelona is like Marseilles, and Spanish characteristics are scarcely visible. The buildings are dull and regular, and but for the full blue velvet trousers and the great red caps of the Catalans, one might fancy one's self in France. In spite of the Rambla planted with trees, and its handsome straight streets, Barcelona

has a somewhat stiff look, as have all towns closely confined within their fortifications. The cathedral is very handsome, especially the interior, which is sombre, mysterious, and almost terrifying. The organs are of Gothic manufacture, and are enclosed in great painted panels. A Saracen's head grimaces treacherously under the pendentives which support it. Charming coronæ, of the fifteenth century, traceried like reliquaries, hang from the groining of the vault. On leaving the church one enters a beautiful cloister of the same period, dreamy and silent, the half-round arches of which have the gray tones of old Northern buildings.

The street De la Plateria dazzles the eye with its shop windows brilliant with gems, and especially huge earrings as large as bunches of grapes, of heavy, massive richness, somewhat barbaric but quite majestic in effect, which are purchased chiefly by well-to-do peasant women.

The next day, at ten in the morning we were entering the little bay at the foot of which spreads Port-Vendres, — we were in France. Shall I acknowledge it? — as I stepped on my fatherland, tears of regret, not of joy, filled my eyes. The golden towers,

the silvery peaks of the Sierra Nevada, the rose laurels of the Generalife, the long, moist, velvet glances, the blooming carnation lips, the small feet, the small hands,— all these came back to my mind so vividly that it seemed to me that France, where I was going to meet my mother, was a land of exile into which I was entering. My dream was ended.